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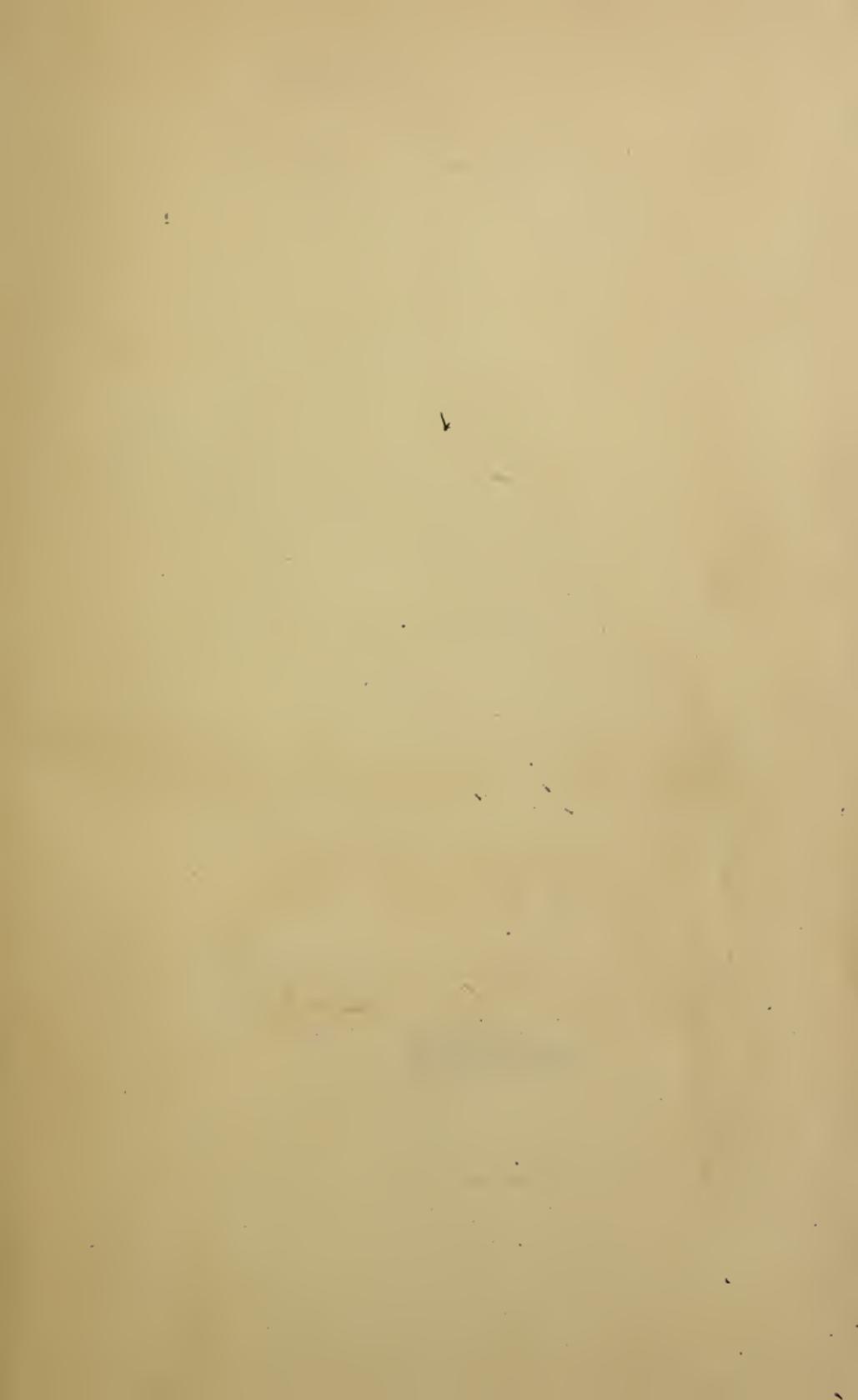
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Light on the dark river, or,  
Memeorials of Mrs.



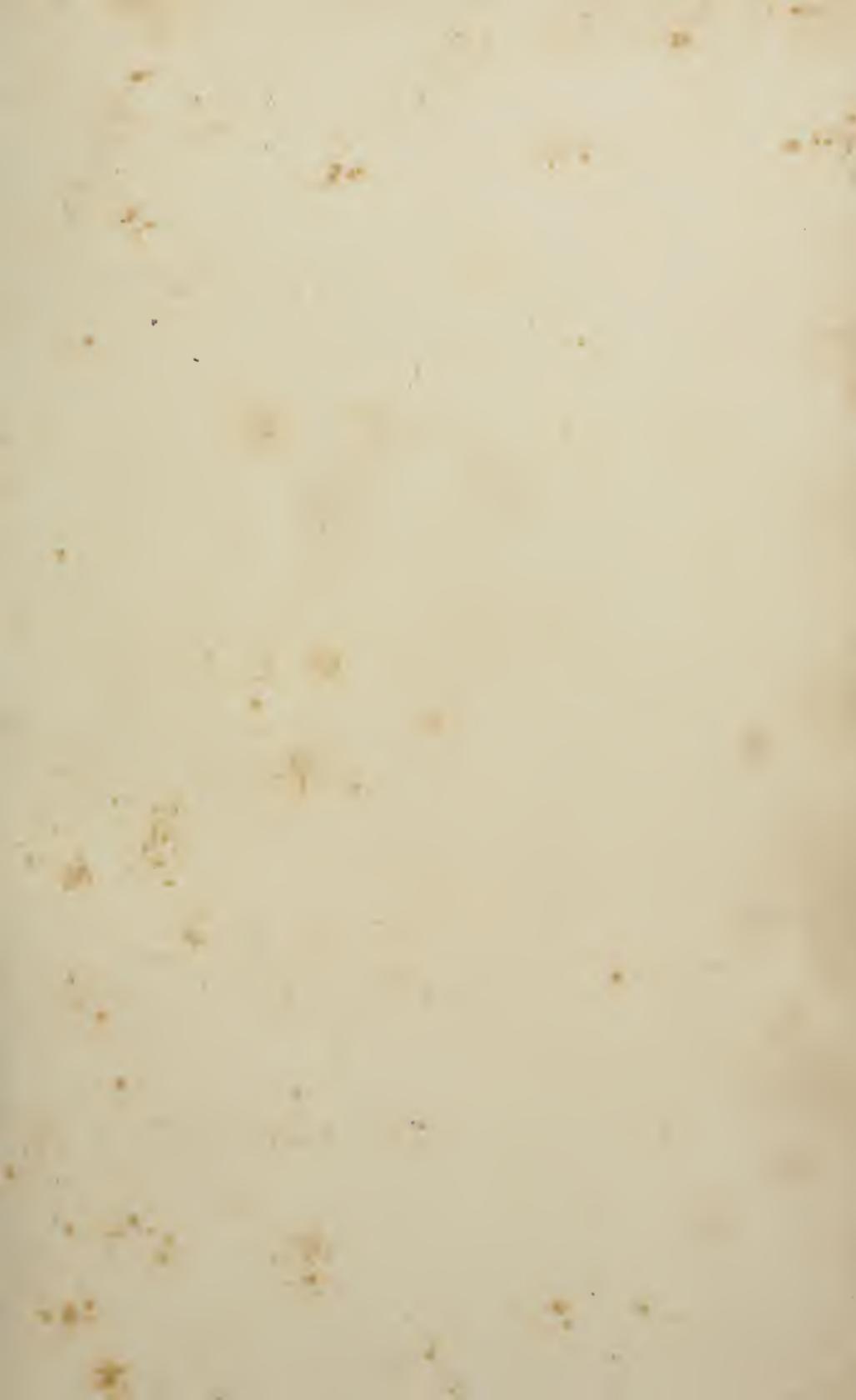






LIGHT ON THE DARK RIVER.







Yours affectionately,  
Henrietta

LIGHT ON THE DARK RIVER;

OR,

MEMORIALS

OF

MRS. HENRIETTA A. L. HAMLIN,

MISSIONARY IN TURKEY.

BY

MARGARETTE WOODS LAWRENCE.

FIFTH EDITION.

BOSTON:  
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

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TO THE  
LITTLE DAUGHTERS OF MRS. HAMLIN,  
IN THEIR ORIENT HOME,

These Memorials

ARE MOST TENDERLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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ALTHOUGH I have never seen your sweet faces, darling children, yet my heart has felt with your heart in the great sorrow which has overshadowed your sunny morning. And it has been a peculiar, albeit a mournful pleasure, to prepare these reminiscences of that early-loved and long-cherished friend, who, like a sun-tinged cloud of morning, has passed away into heaven. Though imperfect, I trust they may preserve to you a faint image of her who, in a land of strangers, notwithstanding the intensity of her affection for the little flock she was leaving motherless, could yet confidently commit it to the good Shepherd's care.

One of her precious number, the pet-lamb of the flock, has been early restored to her arms in the sleep of the grave. For dear little Mary no such memorials are now needed.

From the beautiful life of your mother's mother I have inwrought a few golden threads. More of these I would gladly have gathered up, as a fuller memento of her whom you will never see but with immortal eyes; for your sake, I could not refrain from interweaving at least a few.

May the dying counsels of your departed mother live in your memory and in your character; and may her holy faith, which cast so serene a light on the Dark River, be yours also, brightening the desert-path of Life, and with its celestial rays illuming the river of Death, when your feet shall stand upon its shadowy borders!



• With Him before whose awful power  
Thy spirit bent its trembling knee,  
Who in the silent greeting flower  
And forest leaf looked out on thee,

“ We leave thee with a trust serene,  
Which Time, nor Change, nor Death can move,  
While, with thy childlike faith, we lean  
On Him whose dearest name is Love.”

J. G. WHITTIER.



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## TO THE READER.

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A perusal of the following pages will leave on the reflecting mind vivid impressions,

Of the high value of parental dedication of children to God, when followed by a corresponding course of religious instruction, and an exemplification of the Christian virtues ;

Of the paramount influence of parental piety in forming the character of children for life-long usefulness ;

Of the particular providence of God, in preparing individuals for the sphere of action to which he has destined them ;

Of the native modesty, original capacity, cultivated refinement, and distinctive amiableness, of the subject of the present memoir, as the desirable and peculiar qualifications of the female missionary ;

Of the energy of the religious principle, sustaining the spirit in circumstances of extreme perplexity and trial, and urging it onward to deeds of Christian heroism ;

Of the high importance of conjugal companionship to missionary success among the half-civilized or barbarous tribes of men ;

Of the adaptedness of woman to every sphere of missionary labor, and the indispensableness of her fortitude and persever-

ance to the support and consolation of man in his oft-recurring seasons of exhaustion and despondency ;

Of the efficacy of faith in invigorating an enfeebled physical frame, and inspiring the moral powers with an unconquerable elasticity and energy ;

Of the sufficiency of grace to support the fainting spirit amid its deepest sorrows, and impart celestial joys to the torn and agonized heart.

Impressions like these, confirmed by authentic memorials of those whom Jesus loves and early calls home to himself, are of inestimable value to survivors, enlivening their graces, and pressing them onward to holy achievement.

The present volume has claims to regard which will be promptly met whenever it shall find its way among the circles adorned by intelligence and purity. Its special claims on the personal friends of Mrs. Hamlin are scarcely more urgent than those pressed on the heart of every lover of Christ, by the beautiful simplicity and unostentatious piety breathing through every page, and pervading every sentiment. Not, indeed, that all the utterances of the volume are such as would have flowed from the lips of Brainard, or Susannah Anthony, nor that they are all gauged by the standard of the young convert's "first love," but that all are in keeping with the spirit that has God always first and always last in the mind's eye.

If the reader fail to see her as she was, an humble, steadfast, devoted, unaffected and warm-hearted follower of the Lamb, it will not be because of her deficiency in either of these lovely features of character, but rather from her self-distrust, and deep aversion to all parade of spiritual feeling.

Though not personally acquainted with Mrs. Hamlin nor her family connections, and obliged, like other readers, to

estimate her character by her words and works here recorded, yet the consistency and harmony of the Memoir with itself in all its parts, and its congruity with all that has been said of her, while she lived, by those who knew her well, has created a deep and lively interest in my own mind, in the perusal of these precious memorials,—an interest increasing from the beginning to the end, even to a painful intensity.

The style of the work will speak for itself; it is the author's mind daguerreotyped, as in her former publications. and never contemplated at the right angle of vision but with pleasure. A poetic fancy, in combination with an earnest spirit of piety, gives resistless charms to the portraiture of a life sacredly devoted to the humble duties of humanity and godliness, especially when the father and mother eminent for their virtues, the husband and children with their absorbing loves, brethren, sisters and intimate friends, full of ardent devotion to her happiness, form the *dramatis personæ* of the scene. Fidelity is not sacrificed to poetry, nor truthfulness to panegyric; but the light and the shade, the cheerfulness and serenity, of an imperfect yet sincere Christian experience, are so accurately defined, and yet admirably blended, as to demonstrate the justness of the whole delineation.

If there are those who question the utility of such "memoirals" as these, it is believed that they are few in number, and unfortunate in the influences that have come over them. Our religious literature is far from being overstocked with works of this description. From the publication of "Harriet Newell," the first American "missionary sister" whose biography blessed our land, down to the last that has greeted us from the press, not one has failed of extended usefulness in the promotion of personal holiness, the increase of the spirit of missions, and the happy illustration of the grace of God. How various

soever their merits and attractions, all of them have been honored by the Head of the church with an important instrumentality in arousing the too long dormant energies of Zion, and giving them a direction which promises to fill the earth ere long with righteousness and peace. May they be multiplied yet more and more, till their impress shall be made indelible on every heart, and constrain the raising of every hand to "crown Jesus Lord of all!"

R. S. STARRS.

BRAINTREE, JUNE 23, 1853.

## INTRODUCTORY.

THE life of Henrietta Hamlin was peculiarly a silent, though most winning voice. In many respects she was like the lovely and fragrant lily of the valley, which blooms almost in secret, and shrinkingly conceals its delicate beauties and its sweet odors from public observation. It is not easy to delineate such a character without despoiling it of one of its most attractive charms.

Should any inquire why a life of such retiring delicacy is brought from its protecting shade and exposed to the public eye, we answer, it is unto the praise and glory of God's grace. He from whom emanates all intellectual and moral beauty has a right to be publicly honored by the exhibition of those gifts and graces which are a faint reflection of his own infinite loveliness.

This portraiture may perhaps speak to hearts not reached by the usual type of biography; and the history of Mrs. Hamlin's early tendency to melancholy, which she long struggled against, and finally overcame, may not be without advantage to certain young and gifted minds, which, for the want of a definite object, rest under a cloud, and fail to accomplish any worthy end in life. The amount of good performed by so shrinking and delicate a woman, in a comparatively retired sphere of missionary life, may also, it is hoped, exert an influence in favor of that life upon some, who, fearing publicity, and feeling themselves fitted for only

the more private walks of usefulness, have never consecrated themselves to the cause of missions.

While, then, we would do no violence to the memory of Mrs. Hamlin's unaffected modesty, we feel assured that, however retiring may have been her nature, and however humbling her views of herself, she would not now be willing to cast a shade over the bright mirror of her Saviour's redeeming love, as exhibited so sweetly in her life, and so triumphantly in her death. These motives seem abundantly to justify a reverent lifting of the veil from the sanctuary of departed loveliness and piety.

In the preparation of these memorials, there have been great obstacles, arising from the want of incident, and the absence in a great degree of those materials whereby the dear departed could speak for herself. Had Mrs. Hamlin's reserve been less, especially in relation to the workings of her spiritual nature, or had she not destroyed so many of her own writings, the record of her religious experience would have been much more satisfactory. In reference to this, writes Mr. Hamlin, "She said little about her frames and states. She loved to pray rather than to talk about prayer. In her daily life, she put on humility, charity, patience, meekness and whatever is lovely and of good report; but she said little about them, and wrote less. It is from this characteristic that but few allusions to religious feelings are found in her letters. They refer to the passing events around her; but there was an awe over Sinai and Calvary which made her silent as she approached them."

From this habit of reserve, the quiet and cheerful performance of her daily duties is often our only exponent of her spiritual progress. Those, therefore, who are accustomed, in a biography, to look for an

outpouring of the soul in correspondence, and for free extracts from a diary, recording its struggles upward towards holiness and heaven, will probably feel a disappointment in not finding a fuller account of Mrs. Hamlin's Christian experience.

Sensible of these difficulties, the compiler pleads for the indulgence of those who knew and loved the departed one. And, on the other hand, as the subject of these memorials was for many years a most cherished friend, she cannot claim to be a mere impartial biographer. It has been her earnest desire so to present the character of her angel-friend as to render honor to the Saviour whom she loved, to commend the noble cause to which she devoted herself, and to win some to follow in her footsteps in so far as she followed Christ.

## P A R E N T A G E .

“ My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise, —  
The [child] of parents passed into the skies.”

COWPER.

IN the south-western part of Vermont—a state so romantic and picturesque as to be called the Switzerland of America—lies nestled among the Green Mountains the little village of Dorset. It is seldom that we see the grand and beautiful in such harmonious combination as in this whole mountain range. Amid precipitous heights, which rise in grandeur around you, are sunny slopes, stretching away in quiet loveliness, and smiling in all the fertility of a luxuriant vegetation. Occasionally are spread out before you rich pastures or fields of waving grain, reminding one of the mountain home where dwelt that faithful pastor, Felix Neff, surrounded by his humble and devout flock. At one moment, deep, dark ravines open to your view; at the next, you look upon intervals of rich verdure, spreading out in every direction, like carpets of the deepest green. Again, you behold an amphitheatre, sometimes one, sometimes three miles in extent, with dark spruce-trees, like sentinels, guarding the scene, and lifting their evergreen caps on high. Here and there, a mountain brook leaps from some hidden fountain, and, winding along its babbling way, pours its clear, fertilizing waters into the glad bosom of the sleeping vale. At

the outer angle of one of these amphitheatres, called "The Hollow," sits Dorset, like a bird among the mountains. The road and the stream, having meandered side by side, here diverge, taking between them a sugar-loaf hill, a hundred and fifty feet high, which rises in lofty beauty, the natural stage of the encompassing amphitheatre.

This spot, with its sublime and picturesque scenery, Dr. Dwight pronounced inferior to but one other locality in New England. Here, more than fifty years ago, while the place, in its uncultivated beauties, was a comparative wilderness, came that good man, William Jackson, as a pastor to the humble saints who in this quiet valley worshipped God. Literally, as well as spiritually, did this faithful shepherd lead his flock in green pastures and beside the still waters.

The father of Mrs. Hamlin, Rev. William Jackson, D.D., was born in 1768, at Cornwall, Conn. He was blessed in his paternal ancestors, who were distinguished for piety and usefulness. When he was but three years old, his parents removed to Wallingford, Vermont, with a family of eleven children, William being the youngest but one. His father was the first settler in the town, the first town-clerk, the first representative in the Legislature, and the first deacon in the church, of which he was truly the main pillar, supporting the first minister almost entirely from his own resources.

At the age of sixteen, William became a subject of renewing grace, and soon commenced his studies preparatory to the ministry. In 1790 he was graduated at Dartmouth College, where he formed a friendship with Dr. Porter, of Andover, which continued through life. He studied theology with Dr. Emmons and Dr. Samuel Spring, whose esteem and confidence he largely

shared. He was ordained in Dorset in 1796, only a few miles from the home of his childhood, where he continued a pastor for nearly half a century, until his death in 1842.

Dr. Jackson was the first elected member of the corporation in Middlebury College. Through his interest in promising young men, and his personal influence and instructions, more of them were educated from his small town than from all the rest of the county besides. Near the commencement of the present century, when exhausted by his labors in a revival, he took a journey on horseback for the benefit of his health. During this journey, he visited Salem, Marblehead, Newburyport and Boston, collecting fifteen hundred dollars as a fund for the assistance of pious young men. Thus originated the first education society in this country.

By his influence, Mr. Burr, of a neighboring town, the richest merchant in Vermont, bequeathed one hundred thousand dollars to charitable and religious objects, twelve thousand of which were to endow a professorship in Middlebury College. Dr. Jackson took a deep interest also in the first movements of the foreign missionary enterprise.

In his social character and relations, he won the highest respect and affection of all who were connected with him. He maintained a uniform Christian cheerfulness, enlivened at times by a pleasant humor. His ministry was stable, and eminently successful, being attended by frequent revivals; and when he died, all, even the most ungodly, felt that a good man had fallen.

As the companion of his labors, Dr. Jackson had chosen Susanna, only child of Samuel and Margaretta Cram, of Brentwood, N. H., born 1771. Her paternal grandmother was Elizabeth Rogers, a lincal descendant,

of the seventh generation, from John Rogers, the martyr of Smithfield. No care or expense was spared in her intellectual and social culture. Having enjoyed the best advantages for education in her native state, she attended a select school in Newburyport, boarding in the family of the Rev. Dr. Spring. Here was formed her first acquaintance with Mr. Jackson.

In the winter of 1797, soon after Mr. Jackson's ordination, she took leave of her parents for her new home among the Green Mountains. At that season of the year, to encounter the snows of the forests was an undertaking requiring no ordinary courage. In this, as in subsequent cases, Mrs. Jackson proved herself equal to every emergency. Combining rare personal attractions, varied and rich accomplishments, with a decided literary taste, she yet entered without regret upon the serious and self-denying duties of her new station. For industry, economy, and an air of cheerful comfort, her house was a model-home. With her husband's limited salary, it was owing to her frugal housewifery and skilful management that, like the widow's of Sarepta, *her* barrel of meal and her cruse of oil were never empty. But, while thus faithful in the discharge of her domestic duties, she did not neglect her higher ones. The bright flame of her spiritual life burned clearer and clearer, till she passed into the world of glory. The following passage from her diary shows that, while engaged in perplexing family cares, the tone of her piety raised her above them into the sweetest communion with heaven.

“Distressed with family cares, workmen and company, I thought I could not enjoy any of the privileges of the day. But I said, this is my duty,—God has allotted it, and He, amidst all my cares, and the multitude of my thoughts within me, can cause His comforts to delight my soul. Christ can

come into the ship when it is on the sea, tossed with waves, as well as into the peaceful chamber. Then came this passage, 'Neither death nor life.'— With inexpressible sweetness I dwelt on the words, 'Nothing shall separate us from the love of Christ Jesus, our Lord.' If death cannot separate us, what can these cares do? O, to believe in and wait on the Lord!"

Mrs. Jackson was a benefactor to the poor, and an ardent lover of the missionary cause, it being her habit to sustain at least one heathen child in a mission-school. At the age of seventy-seven her mental powers were in full activity, and she still kept up that intimate knowledge of the world's history for which she had been distinguished. Said a gentleman of the bench, an earnest politician, in relation to reports of European commotion, — "I'll call on Mrs. Jackson. She will give me more intelligence and juster views than I can get from all my papers."

Her opinions on religious subjects, as well as on all others, were particularly discriminating. "O," says she, "how the heart is inclined to feed on manna *already gathered!* May I, according to the divine command, as cheerfully arise and gather it, as I would sweetly feed upon it when gathered."

We have lingered thus long upon the character of Mrs. Jackson, because with these reminiscences of the mother is intimately connected the history of the daughter, who was truly blest in descending from an ancestral line so honored on earth and so approved in heaven.

## INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

“ O child ! O new-born denizen  
Of life's great city ! on thy head  
The glory of the morn is shed,  
Like a celestial benison !  
Here at the portal thou dost stand,  
And with thy little hand  
Thou openest the mysterious gate  
Into the future's undiscovered land.”

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

IN the sweet seclusion we have described, on the ninth of the blossoming month of May, in the year 1811, the subject of these memorials first opened her eyes upon the light of this world. Happy, as we have seen, in her descent in the direct line of the truest nobility, she was also happy in the beautiful nature which encircled her home as with a garden of delights. Thus crowned from her birth with spring's fairest blossoms, this sweet infant, by her quiet beauty and gentleness, soon won the hearts of all around her.

But what should they call their May-flower ? Anna Loraine, the next older child, then five years of age, expressed the wish that her baby-sister should be *her* namesake. This desire, amounting almost to a passion, continued, until, in her spelling-book at school, she found a name which she was willing to substitute for her own. It was Henrietta. Soon after, Anna Loraine sickened and died. Most natural was it then that her wish, so peculiar as to seem almost prophetic, should become sacred to her parents. So, at the age

of three months, the father baptized his little daughter by the name of Henrietta Anna Loraine.

The infancy of Henrietta is cherished in the recollections of the elder members of the family as unusually quiet and happy. "I remember her distinctly," says her brother, "when an infant in her mother's arms; how I played with her as she sat laughing and springing in the lap, a happy and beautiful cherub; and how intensely I loved her."

She was never punished but once, which so grieved her tender heart that she sobbed all night. Thus early did she manifest that peculiar sensibility for which she was afterwards distinguished.

Her intellectual powers began to expand at an early period, but so gradual and harmonious was their development as to save her from the dangers attendant upon precocity.

It is the mother's heart that treasures up the fond reminiscences of her children's infancy and childhood. Were Henrietta's mother still upon earth, she could undoubtedly furnish many interesting recollections of her daughter's early years. As it is, but few incidents can be given.

When she was just old enough to walk alone, she tottered out one day into the garden, where her father was making beds by simply treading his feet between them. As he was raking the ground, she came running to him,— "Papa carding the ground for?" "You must take care and not get your little feet on here." "Yes, I goes in the *cracks*."

Conscientiousness, that delightful trait, which generally requires such careful cultivation, seems to have sprung up in her heart almost in infancy, and continued to distinguish her through life. When not old enough to make out long words, an elder sister, coming one day

into the room, and observing some little delicacy lying upon the window untouched, exclaimed, "Why, how is it that you have been here all this time and have n't taken that?" "Because I must be *con*—" "Do you mean that you must be conscientious?" "Yes, I did n't take it, because it was n't mine."

At the tender age of five years, she evinced much thought and feeling on the subject of religion. At this time, she began to have particular seasons for prayer, and was often overheard to say, "O Lord, destroy all my sins!" So far as can be ascertained, these impressions never left her.

She was early characterized by great refinement of feeling, and a sense of propriety which seemed intuitive. When about six years of age, she visited a sister who was teaching school. Being invited by some of the scholars to go home with them at noon, she asked and obtained leave to do so. Not many minutes had elapsed, when her sister observed her returning in haste. "Why, Henrietta, what does this mean? Why are you back so soon and alone?" "In the other room, their mother asked them what they brought that little girl home for, when they knew she had nothing for dinner but brown bread. You don't think I would stay *then*?"

Though remarkably affectionate, yet in an unusual degree did she rely upon herself. In the creations of her own imagination, in her books and solitary plays, she could always find entertainment.

Towards everything that lived she was extremely gentle and tender-hearted. This natural kindness was also manifested in her consideration for the feelings of others. If tempted momentarily to resentment, her unwillingness to give pain seemed a motive sufficient to overcome the temptation. And this reluctance to

occasion uneasiness to others led her to conceal her little sufferings and sorrows.

Her feelings of benevolence were early attracted into the missionary channel. She loved to talk about the heathen children, and to pray for them.

When in her seventh year, Dr. Jackson received a visit from a clergyman, who, by the blessing of Heaven upon the labors of himself and others, has since witnessed the springing of a nation from barbarism into the Christian state. This gentleman became so interested in the little Henrietta, that he afterwards gave a particular account of her to Mr. Evarts. That year she had poured the contents of her treasury — one dollar and twenty-five cents — into the missionary-box, expressing the desire to become herself a teacher to the heathen. “And who knows,” said he, in finishing his story about this dear child, “who knows but that she may yet be a Harriet Newell?”

Unlike other children, she preferred the study of nature and intellectual pleasures to the childish sports common to her years. At that age she seldom attended school, but by her own efforts at home, with only incidental instruction, she attained the rudiments of her education. She delighted to task her powers, and to solve her own difficulties. In mathematics she especially excelled.

An orphan lad in the family, of her own age, would often puzzle over his sums, and then go to her. Said he, “Henrietta has only to shut her eyes, and she can answer any of the questions.”

In the memory of her friends is a vivid image of this gentle little girl, as she used to sit in a rocking-chair, with one hand laid upon the arm of the chair and a book in her lap or before her, rocking gently or rapidly according to her mood. Thus would she sit hour after

hour, entirely absorbed in her book, or in her own reflections.

For a mind like hers, there were undoubtedly peculiar advantages in this course of self-training. Her powers were early matured, but it was by no hot-bed process of stimulation. In their action they were natural, healthful and vigorous.

Her intellectual character was strongly marked. She had a quick perception, and an intuitive power of insight. Through the outward manifestations of character, she looked into its impelling motives, its fundamental elements. Her clear vision rested not on the surface of things, but searched into their hidden depths. Beneath mere facts she discerned verities and principles.

As a scholar, if not distinguished for brilliancy, she was discriminating, persevering and thorough, mastering the great principles of any subject with which she grappled. Not content with a surface-knowledge, she would investigate and compare till she reached its primary elements.

Thus was laid the foundation for the superstructure afterwards reared. A complete investigation and understanding of any practical matter seemed with her a substitute for the initiatory practice usually necessary. As a friend remarks, "She was as ready for a thing, if she had studied it, the first as the fiftieth time."

She showed an early fondness for books which tax the mind and discipline its powers, and even from her childhood she was greatly interested in intellectual conflicts, being a delighted listener to those discussions of a metaphysical character which so often occur around the pastor's fireside. Although there was an air of sedateness in her general appearance, she had a

quick sense of the ludicrous, and a keen relish for repartee, having a peculiar enjoyment of her father's quiet humor, at which she was wont to laugh most heartily.

At the age of twelve she left home to attend the school of her sister Margaret, then teaching in Rutland, Vermont.

Under the nurturing care of her judicious and excellent parents, the development of her social, mental and moral nature had, up to this time, been beautifully harmonious ; and, by a shorter process than usual, she was now nearly prepared to step from childhood into womanhood.

“ Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

“ Hear'st thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar ! ”

## EARLY SCHOOL-DAYS AND LOVE OF NATURE.

“ And lo ! unto the child,  
From out each single, silent flower,  
Some holy angel smiled ;  
And ever to the child there dwelt  
Upon the perfumed air  
The sound of holy orisons,  
Of matin and of prayer.”

Soon after Henrietta went to Rutland, she received a letter from her mother, so full of maternal affection and scriptural counsel, that we cannot forbear giving it almost entire.

“ Dorset, May 31, 1823.

“ DEAR HENRIETTA :

\* \* \* \* \*

\* “Go to your Bible. There you will find instructions, precepts and examples, to guide both your thoughts and your actions, and teach you how to order your conversation aright. Let it always be seasoned with grace, and whatever you do, let it be in meekness and in the fear of God. Read a chapter in your Bible every morning and evening, for it contains the words of eternal life. If you take heed to it, as to a light shining in a dark place, it will keep your feet from falling, your eyes from tears, and your soul from death. If you have a relish for spiritual things, the truths of the Bible will become the precious bread of life, on which your soul will feed, and be satisfied as with marrow and fatness. If you will listen to the word of God, and set your heart to walk in his ways, you shall want no good thing. You shall have honey from the rock and

oil from the flinty rock; the heavens shall pour you down blessings, and streams of salvation shall attend you all the desert through; Jordan shall be divided before you, and you shall enter the promised land singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

“ But, my dear Henrietta, I am afraid of the vanities of childhood, and the follies of youth. I am afraid of the allurements of the world, the temptations and snares of the adversary, and the depravity of your heart. Watch against these and stand fast in the faith; that is, believe all God’s word, pray always, bear the cross, account the world’s treasures uncertain and unsatisfying, imitate the example of your Saviour, live for Him who died for you, and be always ready for the summons of death. Now, my dear child, I commend you to Him who is able to keep you from falling, and present you spotless before the throne of His glory.

“ With affection,

“ YOUR MOTHER.”

Owing, probably, to her previous solitary habits, Henrietta never liked to study in school, but, even at this early period, would prepare her recitations in her own room. Yet after her sister was released, she was unwilling to be separated from her.

“ What a baby!” said one of her schoolmates, as she was clinging to her sister; “ if I were in her place, I would give you a good shaking.”

Remarks of this kind sank into her heart; and a few similar experiences made her retire within herself, fearful of being wounded. Such incidents confirmed her natural diffidence and reserve, and concentrated her affections on the few who, she felt, understood her. Yet her sweet countenance, her winning modesty and her delicacy of manners, placed her high in the esteem of all.

While under the charge of her sister, Henrietta ex-

hibited a great fondness for the natural sciences, as might have been expected from her love of nature.

In chemistry she made unusual proficiency. In after years, when told that she must study the kitchen as well as books, she used to reply, "Any one can be a good cook who understands chemistry;" a remark which her subsequent experience made good, so far at least as she was concerned.

In the fall Henrietta returned to her quiet seclusion among the mountains. We can imagine with what delight her eye again rested upon the enchanting scenery around her home, now clad in its rich autumnal foliage. From her earliest childhood, she had been an impassioned lover of nature.

A south window in one of the chambers of the dear homestead commanded a delightful view. It looked out upon a lovely valley, extending in fertile beauty towards the south, hemmed in by the distant mountains, whose peaks are lost in the expanse of blue above. On either side of this quiet vale, the Green Mountains stretch along, with their varying outlines distinctly marked upon the face of the sky. Their verdant sides are sprinkled with farm-houses, and display rich fields of grain, with occasional patches of forest, while their fair summits, covered with evergreens, and sometimes capped with fleecy clouds, rise in their sublimity towards heaven.

At this window Henrietta would sit in her rocking-chair, a favorite book within reach, and, with folded arms, gaze upon the magnificent picture, till she was lost in its entrancing beauties.

"So, touched with awe, athwart her face  
There steals a softer, soberer grace;  
And evermore the earth, the air,  
To her shall holier aspect wear."

That the scenery of her mountain-home made its own impress upon her character cannot be doubted. Her mind was of a poetic cast, and for true poetry she ever had the keenest relish. But in the great and changeful book of Nature did she most delight to read. And, as she advanced in years, her love for it grew more and more intense. At this fountain of healthful and inspiring waters she drank and drank, till her whole being was penetrated by the sweet voices of nature, and she, in return, had animated it with the glow of her own elevated thoughts and feelings. The mountains, with their ever-varying shades and hues, were to her like a familiar friend. Whether robed in their fresh spring-time garments, or covered with the gold and crimson drapery of autumn, they always brought the purest inspiration. Sometimes she would gaze upon the delicate veil of mist that enwreathed their brows, or the light fanciful clouds that gracefully draped their verdant slopes. Again, she would watch the dark storm-clouds that skirted the horizon, till, creeping over the mountain-tops, they enveloped them in showers, while the bright sunlight still shone upon the sweet valley below.

On one object in this ever-varying landscape her eye rested with never-wearied delight. It was a towering elm, whose immense trunk, rising to a great height without branch or bough, finally terminated in a splendid crown of gracefully-drooping branches, clothed with the densest and most verdant foliage. It was a noble relic of the primeval forest. As Henrietta sat at her window in the dreamy twilight, this magnificent tree seemed to stand as one of the pillars of the firmament; and, as it proudly rose towards heaven, it bore her thoughts upward to Him that sitteth above the firmament. At this beloved tree she gazed and gazed,

until her rapt spirit became almost engrafted upon it. In her letters, when absent from home, mention was made of it as among her choicest friends. Being thus associated in the hearts of her family with her sweetest communings, it received the name of "*Henrietta's elm*," a name which it still bears. It originally stood upon her father's land, but, upon a transfer of the ground to other hands, a stipulation was made that this tree should be spared. Thus carefully protected, Henrietta's elm yet lifts up its regal crown in all its primal grandeur. Hallowed by time, and by the endearments of its enthusiastic admirer's childhood and youth, as well as by her sad adieu, this precious memento is still cherished with tender interest by all who loved her.

By the silent influence of nature, Henrietta's mind was cultivated, her taste refined, and all her social and mental powers purified and ennobled. By this, too, her heart was often lifted from the impassioned love of created beauty to the adoration of the great Creator. And if, at one time, there were any morbid tendencies connected with this intense sympathy with nature, it was owing partly to that excess of sensibility before alluded to, and in part to causes hereafter to be considered.

During the winters, which were generally passed at home, Henrietta zealously pursued her studies. At what time she commenced the Latin language is not certainly known. She enjoyed the privilege of attending to her classical studies under the care of her venerated father, who had fitted many students for college. She had an unusual facility in acquiring languages, owing in part to her patient and thorough mastering at first of their foundation principles. In a letter, written by her father to his son, before she was sixteen, he says, "Henrietta makes one of the most correct Latin

scholars; has almost finished the first six books of Virgil."

Having read Virgil and Cicero, she began the Greek, in which language, also, she made considerable proficiency. Thus did the long wintry months pass cheerfully away, each hour bearing its own burden of useful and elevating occupation.

When the trees began to put forth their tender buds, and the modest spring-flowers were everywhere lifting up their graceful heads, Henrietta was in her element. Her love of flowers was a passion which never left her. In the cultivation of her garden she took great delight. Under her superintending care was gathered and cherished a parterre of Flora's choicest treasures. Here her exquisite delicacy of taste, and her innate love of the beautiful, found some of their sweetest gratifications.

"Such be thy portion! the bliss to look  
With a reverent spirit through nature's book;  
By fount, by forest, by river's line,  
To track the paths of love divine."

## LATER SCHOOL-DAYS AND RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT.

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“ And now my spirit sighs for home,  
And longs for light whereby to see;  
And, like a weary child, would come,  
O Father, unto thee !”

J. G. WHITTIER.

OF the development of Henrietta's spiritual nature during this period, but little is known. In communicating her religious feelings, she was reserved, even with her dearest friends. But her mind, which had so early been sensitive to sacred truth, is believed to have continued under its influence. "In her childhood," says Mr. Hamlin, "she suffered for months a degree of mental anguish, in regard to her spiritual state, which wore seriously upon her health; but though often questioned by her watchful mother, she did not disclose the cause of her grief and gloom, till her anxiety became insupportable." It was her mother's impression that in the morning of her childhood this chosen lamb was gathered into the Saviour's fold. The excellent letter, introduced in the preceding chapter, might naturally have been addressed to a child whose feet were early planted in wisdom's ways. We believe, too, that it was Henrietta's prevailing judgment that she was converted in childhood.

It was one of those beautiful cases in which, like the lingering approaches of a summer's morning over the eastern hills, the first faint dawn of spiritual life is so

gradually developed, that it is difficult to tell the precise moment when the night of sin ceases and the day-star of love arises. There was certainly nothing in her life which would have contradicted a Christian profession. And yet, from some of the spiritual elevations afterwards gained, she probably looked back upon this period as the comparative wilderness in her heavenward journey.

In the summer of 1825, she attended a school in Chester, Vt., under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Burnap. The following letter from him gives us some idea of the maturity and symmetry of her character at this time :

“ She was one about whom very little could be said, except in a monotonous strain of commendation. Her character was developed in such perfect proportions that nothing seemed strikingly prominent, and its beauty was discovered only by a careful observation of the whole.

“ Mrs. Hamlin, when under my instruction, was about fourteen years of age ; and in her deportment there was such simplicity, combined with the dignity of self-respect, and the most perfect propriety of manners, that even an unkind critic could find nothing to censure. Her habits were rather retiring than social. Improvement was evidently her great object. She was a devoted student, and her recitations showed that she had not sought knowledge in vain. In every branch of study she seemed to have a full comprehension of her subject, and recited more like one who had made the lesson than like one who had only learned it.

“ One thing which has lived in my recollection more distinctly than any other was a superior intellect combined with all the lovely sensibilities of her sex. There was nothing masculine in her temper or in her deportment. In all her feelings and habits she was a lady. While her recitations evinced deep thought and comprehension of the subject, they were always characterized with genuine modesty.

“There was so little for her teacher to do by way of explanation or correction, that I sometimes seriously questioned my own fidelity, and when she left I had the feeling that I had done but little for her. She had so quietly and so perfectly attended to every exercise, that I was hardly conscious of any responsibility; though, in view of her own developments, as well as her family connections, she was an object of lively and permanent interest during her life.

“In her brief but grand career, I have followed her with something of parental solicitude, combined with that veneration which we always feel for sanctified intellect and godly enterprise. ‘She has done what she could;’ and should not such a laborer have rest?”

The succeeding winter she spent, as usual, in her beloved home. As she advanced in years, she grew only more devoted to her books, being studious to a proverb. Said her mother at one time: “If Henrietta has got another book, we shall see no more of her till that is used up.”

It requires no inconsiderable energy and perseverance for a young lady, at even a more mature age, systematically to pursue her studies at home. And we cannot, without deep interest, contemplate this young girl, only fourteen, as, with no stimulus but her own thirstings for knowledge, she quietly and steadily pursued her course of self-culture. There was in her an unusual combination of energy and firmness with great delicacy of character. Discouragement was no part of her nature. She deliberated before undertaking, but, having determined upon a course, no obstacles prevented her persevering to the end.

She delighted in such works as called forth effort, and opened new fields of thought. Her reading she made a study, not resting till she possessed a compre-

hensive view of the whole subject, with which she mingled her own reflections.

In her habits as a student, she was, as we have seen, independent, relying upon her own exertions, and preferring the ordinary road of patient labor and persevering research, to any royal highway. The following extract from a letter, written during her school-days, expresses her characteristic feelings on this point :

“ The French lessons of late are taken from Telemachus, and the girls have an English translation, so that they are able to make wonderful progress. But I am not afraid of them ; they are cheating themselves in the end, and will like a little of my assistance when they cannot have it from the translation. They offered it to me, but I told them I preferred my Dictionary.”

Of these years no particular incidents can be gathered. Nor can materials be collected from her own letters written at this time, since almost none of them are in existence. She was in the habit of destroying everything she had written, on which she could, by any means, lay her hand. She wrote much for her Sabbath-class, for which she ever manifested a deep interest ; but these papers she carefully consigned to oblivion. Thus, of this period of life, of which it would be so deeply interesting to her friends, and particularly to her little daughters, to have full accounts, scarcely any reminiscences can be obtained. And, in addition, it should be said, that there was such a symmetry and harmony in the development of her various powers, forming so perfect a balance of character, that to delineate it correctly, and that without the drapery of incident, is a task extremely difficult, if not impossible.

The next school which she attended was in Brook-

field, Mass., where she was attracted for the sake of being near her sister, wife of the Rev. Mr. Maltby, then the pastor of a church in Sutton. Of this summer we have no record, except a single letter to her brother, the Rev. Dr. Jackson, which, with a few others, escaped the general destruction. The following brief extract from this letter illustrates Henrietta's desire for improvement, and her low estimate of self :

“I am glad you did not go home when you expected, for the good reason that I was not there. I am in good health and spirits, enjoying myself right well. I have been studying Intellectual Philosophy (Uphan's Sequel, very interesting indeed), Logic, Natural History and Botany; have made tolerable progress in them all. I intend to study at home this winter, and go somewhere to school next summer. I think it important that I should, if I ever expect to know anything or be anything in the world, — which is not probable.”

Early the ensuing spring, in writing to her brother respecting her plans for the summer, she says :

“I have so often gone from home with high hopes and expectations, and they were all disappointed, that I think it not worth while to hope or expect much about myself, only that I shall always be about what I now am. One thing I am resolved upon : to make greater exertions and sacrifices of self, peace and ease, to overcome the dislike I always had of being in company very superior to myself, where pride suffers unaccountably, and, from a painful sense of inferiority, jealousy is always on the look-out for some insult. Now, don't laugh at this. It looks as ridiculous to me as it does to you; but it is too sad a reality. I have begun to think that the best way of getting along is to think yourself as good as anybody else, and entitled to as much respect.

“There are so many obstacles in my way that I sometimes

think it best to relinquish my plan of leaving home. But, if I relinquish it now, it must be forever, which would undoubtedly be the occasion of bitter regret through life."

In this same letter she speaks of herself as "an awkward girl," while almost every one was impressed with her easy and graceful demeanor. In connection with the most acute sensitiveness, she had a large share of that peculiar self-distrust which characterizes certain temperaments.

Henrietta felt that there was an objection to her changing schools so frequently, and expressed herself decidedly on this point. But, for reasons to which her judgment assented, it was concluded that she should attend the academy in Haverhill, Mass.

The estimation in which she was held by her companions is evident by the following letter from one of her schoolmates :

\* \* \* \* \* "It is more than twenty-three years since Henrietta Jackson became a member of the academy at Haverhill, where I also was a pupil. We had no intimacy in school, for there she was always studying. But we often passed delightful evenings together at her boarding-house, preparing our French exercises. I was much impressed by her conscientiousness, and by the strength of her home-affections. She gave evidence then of her capability beautifully to fill the relations of wife and mother.

"Her personal appearance was very pleasing. Gentleness, intelligence and earnestness, were legibly stamped upon her countenance. She was unlike the rest of her schoolmates,—more quiet, more dignified, more serious, than the others. Her deportment in school was unvaryingly exemplary, her recitations always excellent.

"There was not a member of the school who did not regard her with sincere respect. But few were admitted to her intimacy. Those who were so favored marvelled at the

pure and tender and beautiful and lofty traits of character thus revealed to them."

This testimonial is the more valuable, as it comes from one who was but thirteen at the time of her acquaintance with Henrietta, and who never met her afterwards. To have made so pleasant and so enduring an impression upon her young friend, she must have been possessed of uncommon loveliness and excellence.

The testimony of her teacher at this time shows in what affectionate esteem she held her :

"I remember Henrietta Jackson as one of those scholars of whom I could wish a whole school composed. My impression is, that she was never found wanting in any duty ; that she was always in her place at the proper time ; that her lessons were uniformly prepared and understandingly recited ; that she was even-tempered, amiable, obliging, respectful, gentle, polite and good. Her natural diffidence and reserve prevented my having so free an intercourse with her as with many others ; and I don't think she ever had an idea how much interest I felt in her, nor how sorry I was to have her leave."

The following extract from a letter to her brother, written near the close of the term, exhibits something of this diffidence :

"I want unaccountably to get rid of the examination. Can not you contrive some way ? It is certain that I should not make a just appearance to myself, as I should feel embarrassed, and make blunders in French pronunciation, and perhaps in phrases."

A few weeks after her return to Dorset, she writes thus to that school-friend from whose letter a quotation has just been given :

“H., spare your accusations. Do not condemn without first hearing.

\* \* \* \* \* These are some of the reasons why I have not written before; if they are sufficient to prove me innocent of neglect or indolence, well; if not, you must give sentence according to your judgment. But, if I could have the privilege of assigning my punishment, I would say, let it be nothing more nor less than that this letter be answered immediately. \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* Why cannot you cross the Green Mountains, some evening, and read a few pages of French poetry to me? You may be sure of my company back.

“I should love to point out to you the beauties of my native vale, — its bold cliffs and rugged steps. It never looked half so delightfully to me before. The mountains have put on the variegated garb of autumn. The trees are loaded with the fruits of the season, and everything has come to its maturity. I gaze about me with more enthusiasm than I ever supposed myself to possess. But enough of this. I am such an admirer of mountain scenery that I should never tire of talking about it.”

Towards the close of the letter she characteristically adds, “Will you please to see that my composition is destroyed?”

Although Henrietta, like the bee, had labored assiduously in collecting sweets from the summer flowers, yet her ardor for knowledge was by no means abated. From the hardier plants of winter she continued to gather honey for her rapidly accumulating stores.

She took pleasure in reading such books as Hopkins' System of Divinity, Edwards on the Affections, Stuart's, Reid's and Brown's Intellectual Philosophy, the works of Dick and Isaac Taylor. But she had no taste for the ephemeral productions of the day. Says her

brother, "I am not aware that she ever wasted an hour in perusing light, trashy literature."

She had a peculiar interest in all speculations relating to the spiritual world. As she once, in conversation with her brother, named some theories in regard to the presence and agency of spirits, and their influence on the mind, he playfully remarked, "I am *above* such notions;" to which she as playfully retorted, "Perhaps you are *beneath* them."

While she exhibited this fondness for intellectual pursuits, her social nature, as manifested in the kindly atmosphere of home, was not behind in its development. Though, as we have seen, reserved with strangers, in her intercourse with her family she was cheerful and animated, and an occasional mirthfulness made her a most agreeable companion. She was an example of filial affection and respect, and was ever desirous to make all around her happy, even at the expense of her own ease. Her particular friendships were few, but strong and enduring.

Her delicacy of character appeared in her countenance, her conversation and her manners; so that the first impression of a stranger in beholding her was that of peculiar refinement. The same cultivated taste was manifested in her dress, and in her regard for all the little proprieties of life she was equally delicate and considerate.

The following summer,—that of 1829,—she attended the Female Academy at Andover, Mass., making her home with her brother, the pastor of the church in the west parish of that town. This gave her, morning and evening, a pleasant rural walk of more than a mile.

While at this academy, she formed with one of her schoolmates a friendship which continued through life. At this time Henrietta was eighteen years of age; and

a more lovely and attractive girl is not often met with. Her countenance was one not easily forgotten. There was in it a blending of intellect and sensibility, of force and delicate feminine loveliness, such as is rarely seen. A lofty forehead, upon which was simply parted her raven hair; a deep, earnest, kindling eye, which told of a world of hidden emotions, beneath that calm and reserved exterior; and a mouth expressive of decision yet sweetness, awakened a peculiar interest in those who saw her. She blushed easily, and her friends could readily interpret the varying lights and shades that played over her speaking countenance. At times, her face glowed with the lighting up of the spirit within. Her manners harmonized with her countenance, and, reserved as she was in general, she opened herself freely to her friends. With them she exhibited an occasional animation and sprightliness hardly looked for in one of her sedate demeanor.

Such was she at this period, when her intimacy with the friend just referred to commenced. They studied and walked and read together, and their communings were frequent and delightful. A golden season is recalled, when from the western windows of an upper story they gazed together upon one of those gorgeous sunsets for which Andover Hill is distinguished. As she looked upon the extended landscape, spread out in greenness and beauty, and bathed in the rich mellow light of the departing day, and as she traced upon the glowing sky the clear outline of Wachuset, fifty miles distant, she could find no words to express her delight. In a letter written to this friend nine years after, she thus refers to the scene :

“I should like to look in upon you in your pleasant room, away up in the third story. And I almost envy your enjoy-

ment of the glorious western sky. I can imagine something of its beauty, for I once beheld a sunset from those windows which I shall never forget, — such an one as I have never seen elsewhere. It was long ago, when life was new to me, and my heart went out after every beautiful thing.”

She took a peculiar delight in hearing poetry read or recited, and on one of her visits to her friend she listened with intense interest to several exquisite passages from *Lalla Rookh*, with which she then met for the first time.

They were fellow-pupils in a French class, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Schaufler, now a beloved missionary to the children of Abraham in Turkey. In a letter dated three years from this time, she thus alludes to him :

“ I have been reading a little French lately, to keep off the glooms. It brings back those happy school-days, our recitation-room, and all the pleasant things associated with it, the favored French class, and our good teacher, Mr. Schaufler. You remember his parting address to us, — so full of eloquence. I never shall forget it. It makes me sad to think what an arduous life is before him ; but his bliss is beyond our ken. There is rest for him in heaven. That this rest may be ours is the prayer of your friend,  
HENRIETTA.”

Nearly eighteen years after, in addressing the same friend from Constantinople, she thus writes of her eldest daughter, Henrietta :

“ She speaks Greek and Armenian fluently, Turkish pretty well, and reads French and German with Mr. Schaufler, who takes a great interest in her improvement. How strange a story it would have seemed to me, had I been told, when Mr. Schaufler was our teacher in Andover, that he would one day teach my children in the far-off city of Constantinople !”

In the r daily intercourse, these friends wove many plans for the future. There was doubtless some romance in the life which they pictured for themselves, and yet it was by no means an inactive one.

The summer of 1831 she spent in Sutton, Mass., in the family of her brother, the Rev. Mr. Maltby. While there, she yielded to the urgent entreaties of others, and took charge of a school, which she managed to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. Indeed, she was by nature peculiarly fitted for usefulness in this department. She easily gained the affection and confidence of children, and she had unusual skill in impressing ideas upon their minds. By her intuitive insight into character, she was enabled to judge with great accuracy what measures were best adapted to influence and develop a child.

Although, as we have seen, Henrietta's mother cherished the belief, in which she herself shared, that in early childhood her heart had been touched by the finger of God, yet it was undoubtedly the case that, for a time, her spiritual interests had lost in her eyes their paramount importance. She was not, however, at rest in this state of comparative estrangement from God. During the summer of which we speak, her mind was almost entirely absorbed by her religious concerns; but, after a season of deep anxiety, she found relief in the blood of sprinkling. On her return from this visit, she became connected with her father's church. The account which she at that time gave of her spiritual history has fortunately been preserved.

“In the summer of 1831, while from home, and employed in teaching, I was led to see that there was nothing in all I had been looking forward to in this world that could make me happy. It seemed that if even all my most ambitious schemes should succeed, — if all of this world's good I had ever proposed

to myself were to be given me, — I should still be restless and dissatisfied, — still as far from happiness as before. I then determined to give up all expectation from the world, and to direct the whole energy of my soul to the work of becoming a Christian. This I resolved to do as soon as I should be released from the cares of my employment. When the proposed time came, I remembered my promise, but felt reluctant to perform it. If I thought of God, it was as a being I had offended, and who could not look upon me with any complacency. The glories and perfections of his character had no attractions for me. I had always felt a kind of admiration for his wisdom and goodness, as displayed in the works of nature, and had sometimes thought I loved him; but I now felt that there was no love for God in my heart. It shrank from the thought of spending an eternity with him in heaven. I was wretched, — dissatisfied with myself and with everything else. After having been for some weeks in this state of mind, my attention was turned to those passages of scripture which speak of the sinner as given up of God. It seemed as if there were *some* who could not be saved consistently with his honor and justice. None were more likely to be of this number than myself. For I was conscious of having long and basely abused his offered mercy. My thoughts were here interrupted; but when they again reverted to the things of religion, I was surprised to find my feelings respecting them changed. I now thought of God as a being whom all *must love*, if they should see him as he is. The requirement to love him supremely seemed perfectly just and reasonable. When I thought of God in the person and character of Jesus Christ, — of his kind and condescending efforts to save the world, — it seemed too much for any heart to resist. It was strange that my own could ever have been indifferent to such excellence and perfection. For having done so, my heart appeared to me more base and ungrateful than ever before. Dissatisfaction with myself increased; but I felt peace in believing that *such a God* governed the universe, and would dispose of all events in the best manner. I hope I have given

myself and all my interests up to him, and that I shall henceforth seek for happiness only in doing his pleasure.

“H. A. L. JACKSON.”

About this time, — it is uncertain whether before or after her connection with the church, — she was early one evening walking in the garden. The sun was just disappearing behind the mountains, whose summits were bathed in their heritage of glory. Here, surrounded with beauty and grandeur, at the fair shrine of nature, she worshipped the God of nature till she was rapt — entranced. The strength of her emotions overtasked her delicate physical frame, and a hemorrhage of the lungs — her first attack — followed this unusual excitement.

“ In such access of mind, in such high hour  
Of visitation from the living God,  
Thought was not, — in enjoyment it expired.  
No thanks she breathed, she proffered no request,  
Rapt into still communion, that transcends  
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise ”

## TEACHING.—MORBID TENDENCIES.

“ And wilt Thou hear the fevered heart  
To Thee in silence cry ?  
And, as the inconstant wild-fires dart  
Out of the restless eye,  
Wilt Thou forgive the wayward thought,  
By kindly woes yet half untaught,  
A Saviour’s right, so dearly bought  
That hope should never die ? ”

It is the case with some persons, that their letters are such a daguerreotype of their social and intellectual nature, that one may know them almost as intimately through their epistles as from personal intercourse. To claim this, however, for Henrietta, would do her great injustice. Her natural repugnance to writing was such as neither her peculiar pleasure in receiving letters nor her habits of system could overcome. In her letters, therefore, is seen not so much the vivid reflection, as a very shadowy glimpse, of her real self. Still, they cannot fail to impress the idea of her distinct individuality. From them it is evident that there are hidden fountains of feeling, of which her expressions give but a faint representation. As her letters to her friend M. are the only correspondence of this period which has been preserved, a free use will be made of them. It had been one of their favorite projects to be associated as teachers; but, being for a time disappointed in this, her friend accepted a situation in the south-western part of Vermont, not very far from Henrietta’s beauti-

ful home. The extracts which follow are from letters written at this time.

“Dorset, June 9th, 1832.

“DEAR M.: I am happy to think of you as so near, though this pleasure is indeed a small compensation for all the happiness I had promised myself in being with you this summer. Disappointment was not entirely unlooked for. I feared and expected it, as I have learned to do where much is hoped. But I do not intend a page of moralizing, for I have sat down this morning on purpose to ask you, with all the persuasion and entreaty I can use, to pass your coming vacation with me, at my own happy home. This request has been in my heart a long time, and I have only been waiting for the present opportunity to urge it. I don't know how I could brook disappointment, and mean not to think of it as a possible thing. Teachers' vacations are precious, and you will wish to make the most of yours; still, I must hope, where it is so pleasant to hope. Write soon, and tell me I may. Tell me when your visiting-time will come, that I may anticipate those weeks with more certainty.

“I have heard of you twice at B., but I should like to know from yourself all about your situation. Are you as much interested in teaching as you expected to be? I should like to look in upon you this morning in the presiding chair.

“I find myself more and more averse to teaching, the longer I rest from it. While enjoying the peace and quiet of home, it sometimes requires considerable logic to convince myself that the easiest life is not the happiest. The school I had last summer was offered me some weeks since, but I shrink from its cares and responsibilities. They seem a mountain's weight to me.

“The letter you wrote me at A. found me this side of the Green Mountains, and lost nothing of its value in the long journey. Don't forbear your moralizing again for my sake, when you are in a mood for it. I should relish a page of it at almost any time. I have not yet asked you how you like our

Vermont scenery. We have had such gloomy weather that I conjecture it has not looked very pleasant to you. I did not know before that sunshine was so essential to my happiness."

\* \* \*

"Dorset, Sept. 28th, 1832.

"I cannot tell you, my dear M., how very, *very* glad your letter made me. It was handed me last evening, and I could not help exclaiming, in my joy and surprise, as I recognized the superscription, 'What a good, *good* girl M. is!' And as the full pages unfolded, I was ready to exclaim again, 'My punishment is better than I could have asked!' I thank you a thousand times for your letter, and another thousand for your kind promise to give us those coming weeks of vacation. \* \* \* \* I write in too much haste for excuses this morning, or I would tell you why I have not written for so many weeks. I admire your charity and forbearance, and know not how I shall ever make compensation. The business of to-day is pressing and peculiar, else I would not send you all this white paper, and leave so much unsaid that I wish to say. Good-morning!"

At the appointed time her friend visited her in her mountain nest. There they made delightful excursions, ascending sometimes into the regions of the clouds, and again descending into some cave of the mountains. To look together upon such enchanting scenery was, indeed, a pleasure. But more delightful was their uninterrupted communion. Night after night they sat, sometimes by an open window, and sometimes outwatching the dying embers, but never weary of weaving golden dreams. Their project of teaching in company was one of the favorite plans discussed. And the following extracts from letters written during the next winter show that their hearts were fully set upon it.

“I have been waiting for another and another mail to bring a letter from Mr. F. before I should write, thinking I could sit down with a more cheerful heart when I might be able to relieve your suspense, and tell a good story about the success of our plan. Every day’s waiting made it more probable that the next would bring the expected letter. Thus day after day has passed, till a great many weeks are gone,—so many that I dare not sum them up, lest I should be scared out of my present purpose to write, and conclude that you had finished your school and gone back to A.

“I don’t think you will forget our curious expedition; certainly not, if novelty and queer incidents can entitle it to remembrance. \* \* \*

“I have been writing in our sitting-room in the midst of cushion, carpet, dress-making and ever so much business. Some of it is waiting for me; so I will bid you good-morning, in the hope of hearing from you soon, if I should be disappointed as to the visit.”

“The long-expected letter has at length arrived, and I hasten to tell you of it. You will see that the school is in reserve for us. It formerly flourished well, and is considered likely to do so now, if opened under favorable auspices.”

While this matter was still pending, a proposition was made to her friend to open an academy in Catskill, N. Y. She immediately wrote a letter urging Henrietta’s coöperation in this new undertaking, to which the following is a reply :

“Dorset, Feb’y 23rd, 1833.

“MY DEAR M. : Yours of the 16th is just now received. Its seal was broken with a trembling hand. Perhaps arrangements had been made that would overturn our plan for next summer, and so all my fond anticipations must be given up. I feared there had been insincerity in the prayer, ‘Lord, as thou shalt see best. I will find my happiness in doing thy pleasure, whatever that may be.’ O ! why can we not always sincerely make this prayer ?

“The question of your letter I tremble to answer in the affirmative, and yet I should not dare to say no. We are both of temperaments to be oppressed by responsibility, and the situation offered imposes great ones. Still we may not shrink from it, if it asks no more than we are equal to, or might be, setting aside irresolution and timidity. All we can get out of life is usefulness. Believing this, who would not wish to be where he could do most good? Let us commit our way to our Father in heaven, and we may be sure that He will direct our steps.”

Notwithstanding the shrinking timidity for which Henrietta was distinguished, having once made up her mind, she did not waver in her purpose. At the time specified, she started alone for the appointed place, where she and her friend opened the Catskill Female Academy.

Miss Jackson's facility for communicating instruction was unusual. But mathematics was her chosen department; so much so, that her friend was wont playfully to address her as “Miss Mathematician.”

She very soon won the entire affection and confidence of her pupils, as, indeed, with her gentleness and fidelity, she could hardly fail to do.

In general society she had but little time to mingle; and when she did so, her peculiar diffidence and reserve prevented those who saw her on such occasions only from becoming acquainted. The impression, however, that she left upon all was peculiarly pleasing. Every one spoke of her intellectual and lovely countenance, and of her gentle, unassuming demeanor.

The following quotation from a letter to her brother during the summer, while it expresses her contentment, evinces, also, her strong attachment to the charmed circle of her home :

“MY DEAR, VERY DEAR, AND DEAREST BROTHER SAMUEL: You may smile, if you please, at my profusion of epithets; but I can assure you they are all in sincerity. I find I never knew how to value my friends before now, and I never knew the worth of a letter before. I thank you a thousand times for yours; it was an unmerited favor, and it made me weep for a whole day. I had just heard from mother that your cough had returned, and that your health was rather failing. Your kindness in remembering me made me think of my neglect to write you, when you were far away, sick and among strangers. Don't set this down as evidencing a want of sisterly affection. I am so little in the way of writing letters that such a thing is no index of my heart.

“Catskill is a beautiful place. I look out upon its mountains, and think of my own dear home far away. I am contented and happy here, living quite secluded, and having little to do with anything beside my school. I am getting quite attached to a pedagogical life, yet not so much so but that I can think of resting next winter with some pleasure. Our school is very pleasantly arranged. There are forty-two scholars; some of them I love very much.”

Notwithstanding the contentment Henrietta expresses, she often sighed for the country. “Living,” she says, “in such a city-like atmosphere is enough to chill common folks into misanthropy. Give me a far-off country town, I say, more than ever.”

For six months she and her friend were associated in the greatest intimacy,—an intimacy which only rendered their friendship stronger and more endearing. No unpleasant word ever marred their daily intercourse.

Their chamber commanded a view of the far-famed Catskill Mountains, at whose feet rolled the noble Hudson. Often did they watch the fanciful clouds as they gracefully sailed above the evergreen summits,

and the beautiful shadows chasing each other along their verdant slopes. These mountains, with their continually-varying aspect, reminding Henrietta of her delightful home, were like the face of a familiar friend in a land of strangers.

She seldom gave utterance to her religious emotions, yet she said enough to show that her devotional feelings added a sweet zest to her admiration of the beautiful. With her, as with Cowper, it was the peculiar charm of her enjoyment that in the contemplation of the works of nature she could, with tearful reverence, lift up her eyes and say,

“ My Father made them all.”

Vivid in the recollection of her friend is her consistent character as a disciple of Christ. Her hour for the perusal of the Divine Oracles, and for meditation and prayer, was sacredly observed. These daily communings with Heaven were to her more than her meat and her drink, and they shed a lustre over her whole life. At times, when she came from these seasons of spiritual converse, her face was lighted up like that of Moses descending from the mount, and you felt that she, too, had been talking face to face with God.

Her occasional prayers at the opening of the school manifested a profound acquaintance with the hidden evil of the heart, and the deepest humility and self-abasement. They were also characterized by the peculiar reverence with which she uttered the Holy Name, by her exalted views of God, and the unction which pervaded them. While her low, deep tones fell upon the ear, pleading fervently in behalf of all the dear scholars, for their forgiveness through redeeming love, and that the richest spiritual blessings might

descend upon them, the room would be hushed into a reverent stillness.

In the examination, at the close of the second quarter, Miss Jackson, though shrinking from its publicity, acquitted herself to the admiration of all present, while her classes reflected abundant credit upon their teacher, as well as on themselves. After her return home, her friend writes,

“Mr. S. says you ‘did *finely* examination day;’ that he ‘trembled for you when you rose, but soon found there was no necessity for it.’”

In accordance with her plans at the commencement of this enterprise, the time had now come for Henrietta to leave the cares of teaching for her quiet retreat. Her pupils were full of sorrow upon the occasion, and brought her many little tokens of their affection. The parting between them was a sad one. Had they realized that they were never again to look upon the face of their beloved teacher, their grief would have been immoderate.

As Henrietta and her friend sat together till a late hour that parting night, their conversation was of a sombre cast. They half feared the opening of the mystical book of fate, and they lingered at the point where their paths must now diverge.

Early the next morning, long before there was the faintest glow upon the eastern horizon, the stage-coach paused at the door, and, receiving its passenger, wheeled rapidly away, leaving a sad solitary one gazing out into the darkness of night.

A separation between tried friends, be it for a longer or a shorter season, is always painful. As it looks forth into the shadowy future, the mind is oppressed with an undefinable dread. In this mood sat M., lis-

tening to the rattling of the wheels as it fell fainter and fainter on her ear.

“Dorset, Nov. 29th, 1823.

“MY DEAR M.: You see, from the date above, where I am, and will, perhaps, expect to hear of perils both by sea and land. I have nothing of this sort to relate. Since that morning I left you, shivering so that you could hardly hold my hand or get a farewell word from me, I have encountered nothing in the shape of a danger. The first part of the way I was under Mr. W.’s care, and of course you had nothing to fear for me. Afterwards I managed to take care of myself so well that by half-past eight I was safely in Troy, No. 29 River-street, with trunk, bandbox and all my effects. It soon appeared that I had taken a severe cold. This, together with the previous day’s siege, made me rather a dull visitor; so much so, that I had leave to take my bed for a good part of the day.

“I was, however, well enough to be seated in the stage by half-past five the next morning, and, as soon as it grew light, rejoiced to discover on the seat opposite a gentleman of my acquaintance, who would come the whole way through with me. I was glad to let him take care of my trunk and bandbox, *at least*. I reached home about nine in the evening, and found all ready and waiting to welcome me.

“So that long-dreaded journey is past, and I am once more at home, — my very dear home. So our dreaded, as well as our pleasant things, soon pass us by! This is verily true with respect to that Tuesday afternoon scene; for it has so passed from, as well as by me, that I can scarcely recall a vestige of it. It is like picking up a fragment here and there.

“I often think of you in your daily and weekly round. I sometimes see you wearing an anxious brow. Care sits heavily! Then again I see you a joyous-hearted girl; — your heart now beats as if it never could be sad again.

“I love to think of you where you are. It is better even to feel ourselves wearing out with much labor than to have nothing to do. There is a satisfaction in the thought that we are

doing something, that no amount of ease and indulgence can purchase.

“Your gleeful friend H. makes these long winter evenings pass gayly. There must be a little spice of Greek and Latin, too. I think of your lamp burning brightly at eleven, twelve, one, when I happen to be awake at those hours.

“How much have you mourned for my old brown Dictionary? I have not opened it yet. I shall think of you when I take it out of my trunk,—and afterwards, perhaps. I wonder how often you think of *me*, and how many strange things you tell H. about me. I don’t like to think I am forgotten; and yet I don’t know why it should not be so, since my place is so much more than supplied.

“I frequently think of those dear girls, and many others in Catskill. You will have a great deal to tell me about.

“Your affectionate friend,

“HENRIETTA.”

“TO THE VERY DEAR SCHOOL: My thoughts are often with you. I love to think of you as a prosperous and happy school. I love to think of each class, and of each member of every class. And again my heart is pained, when I remember my own remissness and unfaithfulness as a teacher. If this may, perhaps, be forgiven me, I must still feel sorrow that I have done so little, either by example or precept, to lead you in the heavenward way. That your feet may be early planted in this way, and that each one of you may pursue it steadfastly unto the end of life, is the wish of

“Your affectionate teacher,

“HENRIETTA A. L. JACKSON.”

“To those of my dear scholars from whom I received a kind note I would say, I know not to what you refer when you ask to be forgiven if you have unintentionally wounded my feelings. I do not now remember a single instance when you have done this, and I can assure you that not a shade of any other feeling than affectionate regard is treasured for any one of you by

“Your sincere friend.”

From his friend's reply a brief quotation is made :

"I *was* glad to receive your letter, for you are *not* forgotten by your old chum. O Henrietta, that last night! I could not go back to rest, for my heart was sair and very sair. I thought of our long-anticipated season as forever past, and I laid my head upon the table and wept.

"The next morning I talked about you in school, and we all mingled our tears together.

"When I told the scholars, a few days since, that I had received a letter from you, they *would* all talk together, although the governor (a little bell thus christened, and whose ring gave them permission to talk) moved not. But when I said, 'If you will be still I will read a part of it,' you could have heard a pin fall."

Among Mrs. Hamlin's choice papers, kept carefully until the day of her death, is a letter that was sent to her by her pupils a few weeks after she left the school. This time-worn memorial is made up of five different letters, all expressing the warmest affection and the most grateful remembrance. One says, "We do not forget the pleasure we had in hearing our dear teacher explain those difficult sums." Another, "You can scarcely imagine how much I miss you; and I wish a thousand times a day that you were here." A third, "I believe there is not one young lady in school but that wishes our dear teacher back." Then, because there was no more room for distinct letters, there is a long column of names, at the bottom of which is written, "All join in love to Miss Jackson, our dear teacher."

It has, perhaps, been already gathered that there was at times a morbid tendency apparent in the development of Henrietta's mind. Apart from the faithful portraiture expected of a biographer, it seems particu-

larly desirable to present this aspect of her character in connection with her spiritual progress, and her final triumph over this melancholy view of life.

Gifted with a mind of a high order, and possessed of the most exquisite sensibility, Henrietta Jackson could not be happy in the ordinary way. For her to fritter away the golden seed-time of life in comparatively unimportant pursuits, was positive misery. A worthy object, which should fully occupy her mind and heart, was peculiarly necessary for one of her temperament. It was for the want of some such definite purpose that life was at times a wearisome tale. In the absence of that occupation which should fully tax her vigorous powers, her mind preyed upon itself, as minds of that cast, under similar circumstances, inevitably do. In the music of her life was wanting some of its most powerful as well as sweetest chords. Thus there was at times a deep undertone of sadness, occasionally so sorrowful as to seem almost like the mournful wailings of grief. This view of her character, in connection with her subsequent history, is by no means an unimportant one. And it is most interesting to trace her progress from this state of self-dissatisfaction and weariness with the world to that peace which afterwards became her blessed inheritance, and which is the unfailing result of trust in the Saviour, and well-directed, beneficent activity.

There is a tendency in those of a certain temperament to indulge in dreams which are worse than idleness. And this is sometimes the case with those of a high order of intellect, but of an imaginative, romantic turn. To such a mind all is beautiful but unreal, enchanting but visionary. The dreamer in this ideal world meets with repeated and the keenest disappointments. His soul is filled with yearnings which cannot

be thus quieted. Its immortal thirstings will not be quenched at such imaginary streams. He will never be satisfied till he has found rest in a healthful, heaven-appointed activity. Let him learn to look upon life not as an end, but as a means; not as a sufficient good in itself, but as a school for the disciplining of his powers to act in a more exalted sphere. Let him regard this world as a battle-field, whereon he may not dare to dream life away, but where he must be roused for heroic action. On this battle-field must be wrestled for the victor's glorious crown. Here are to be won immortal garlands. Thus viewing life, the soul will buckle on its armor, and nerve itself for the contest.

Is there one, whose eye may trace these lines, that is suffering from the want of a high object of pursuit, or that is wasting the noble energies of the soul in the shadow-land of dreams? Cease thine idle musings, thy pleasant and thy bitter fancies! Arouse thee from thy slumbers ere life's day has closed, and the night of death wraps thee in its leaden sleep!

Life is not an oriental tale, as we regard it in our youthful dreams. It is a stern reality,—the rugged seed-field of Time, from which the reapers shall gather in their harvest for Eternity. Imperative, then, to every one is the summons to labor,—constant, unwearied, well-directed labor.

“ Labor is life! 'T is the still water faileth;  
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;  
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;  
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.”

## AN OBJECT IN LIFE NECESSARY.

“ Help, some angel ! stay this dreaming !  
As the birds sang in the branches,  
Sing God’s patience through my soul !

“ That, no dreamer, no neglecter  
Of the present’s work unsped,  
I may wake up and be doing,  
Life’s heroic ends pursuing,  
Though my past is dead as Hector,  
And though Hector is twice dead.”

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

THE following letters, discovering something of the ardor of Henrietta’s friendships, and also giving a little insight into that part of her character which we have been contemplating, show that constant and inspiring employment was more and more essential to her health of mind.

“ Dorset, Feb. 20th, 1834.

“MY DEAR M. : I have been so in the glooms that I could hardly see, and this is the reason I have not written before. I have felt so little heart to anything that I could not do anything. But I remember the old woman with her rheumatism, and various other aches and ails, and so will stop short with my story.

“ Your letter came just in time to be my New Year’s present, and was a very precious one, notwithstanding it made me shed a few tears. I had known and felt, ere then, that, next to my own dear brothers and sisters, no one in the world was so dear to me as M. When you pictured our room, in a moment I seemed to be there, and recollection did not soon hurry me

back to my place in our little circle. Indeed, I often steal away *even* from my 'pleasant home,' to be with you there. And when I sit down to enjoy my favorite hour, the coming on of evening, I almost always visit you. Sometimes that peculiar marble-covered book is produced for my entertainment; again I hear from memory's treasure the choicest of the choice.

" 'There's beauty all around our path,' and 'The electric chain,' are reserved for special occasions; and when I read them over every tone of your voice is recalled. Many a past scene is present by

‘ Memory’s magical power,  
And flings back its light on this far-distant hour.’

"I wish I had something worth while to tell you, but I am occupied with trifles, and you are conversant with important affairs. But, if I cannot tell you what I do, I will venture to tell some things I hear and think of; for I have been hearing of the valley of the Mississippi, and thinking of your going there. I have lately seen a missionary from Illinois, who has his whole soul enlisted. It seems strange to him that there can be so much indifference on the subject in New England. He wonders that the ladies are contented to stay where they can find so little to do, when there is so much work for them in the great West. I told him I knew of one who had had her heart set upon being a teacher in the valley, among the log houses, from her childhood up.

"When I think what an object is before you, I feel dissatisfied with my own course, and wish that I could give up everything else, in my desire to be useful. But I cannot trust myself enough even to encourage this wish. Can you tell me of any discipline that will make me such a person as you will dare to take with you when you go? I have asked a hard question, I am well aware, and you shall be excused from answering it, but I do want to go *with you*.

"And how do you think I felt when that other letter arrived? It would not be easy to tell. I laughed and cried both together for half an hour. The feelings of that last sad night were revived in their original freshness.

“And has H gone? And is M. alone? What will she do? I am afraid she will do, do, do, till life is spent to its last spark. And yet I almost envy such activity. I should have offered my services as your humble assistant, if I had been at liberty to do so. But you are better provided for ere now, and my cares hold me fast, and will, until the health of our family is improved, for I am at present the only strong one among them.

“O, M., I want to see you more than I ever did before! How I would like to spend one of those precious sleepless nights with you now! And how I should like to live with you! How can I stop? Believe me a friend who will love you while she lives.”

“Dorset, Sept. 18th, 1834.

“And why has not Henrietta written before? Not because she is like the rest of the world. She was never accused of *such a thing* in all her life. And, my dear M., you will believe there may have been another reason than this when I tell you that sister S. has left us for Bangor, and little Willie, too, has gone to that far-off country. Henrietta is left *all alone*. And how do you think I feel, and have felt? ‘O, the soul’s deep strife!’ But why should I write about my feelings, when they are like everything else, — so transient? To-day strong emotion is my element; to-morrow, and I have almost forgotten I ever had a feeling.

“But I have not quite forgotten my feelings during that third and last month, in which I was waiting for your letter. It was a long month, — a month of feverish restlessness, too. I conjectured a thousand things as to the reason you did not write, till I at last settled upon the conclusion that it was to punish me for having sent you such a letter. I could not complain of this as altogether unjust; but I did think it *very* severe, and was about to send my protest when your letter came. I thank you for the lenient manner in which you treated my abundant expressions of affection. You know it is not like me to be profuse in such expressions.

“I believe I am improved some of late, or I have at least

learned to act more without feeling and against feeling; but it will be a hard lesson for me to get perfectly, I have always allowed myself to be so much governed by impulse.

“And so you are more of a recluse than ever. I don't think it is pretty to be hermit so by the way-side. Better hie away to some cave of the mountain, where S. says she shall find me when she comes back. But my cell can hardly be called by the way-side now, in comparison with yours. There is an occasional intrusion upon its solitude.

“Then you are going home to spend the winter;—how dare you trust yourself? I find teaching less and less to my taste, the longer I rest from it; and nothing short of plain and irresistible conviction of duty could induce me to enlist again. I am glad to feel myself excused for the year to come.

“‘Saturday Evening’ and ‘Enthusiasm’ are come to be my favorite books. ‘Abercrombie’ I read some. I read ‘Galt's Life of Byron’ not long since, and it made me feel sad enough. Surely he was ‘poor, unhappy Byron.’

“Write more about yourself, and write about the school.

“Tell little H., if she could come in now, she would see the side-board and mantel-piece all blooming out with her own flowers. Dear child! I hope she is herself to be one of those beautiful flowers that shall bloom forever in the Paradise above. And I hope all those dear scholars are looking to and living for heaven, through a good hope in Christ.

“Remember my solitude, and write soon, — *very soon*, —

“To your friend,

“HENRIETTA.

“P. S. You are mistaken; there is no clay in the composition of absent friends.”

Notwithstanding the melancholy undertone breathing through these letters, she could at times write in a playful strain, as is evident from the following to her sister E. :

“It is hardly three weeks since your letter was received, and I have sat down to answer it, — a wonder surely!

“And now, what shall I tell you of the various things that have happened for the last six, seven, or eight weeks? We are doing much as usual at home. There has perhaps been some failure as to the spirit and energy with which things are done,—the natural consequence, you know, of our growing old. We are occasionally put in motion by a rap at the front-door, then left to subside again, or think for a while of such a wonder as a visitor at the old parsonage.

“If you were to look about us a little, you might suppose that all things had not remained as they were. From this window where I am sitting, you would notice that a good part of Margaret’s comely pear-tree is lying prostrate,—the work of a last week’s tempest. Were you to look a little north of west from this, you would exclaim, ‘A new house going up!’ Yes! It is a domicile for G. and C.; and were you to go with me to the big yellow house at the corner, you might be surprised to see the household of Dr. S., Uncle John having gone to abide on the hill. \* \* \*

\* \* “We would proceed to the C. house, to make a farewell call upon M. before she starts for Illinois. At the M. house we should soon discover the Illinois fever, and fear lest it should take J. and his off to the valley before it had formed a crisis. In passing the store, if the door should be open, we should see A. sitting alone, and looking disconsolate as a widower, although at the same time his delight is up stairs.

“It really makes me feel sober to think how Dorset has changed. But its beautiful hills and mountains remain the same, and the sun is now shining on them as brightly as it ever shone.

\* \* \* \* \* “And what if the brilliant hopes of youth are blasted! Why should we weep over them, while there is still set before us the glorious hope of a blessed immortality?

‘Perish every fond ambition,  
 All I’ve sought, or hoped, or known;  
 Yet how rich is my condition!  
 God and heaven are still my own.’

“ We may not repine without sinning against Him and our own souls. Let us rather ‘commit our way unto the Lord,’ and with cheerful confidence rest upon the assurance that He will direct our steps.

“ And has winter gone? Is it spring again? O, what is a winter? What is a summer? And what is life? That we may be doing the work of life is the earnest prayer of your sister,  
HENRIETTA.”

It will be seen that the state of mind which made vigorous and sustained effort necessary for Henrietta, also made her more and more disinclined to it. Nor, according to the laws of mind, could it well be otherwise. In this mood, the beautiful mountains which surrounded her home were no longer an inspiration to her. The deep solitude of her quiet valley became oppressive. Had she written more, though only as an outlet to her pent-up feelings, it would have saved her, in a degree, from this intense brooding. But this her peculiar reluctance to express herself on paper almost entirely prevented. Her innermost heart she opened to but few. Indeed, her habits of reserve — habits which continued in some degree through life — precluded from her intimate acquaintance even most of those with whom she frequently met. To her few correspondents her letters came at long intervals, though, as is evident, from no want of affection. Her friend M. had closed a letter by saying,

“ Now, will you be a good girl, and write somewhere in the course of *four months*, as you always do; or will you think of my distance from home, and do better? If you desire it, I may perhaps spend my spring vacation with you.”

To this she replied :

“Dorset, Jan. 22d, 1835.

“DEAR M.: It is ‘somewhere in the course of four months,’ but it is further along than it should be, and further than I could have thought it would be. You know about me. The first impulse was to write now; then I would only wait for a single day to pass, and have only been waiting *for a little* ever since. But this minute an appeal has come which is absolutely irresistible. It has moved me, in spite of all my inertia, to collect the scattered apparatus, and put my pen in motion. What a check upon one’s thoughts and feelings are all these preliminaries! And then to take the precise position, — make a pen and try it.

“Your letter was most joyfully received. A certain promise it contained was better than all the rest. It made me more glad than anything I could have expected to happen. That ‘if you desire it’ was only inserted for better sound’s sake. It could not have been a serious question in your mind. Since, however, it has some appearance of being so, I will answer accordingly. I *do* desire you to come and spend that vacation with me, and will call you a good girl for allowing me to expect it so long beforehand. Yes, M., do come. I can’t tell how the calm of this quiet vale will strike you; I am sure it will be very different from anything you have experienced in a long time.

“I am passing my life away in a succession of days and hours. I sometimes find myself saying, ‘And is this life such a trifle, that it may be so wasted?’

“The events of to-day interest me so little that they are forgotten by to-morrow. My mind is employed about itself; my feelings, too, when I have any, are almost all about myself. I am growing more and more of a strange being, every day that I live. The discipline which I thought would make me more like others is operating in just the wrong way. I have lost all hope of retrieving my character with the good people here. They set me down for a mystery, long ago; so that anything I do like others is only the stranger still. Don’t smile at this long lament. There is more truth in it than you may sup-

pose. But I believe your visit will do me great good. It will be exhilarating to see your face again ; and then the long story I am to hear, and those good pieces, — they are too many things to mention at once. Their anticipation often comes over me so as to make my heart throb most joyfully. You will come, M., because you said you would ; and you would not break a promise and not mend it again, I mean. \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* “The desire to make reparation is a strong feeling, and what wonder if in such a struggle it should overcome every other ? But, then, what a sacrifice ! It is perhaps a greater one than woman should ever make ; yet who can say she might not be the happier for having made it ? You see how philosophically I have considered the case, and how fairly I have come to the conclusion that you did not act unwisely either way. My philosophy has been more puzzled upon some of your movements. They were indeed very mystical as they first came to me, scrap by scrap. Your letter makes all plain. I know how you felt as you went over that way to Dr. P.’s, and after the advice was given the feelings were not all glad ones ; and while preparations were making, shadows would steal over those bright anticipations ; and even after that precious haven was gained, a shade of regret mingled itself with the happier feelings. So far I can follow you ; my sympathies cannot well go further. It is a long time since I have been out into the broad world, and its scenes were never very familiar to me. And then, when Mr. B. came with his question,—I should not have answered *as well*. So you are again immersed in cares, and finding every day that they are only life’s comforts.

“Your invitation is not forgotten. I thank Mrs. B. for her part of it. I would not spend so many long, sober evenings here alone, if your room was where I could find my way to it.

“I wish I had not waited so long ; then I might dare to say, write soon. You know the rule is, ‘As you *would*’ be, not as you *have been* done by.

“When is your vacation ? Tell me just the day and the hour, so that I may be looking out to see you come over the hill. Good-by till then.

HENRIETTA.”

“Dorset, March 9th, 1835.

“DEAR M.: I am not, for once, the naughty girl you think me. If I could be so bad, I should indeed deserve a severe punishment, — almost as bad as that you were half-disposed to inflict. It was the middle of ‘next week’ before your letter reached me; and I am now writing by the very first mail. So have I not done the best I could, and may I not claim the promised absolution? It will really be quite an affair to get all that old score cancelled.

“‘But why should it take so long for a letter to reach Dorset?’ I will tell you. The post-office folks, in their late retrenchments, have taken away all our mails but two in a week. All we can do is to bear it. The GREAT PEOPLE do as they please with such as me. \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* “Perhaps it would be best to tell J. what sort of a place he is coming to, lest he should be taken by surprise with its stillness. Tell him, when there is nothing else to do, he can find plenty of mountains to climb, or may occasionally have the pleasure of shooting a *bear* or a *wolf* that happens to come in his way.

“Please to bring anything you have that is good to read. It will come in requisition.”

Once more, and, as it proved, for the last time, her friend was welcomed to the pleasant parsonage in the quiet valley. A gradual change was passing over them both. The bright coloring of romance, which had arrayed the future in enchantment, was fast fading into the sober hues of reality. They had begun to realize that life is a school, — a severe one to those who have not learned submission to its requisitions, and gained improvement from its teachings. From this necessary discipline Henrietta suffered keenly. But, although in her correspondence there sometimes escaped her words savoring of recklessness, yet, even in her “strange moods,” as she was wont to call them, she was too true-hearted a Christian not to struggle against

the gloom which overshadowed her path. Although suffering for want of the invigorating influence of active employment, at times she manifested a sweet cheerfulness, or a glad exuberance of spirits, soon, however, chastened by her touching melancholy. Hers was "a tearful grace," as though she stood "between the rainbow and the sun."

As her friend returned over those hills, her heart lingered with the dear one behind, so pure in her aspirations, so gifted for usefulness, so strictly conscientious, so sincerely religious, yet so saddened by her views of self, and the want of some ennobling object of pursuit. For a spirit so burdened, there is light, there is healing, only with Him who can be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

"Thou who didst sit on Jacob's well  
The weary hour of noon,  
The languid pulses thou canst tell,  
The nerveless spirit tune.  
Thou, from whose cross in anguish burst  
The cry that owned thy dying thirst,  
To thee we turn, our last and first,  
Our Sun and soothing Moon."

## VISITS.—A WINTER OF DISCIPLINE.

“Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow ;  
Work, and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;  
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow.”

MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

FROM the subjoined letter, we see that, although Henrietta's mind had not recovered its tone, yet she shows a consciousness of the nature of her disease, and of the needed remedy. The letter is addressed to her sister E., then expecting to go on a mission to Africa, but afterwards prevented by ill health.

“Dorset, May 9th, 1835.

“Do you remember twenty-four years ago, to-day? (Her birth-day.) How those years have changed me! And what are our years, when we look back upon them? What have mine been, but a succession of days and hours, filled up with trifles scarcely worth remembering?

‘O! count by *virtues* ; these shall last  
When this short, weary race is o'er ;  
And these, when all life's scenes are past,  
May cheer us on a brighter shore.’

“How few virtues could I count! How few temptations have been resisted! How little of self-denial have I practised! How little of real happiness have I ever found! So little, that I would not retrace the way, if it must be by the same steps. I have indeed known many pleasures, but they were pleasures for which I can feel no sympathy now; the results of an illusion that has vanished away. And shall I keep on wasting life, till its energies are all spent upon solicitudes unworthy an immortal spirit? I don't like to think

so, and yet I fear it. The spell has been broken only from the past. It still holds its power over the future, ready to gild any of its pleasures, and magnify them into objects worthy of pursuit. It is only when they are reached or past that I shall see them as they are. I am making too little of my life; I know it and feel it too sometimes. How could you be making more of yours than to be a missionary to Africa? It seems so as if a missionary might get away beyond all ambitious motives, and labor purely for the sake of doing good, that I should almost like to go myself. And yet I know that a proud heart and an indolent nature may be carried to Africa as well as elsewhere. I feel but little confidence in my own desires to go. I am afraid the romance of the thing would be most attractive to me. Love to Christ is, I know, the only safe motive. If you feel this leading you, there is nothing to fear. It will inspire you with all the strength you can need in any emergency. But, though I can say *go*, my feelings about it are not all glad ones. It is a great thing to leave one's home for aye. It is a great thing, too, to have a part in the rewards of the missionary's labors. I wish I could feel more as you write, and I should be doing more where I am, or anywhere. I feel no impulse to act, and so I do nothing, and say nothing, while others around me are feeling, doing and saying.

"I am not such an ingrate, sister E., that I can be insensible to a generosity that gives three letters for one. It is, to be sure, a generosity quite superior to anything I have ever practised; still, placing the value I do upon letters, I can tell something how to appreciate it.

"My hydrangea is growing as fast as it can, with so little sunshine. Most of my flowers have perished of the last winter's cold. The vine-rose is dead. Will you bring me another? My flowers are about all the society I have. Tell brother my vanity has not suffered at all from his compliment about the letter. To say it was the best, was not saying much, after all."

Early in the spring of the following year, Henrietta

and her friend M. met in the place where their acquaintance was first formed. Here a few letters were exchanged. From the extracts given, it is evident that Henrietta was still under the cloud. Besides, she suffered—as one of reserved manners, yet acute sensibilities, almost invariably suffers—from the feeling of being misunderstood.

“Andover, West Parish, Tuesday morning.

“I don’t know that you will believe me, M., but I was going to write before your letter came. I wanted to tell you how the sight of your countenance has revived me. It was such an exhilarating stimulus as my poor, broken spirits have not known these many months. I can almost think this dismal wintry world looks pleasant. I can almost believe now that it will be warm and green again.

“The last has indeed been a sadly sober season to me. The chill has reached my heart. But it is beginning to thaw out, and I am anticipating the time when its pulses shall be as glad and free as ever. M. has come. I have seen her face, and shall see it again; and then *all that talk*. How can I wait so long? We will have weeks of talking and reading and enjoying. But, remember, I shall claim part *here*, where nobody comes to interrupt good times. You see I keep my old notions, notwithstanding the change of place. And so you think I have not mended my manners much? I tell you, M., it is a hopeless case. I don’t mean to try any more. Why not just as well pass for an iceberg, since you know you are not one? Some people would think you must have penetrated to great depth, to have discovered warmth. There are more things in the soul than are dreamed of by everybody. Chills sometimes indicate fever, as well as freezing. But I can’t stop to philosophize this morning. \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* I don’t blame you for being vexed,—it is too bad. But, if you have fallen into the hands of this story-telling world, you need not expect any mercy. *Of course* I did not believe it.

“I have seen ‘Paul Felton.’ What an admirable picture for that kind of person! It is some time since I read the story, and my brain has recovered from its first feverishness, else I could not stop with saying so little. I discovered the secret of his attractions, and did not wonder as some people would.”

“Friday morning.

“DEAR M. : I am wanting a letter so very much, that I have sat down to write for one. To you this will be no small indication of the earnestness of my desire. Your letters do me an abundance of good. If I could only have one every day, I should be glad once a day at least. I have not made you that call, because I could not. I am coming next week ‘to open the door and look in.’

“I know you are troubled to think of next summer. I should feel all your tremblings and shrinkings and *a great many more* ; and yet I wish the same prospect were before me. It is better to feel all these than that dissatisfaction that follows idleness. This living for nothing makes a very tedious, as well as wasted, life. I could almost flee to such occupation as a resort — sometimes.

“I am going to Bangor, partly for the discipline, partly for the pleasure, and partly because you will come and spend that vacation with me. The time fixed for our journey is about four weeks hence. How pleasant if we could go together! But you would leave me half way, and then I should have to do as I could for the rest.

“This, you will understand, is not meant for a letter. It is only for the sake of getting one.

“I intend to have as much as one day and one night of the last week with you. But I shall have a great many letters in the mean time.”

From Andover she went to Bangor, where she spent several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Maltby. There, as elsewhere, she made the impression upon those who saw her most casually “of a peculiar deli-

cacy, refinement and modest reserve, and of a high tone of religious principle." Such is the testimony of one who enjoyed a passing acquaintance with her during this visit.

On her return to Vermont, she made another visit at her brother's in Andover, from which place she wrote to her friend M., then teaching in an academy in Maine :

" Andover, August, 1836.

" DEAR M. : I have just heard some delightful intelligence, and am writing upon the stimulus of it. I hear you are coming to Andover soon ; and it is a great surprise, for your brother told me you would not come. I wonder if I shall see you for ten whole minutes, this time.

" You heard about the visit I was going to make at G. Now I am going to see you, and the loss will be made up to me. You will come and stay a whole week here ; and let it be the first week, too, else I shall certainly lose it. You will be off somewhere before I know it. Brother and sister will like very much to have you come. They spoke of it last winter, and hoped you would. Do make your arrangements to come in good season, so that there be no failure ; for I am going back to Vermont pretty soon, and ' don't never, *never* expect to see you again,' as little Susan says ; though there is no knowing what to expect of you. You may be in any or every part of the world within a year to come.

" How glad you are to be so nearly out of school ; only you have begun to think already, ' How soon vacation will be passed and I shall be coming back ! ' Who is there that can feel entirely happy for more than a few minutes at a time ? It is not I, or the like of me. I can always find enough to spoil the pleasantest things, either in the past or future. Yet I am getting to take things indifferently. I hardly mind disappointments now, I have become so accustomed to them. I did, however, feel some elated to get back where I can see such a large piece of the green world. It freshens up the spirits like nothing else. I dislike the city, and never could

learn to like it. Pleasanter far to have our mountains for prison-walls; for we can breathe freely among them, and think and feel loftily. They have become so associated with the thoughts and feelings of my solitary hours, that I claim a higher sympathy from them than from aught else. And yet, with no other society, I soon grow restless among them. With books I should do,—such as I like. Have you read ‘The Student’? If not, you will be delighted with some chapters of the first volume.

“I wonder if you are just as you used to be. Your letters are very like yourself; and yet it seems to me you must be changed, because you have had so much to do with the world. Everybody says what a beautiful place you have. You ought to be happy, because you are doing something;—I mean to be, one of these days. Don’t you think I should figure finely in your teachers’ meetings, where ‘the brethren and sisters are expected to speak their minds freely’? Your letter made me laugh some, notwithstanding it began so soberly.

“It has occasioned you no surprise not to hear from me before. It is only doing as I always do and have done. I waited at first to decide about the visit; then, to have the time determined. And, as that depended upon others, I was kept in uncertainty till it was too late to write from Bangor.

“I am thinking how much I shall have to hear about when you come. I have not seen you since your visit to Niagara, and many other events of your history that have not yet come before the public. If life is as full of incident and emotion to you as it used to be, I shall have a long entertainment,—perhaps protract my vigils beyond the first night. I shall anticipate much till then. Good-night, from

“HENRIETTA.”

This visit, to which they had both looked forward with so much pleasure, was prevented by the dangerous sickness of a beloved sister of her friend. The following note shows the result of this sickness, with the deep and delicate sympathy of Henrietta :

“ Andover, Sept. 5th, 1836

“ There are griefs, dear M., which ask only a silent sympathy. It seems almost like intrusion to impose words on *such as yours*. I cannot know *how* you feel. It must be beyond what I have the power to imagine. So sudden and unexpected! I said, ‘ *It is not so! It cannot be!* ’

“ The lovely Sarah is now still more lovely as an angel in heaven. And who would call her back to such a life as this, when she has gone where is perfect peace ?

“ I know you suffer much. That this great and bitter affliction may prove a blessing to you, is the earnest wish and prayer of your friend.”

Soon after Henrietta’s return home, a letter was sent to her sister at Bangor, which strikingly illustrates the characteristic difference in one respect between her and her good mother, who, to the last of her life, was fond of writing. The letter contains three close pages from the mother, while the daughter fills only the margins :

“ Many thanks to you, sister M., for the letters. I was glad of them all, and should have liked as many more, if you had found time to write them. I am very glad to find myself at home again, if it *is* away off in a corner of the world. I am waiting for the sun to shine, so as to see how pleasant it looks. The mountain-tops I have not yet seen. They have been hid in mist for a whole week. I am afraid my patience could not last another week.

“ Willie is flying his arrows about my ears, and mother is hastening me, lest her letter be too late.”

“ Willie,” of whom she speaks, was a favorite nephew, who lived with his grand-parents. She had so trained him in arithmetic, that, in a primary school, when he was but seven years old, the teacher would set him to hear a class of girls from fourteen to eighteen years of age. When his aunt was leaving home for

the last time, she put her head out of the carriage and said, "Willie, always remember how aunt Henrietta taught you arithmetic."

The winter succeeding her visit in Bangor, she was invited by her friend M. again to become associated with her in teaching. Her reply shows an evident progress in the struggle against her old enemy, and that her pressing sense of the need of employment made her rejoice in the prospect of labor :

"Dorset, March 7th, 1837.

DEAR M. : Your letter made me more glad than I have been for this winter. It was an unexpected pleasure too ; for it has seemed such a long, long time, that I had begun to wonder if M. would ever write again.

"The sight of your seal checked my joy. It reminded me of what you had passed through since I saw you. I have thought many times how you must have felt, and how cruel it must have seemed to you to be hurried away so soon to business. But it was no doubt better than if you had been left to the free indulgence of feeling.

"Sarah lived the pleasantest part of life, and left it before it had become a weariness. The world would have made her a favorite, and might have spoiled her. Yet no ! I do not think it could. She seemed to me the nearest to being perfectly amiable and lovely of any person I ever met. But she is gone where all is perfection, — and who would call her back ?

‘Happiest they

Who, gathering early all that earth can give,  
Shake off this mortal coil and speed for heaven.’

"It is hard to spare our friends. It makes the earth look desert-like to miss only a few. But, if we have that hope which touches all things 'with hues of heaven,' we need not be unhappy, even in such a world as this. Happiness ! It is in the mind ; I believe it more and more every day that I live. I have been trying to become sober-minded, to moderate

my desires to be patient and humble. But the keeping of the heart is a work that requires great diligence, — so great that we might well give up in despair, if we could not ask help from above.

“How often the world turns dark, and we see nothing but clouds and gloom! O, these heart-sinkings! these heart-sinkings! They are such a dread to me, that I would purchase exemption at almost any price. I have improved in some respects. I do not encourage idle dreams, as I used to, — I do not indulge in such extravagant anticipations of the future. But I had better not say much about improvement, lest, when you come to see me, you should say, ‘I wonder where it is.’

“I am glad they let you choose your assistant, and that you were pleased to choose me. I should like to come, and sit with you, and walk with you, and read with you, and talk with you, and hear you repeat poetry, — which last is better than all the rest. In consideration of such privileges, I might well afford to take the trouble of being teacher. And, besides, I am so thoroughly tired of doing nothing, that I believe I should take labor patiently for a little while, at least. Yes, I will come. I think it will be for my good. I shall want you to help me in French, and a great many other things; but, over and above all, I want your help against those unconquerable foes that have always done me such injury. I know you will help me; and, if you do, something can be done. You must tell Mr. B. that your assistant is a great deal better and more interesting than she appears, else he may never know it. I have thought about those ‘teachers’ meetings.’

“Yes, we will go to Bangor in vacation, — it will be something pleasant for us to think of. I mean to enjoy it, *teaching and all*. You will tell me when to come.

“Yours, as ever,

“HENRIETTA.”

Her friends, however, on account of her delicate health, made objections to this plan, and she was led to hesitate. “O, M.,” she says, “how can I give it up,—

my heart is so much set upon it!" Still her prevailing determination was to go.

"Your letter is only this moment received, and in the fullness of my heart I sit down to answer it, to prove to you, in *a very remarkable way*, how thankful I am. I have learned more of my heart than I ever knew before. I thought, after so many years and so much experience, that I understood myself thoroughly.

"I have been taking such views of life as have made me very wretched. I have longed most earnestly for the freedom of the imprisoned spirit. But I feel better now. My state of mind is more natural. I have anticipated so much enjoyment and advantage in coming to G., that I cannot easily give it up. I do believe it will be vastly better than for me to stay here and *think* all summer."

She finally, however, yielded to the objections of her friends, and, though reluctantly, gave up her plan of teaching.

## QUESTION OF A MISSIONARY LIFE.

“ What are we set on earth for ? Say, to *toil*, —  
Nor seek to leave the tending of thy vines  
For all the heat of the day till it declines,  
And death’s mild curfew shall from work assoil.”

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

THOUGH highly imaginative, Henrietta had the power of examining practical questions with great truthfulness and fidelity. Her strict conscientiousness has been frequently alluded to. Said she, on a certain occasion, to her friend M., “ I wish to do right. I really do, for I dread the punishment of doing wrong. I have suffered so much from that already, as to know that it can make me very wretched.” In a case of peculiar difficulty, she once remarked to a friend, of whom she asked advice, “ If I only knew what was right, it seems to me that I could adhere to it with the steadfastness of truth and the decision of a martyr.”

She was by no means happy in living what she considered “ a life of self-indulgence.” Passionate as was her love of the poetry of nature and the poetry of art, — bright as had been her girlhood’s dreams, and shrinking, as she did, with her peculiar diffidence and sensitiveness, from the weight of care and responsibility, — yet, with all this, the still small voice in her heart was never silenced. It continued its low utterings, and she continued to listen. It was this internal conflict which made life at times such a weariness,

that she "longed for the freedom of the imprisoned spirit."

At this time, a most important matter came up for her decision. During her visit at Bangor, Mr. Cyrus Hamlin, of the Theological Seminary, had formed her acquaintance. He had long consecrated himself to the missionary life, and was hoping to be sent as an explorer to penetrate the interior of Africa, or, in failure of this, to labor in China. But he was unexpectedly appointed to take charge of a seminary in Constantinople for the education of Armenian youth. Feeling himself, by this appointment, authorized to look for a companion, his former interest in Miss Jackson led him to seek her as his associate in his important work. This question, presenting to her mind, in a life of usefulness, the very object which she needed, but, at the same time, involving such momentous responsibilities, and, to her affectionate heart, such sacrifices of feeling, affected her deeply. Although, from her first acquaintance, she had cherished a high esteem for Mr. Hamlin, yet her sensitive conscience forbade a hasty decision.

"MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: I enclose to you a letter from Mr. Hamlin, which, as my parents, you are entitled to see, and which I wish you to read, in order that you may give such counsel as I need to guide my decision of an important question.

"In its relation to the cause of missions, it has a magnitude which may well be oppressive to me, feeling, as I do, my want of that piety and devotedness to duty which are necessary to usefulness in any part of the world, but more especially in the privations, dangers and trials, of the missionary life. I have, for a few months past, more than ever before, felt my deficiencies as a Christian. During the past winter I have reflected much upon my waste of life, and have desired—I hope with

some sincerity and earnestness — to devote what shall remain of it more entirely to the service of Christ. I have more than ever desired that consecration, that elevation of Christian feeling and principle, which shall raise me above the influence of selfish and worldly motives.

“If I know my own heart, I wish that the question may be rightly decided, so that the blessing of Heaven may rest on its decision. Please to give me your thoughts and feelings, that they may aid me in my reply to this letter.

“Your affectionate daughter,

“HENRIETTA.”

“DEAR HENRIETTA: I am willing to lay my own sacrifice and self-denial — and it will not be small — out of the question you are called upon to decide. I have long felt prepared to say, ‘If Christ has special work for my children, which they are able and disposed to do anywhere in this world, they shall go to that work with a father’s blessing.’ If you have a heart to seek not your own things, but the things of Christ, my only fears will respect your health. You must probably not lay your account for a long life anywhere, and especially in a region of fatal epidemics, and under the responsibilities of the station to which you are invited. But it is comparative usefulness, rather than length of days, which we are to consult. Seek to do most for God, and, in an impartial view of His providence, ask Him, with a child’s heart, how most can be done, and you will go right, and be blessed. I know not how to part with you, and have some fears that the weight of the enterprise may prematurely bear you down. But I dare not, — nay, I *wish* not to control what you shall find to be the deliberate, prayerful convictions of duty. ‘In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and *He* shall direct thy path.’

“Your affectionate

“FATHER.”

Her mother’s counsels, given in conversation, were similar in spirit, and she was cheerfully commended to the guidance of Heaven, and to the decision of her own

judgment and feelings. Are there not fathers and mothers who need to learn the lesson of sacrifice and self-denial taught by the simple faith of these aged parents ?

To Henrietta the preceding winter had been a season of preparation. She knew not whither God was leading her ; but, with a deep consciousness that she had not made the most of life, she had dealt severely with herself. With the blessing of Heaven, she was thus brought into a state in which she was enabled calmly to decide a question so painfully agitating to one of her sensibilities.

The following extracts from letters, written while the subject was still pending, allow us a glimpse of the workings of her mind in her decision :

“ The missionary life furnishes, indeed, a subject for sober thought ; and I would like to give it such consideration as I ought. I would hope, on such a subject, to make a right decision, whatever that decision may claim from me, even to the giving up of all for Christ. It has cost me a great effort and a long time to arrive at this point, when it is only the state of heart in which the Christian should live every day of his life. I know there is very little enjoyment except that which is gained by the performance of duty ; and if I ought to leave my home and friends, and refuse to do it, I might expect to be more unhappy than any circumstances as a missionary could make me. My past life has not shown a great devotion to duty, as you would see were I to give you its history. More time has been spent in idle musings than in active efforts to do good.

“ For the last winter, however, I have been reflecting more seriously than ever before upon my waste of life, and these reflections have led me to the resolution to make more of the years to come. I feel that I am now called to test the strength and sincerity of that resolution.

“It is a great thing to leave home, friends and country, and return no more ; but, if it be done for Christ’s sake, the reward too will be great. And who would compare with such a reward any circumstances of worldly ease or comfort ? I know there is room here for much that is ideal, much that would not avail the missionary in the hour of actual trial. Yet there are resources unfailling.

“But these are only my better feelings. They are all too transient ; and, instead of them, I often have heart-sinkings that make me very wretched.

“In the solitude of last winter I had much time to think of the past ; and, in looking back upon life, I was surprised to find that so little happiness had been gained. The only things that afforded me any satisfaction were the few instances in which I had been governed by a supreme regard for duty. This led me to feel that the great secret of happiness consists in doing our duty, and I desired most earnestly such entire devotedness to it as should make me ready to sacrifice every other motive and feeling. It was this previous state of mind which prepared me to examine the question of missionary life with peculiar feelings. I desired such indifference to all personal considerations as would leave me sure that I could act from love to Christ alone. This desire was granted. But then this readiness for duty would sometimes vanish, and leave me in a state of wretchedness I cannot describe.”

Similar in spirit is the subjoined note, addressed to a brother-in-law :

“As an expression of brotherly interest, I value your letter highly. As the advice of a friend, upon a subject which at present interests me more than any other, it was most gratefully received. I have indeed been agitated and oppressed, — sometimes almost beyond my powers of endurance. It seems to me I have experienced every variety and shade of feeling possible in connection with this question, so that there are no new depths to be explored. I am now suffering the exhaus-

tion and lassitude consequent on weeks of such intense excitement. I hardly know what I think or feel, — yet I do believe I could cheerfully devote my life to the cause of missions, with all its toils and privations, if it should appear that I am called to do it.”

With characteristic firmness, when Henrietta's decision was once made, there was no faltering or faintness. Here was one of the striking excellences of her character. Having candidly looked at any subject, and intelligently made up her mind with regard to it, the matter was henceforth and forever settled. So in the present instance. After she had earnestly and prayerfully determined the question of duty, she never for one moment hesitated or wavered. Loving her friends with unbounded enthusiasm, and clinging to her mountain-home with peculiar fondness, — having had it in her heart to live and die there, — yet, the conflict of giving them up once over, it never had to be renewed. The noble cause to which she had devoted herself was, from this time, an invigorating presence and reality. Her fairy pictures of life were over, — her youthful dreams ended. But they had not gone out in darkness. Life now lay spread out in graver yet truer colors, — a field for action, — for noble, heroic action. Her acute but morbid sensibilities, being now turned into their legitimate channels, became not only healthful, but beneficent, in their influence. Her disquieted and restless and doubting, and often wearied and sorrowful and weeping spirit, had now found its motive-power and its object — its centre and its rest. She might still have toils and struggles, but she would have victories too. At this period, we may imagine that the following inspiriting language of another breathes her convictions and her resolves :

“ I have done at length with dreaming,— henceforth, O thou soul  
of mine,

Thou must take up sword and gauntlet, waging warfare most divine.

“ Life is struggle, combat, victory ! wherefore have I slumbered on,  
With my forces all unmarshalled, with my weapons all undrawn ?

“ O, how many a glorious record had the angels of me kept,  
Had I done, instead of doubted,— had I warred, instead of wept !

“ Yet, my soul, look not behind thee ! Thou hast work to do at last ;  
Let the brave toil of the present over-arch the crumbled past.

“ Build thy great acts high and higher,— build them on the con-  
quered sod,  
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding, and thy first prayer rose to  
God ! ”

That Henrietta felt that the true state of her mind was not entirely understood by some of her friends, appears by the following extracts from letters to Mr. Hamlin :

“ Mr. B. brought me this morning, from his walk, a splendid bouquet. It was made up of beautiful and fragrant flowers, with a large *sprig of wormwood*. ‘ The wormwood was put in,’ he said, ‘ to make it resemble human life.’ He believes me more inclined to enjoy the flowers than to think of the wormwood. He always selects for me the rose that has the most thorns, because he supposes me in danger of forgetting that roses have thorns. So am I often understood.”

“ My brother fears I shall make too bright a picture of the future. In his last letter he says : ‘ Dear sister, do count the cost. Look at the sober realities in the matter. Imagine how much will be painful, and lonely, and wearisome, and unromantic ! ’ I am not surprised that he should exhort me to consider well. He thinks me a strange, romantic being, who have lived all my life in dreams and visions, and never had ten thoughts about things as they really are. I have concealed from him and others the existence of gloomy feelings. I have made a great show of carelessness and happiness, when I felt

them not. My mother has sometimes checked me for an overflow of spirits, when I was very wretched. It is not true of me that I never look at sober realities. I know there must be, in any situation, something to *endure*, as well as enjoy. That person would be wholly unfit for life who should claim entire exemption from all its weariness and toil."

It is not to be wondered at that some of her friends, viewing her character in a certain phase, should have felt that she looked at her new undertaking through the medium of romance; and that she was hardly prepared to wrestle with its stern realities. It is not strange that her very cheerfulness in contemplating the future should have been supposed to be occasioned by false and ideal views of life. She had concealed her inward struggles, her restlessness and self-dissatisfaction. Or, if some tokens of the agitations of the deep waters were at times visible upon their usually placid surface, their hidden source was not always traced. The disturbances were not occasioned by that sickly sentimentalism which in a weak mind causes disgust with everything that does not correspond with its own unhealthy tastes. They were the workings of a truthful and lofty soul, earnestly wrestling, through doubt and darkness, for the pure, celestial light, which shines upon the path of duty,— for that sweet repose which attends upon the consciousness of having done the will of our great Father above. They were the struggles of a child under the disciplining hand of wisdom and love, drawing it from the waywardness and misery of self-seeking, to the blessedness of self-consecration.

In the spirit of her recent decision, Henrietta was now gathering a precious balm, and experiencing its healing power.

But, before entering more fully into the delightful results of this decision, it may be interesting to learn

from herself some of her views and feelings in relation to various subjects.

Her love for poetry has been often alluded to. There was no affectation, no sentimentalism, in this passion. It was the genuine product of a refined and highly-cultivated mind,—the instinctive appreciation of whatever is beautiful and ennobling, purified by an elevated piety. It did not, as we have seen, clash with the cultivation of her reasoning powers, or with the sterner elements of character. A few selections from her correspondence with her future companion give us some of her thoughts on this and other subjects.

“How very painful to think that Byron’s noble powers should have been debased by intemperance, malice and misanthropy! It destroys half our enjoyment of what is really beautiful and good. I would never wish to read anything written under the influence of his baser nature.

“Yet much as I dislike his reputation, most of his poetry, which I have read, has a charm for me, and a power over me, that I can hardly find anywhere else. No one, nursed as I have been in mountain scenery, can read Childe Harold without emotion. Though the Green Mountains are not the Alps, yet Byron might have written the same among them.

‘The sky is changed — and such a change! O night,  
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
 And Jura answers through her misty shroud  
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

‘And this is in the night. Most glorious night!  
 Thou wert not sent for slumber; let me be  
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,  
 A portion of the tempest and of thee.  
 Sky, mountains, river, winds, like lightnings! ye,

With night, and cloud, and thunder, and a soul  
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be  
 Things that have made me watchful ; the far roll  
 Of your departing voices is the knoll  
 Of what in me is sleepless, if I rest.' ”

No wonder, living where she did, that such poetry came to her with a thrilling power. Should her children ever visit their mother's birthplace, they will appreciate the beauty of these passages, and her intense love for her mountain-home, as they cannot otherwise do.

“I am again experiencing the thrilling delight of returning home. And the mountains, with their varying lights and shades, are the same as when I left them. I have come again and sat down by the window looking out towards that beautiful blue mountain, and that tall elm, so graceful and majestic, remaining often with magic distinctness against the evening sky, when the hills and valleys have all melted into one.

“Yesterday afternoon a storm of surpassing grandeur passed over us. I wish I could describe the sunset after it. I went out and stood an hour to gaze and admire.

“I was delighted with the two reviews. That of Burns contains much interesting philosophy of the heart and mind, many new and striking thoughts, and some passages of great beauty. But I was particularly delighted with the review of Milton. It is exceedingly interesting and beautiful. I would mention particularly the comparison with Dante and the description of the Puritan. How perfect his descriptions! His allusions are very pleasing, and his style smooth and flowing.

“There was some philosophy not very complimentary to the lovers of poetry. It seems that a certain unsoundness of mind is necessary to the enjoyment of poetry, and that it ‘effects its purpose most completely in a dark age.’

“Wordsworth we can love as well as admire, and there is nothing to rebuke our love. I am glad he is your favorite poet. Such reading seems to bring me to life again.

“What an indescribable and almost mysterious beauty there is in the following passage:

‘ I have seen  
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,  
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy. For murmurings from within  
Were heard, — sonorous cadences, whereby  
To his belief the monitor expressed  
Mysterious union with its native sea.  
Even such a shell the universe itself  
Is to the ear of faith ; and there are times,  
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart  
Authentic tidings of invisible things,  
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,  
And *central peace* subsisting at the heart  
Of *endless agitations.* ’ ”

## HAPPY INFLUENCE OF MISSIONARY CONSECRATION.

“From darkness here, and dreariness,  
We ask not full repose;  
Only be Thou at hand, to bless  
Our trial-hour of woes.  
Is not the pilgrim’s toil o’erpaid  
By the clear rill and palmy shade?  
And see we not, up earth’s dark glade,  
The gate of heaven unclosed?” KEBLE.

THE following extracts from letters written to her friend M., during the year before Henrietta left the country, evince an increasingly healthy tone, and a decided progress in Christian experience, while some of them breathe a chastened, subdued spirit, and a growing conviction that no mere circumstances can confer happiness.

“Dorset, July 25th, 1837.

“MY DEAR M.: Your letter has just arrived, after its three weeks’ wanderings to — I cannot tell whither. But I have my suspicions that it has visited the capital, since it came with a broken seal as evidence that it had fallen into the hands of those who have power in the land. It is very complimentary that they should have concluded to forward it, since you know it is only letters of importance that they honor in that way. I am truly thankful for their kindness and consideration in the case.

“The well-known superscription was greeted with all the gladness of former days. It seemed so long a time since I had

heard from you, that I could not help opening and reading your letter *first*. Do you not think this was a pardonable offence, just for once, and considering the circumstances? I know you will forgive me, and I shall not take the trouble to beg pardon elsewhere.

“My long silence must have seemed strange to you. I have been intending to surprise you with my actual presence. Almost every week I have said, ‘Next week I shall go to A. and see M.’ Now the probability of my doing such a thing has nearly vanished; yet I *must* come. How I have longed for one of those talks! It would have been better to me than anything I can think of.

“I cannot tell you certainly when I am to leave the country, — perhaps in November, perhaps not till spring. You have no doubt imagined some of the truth about my feelings, — but I think their bitterness is past, and I shall never again feel the parting scene *as I have felt it*. I am happy that my life is so devoted. I would rather be a missionary than anything else, even though there may be many roughnesses in the path before me. What is our ease? What are all our pleasant things? What do they yield us, to be compared with those sterner pleasures to be gained from a life of self-denying usefulness? It is the severer discipline that is best adapted to prepare us for our rest in heaven. We shall soon reach that land, if our earthly journeyings be thitherward. And what though our paths diverge, if they meet there? O, if you were only going too!”

“Andover, Nov. 1837.

“MY DEAR M: My brother says he will take a note to the office, if I will write it in one minute. I am glad you will come and see me. It is so very pleasant that I have a great mind to come over and walk back with you. If I were sure we could have it all to ourselves, I would not hesitate a moment. \* \* \* \* \* I often wonder that I am not better and happier, with such an object before me. But, if happiness be not in the soul, there is no combination of circumstances can give it. There are aspirations that raise me

towards heaven, and I am happy till the attractions of earth again disturb my peace. This must be the experience of every one who is not entirely purified from earthliness. I think my mind has more power over gloomy impressions than it once had; but I have little to boast of."

"Dorset, Dec. 19th, 1837.

"MY DEAR M.: My thoughts have not all been sent off to the north country, though I doubt not you have in your heart often accused me of such exclusive meditations. It seems almost as if I had not seen you, those visits were so unsatisfying. An evening now would be better than all of them. Since I am rested from the fatigues of business, and have recovered from the first shock of winter, I feel much more like myself.

"I am very happy in this quiet, far-off retreat, where I always love to be. But disquietudes can reach me even here, and unwelcome presentiments sometimes come to darken the soul with their gloom. The weeks are flying so hastily that it makes me think how soon winter will be gone. And, when I remember that this may be my last season among these mountains that I love so well, it is a strange feeling. You cannot know about it, for yours is not a mountain-home, and you are not leaving it for aye.

"This life is so brief and dream-like that the heart may not find its resting-place here. We must not forget that higher repose which alone can enable us to anticipate with calmness the vicissitudes of life and its closing hour. The unclouded brightness of heaven can give uninterrupted delight.

"I often think how much you are enjoying your course of reading, with such pleasing accompaniments. And here I sit down alone to Butler, that abstract, metaphysical book, without anything to enliven. I like the Analogy very much, it brings so beautiful a harmony out of everything.

"I have been having a good supply of letters, which you know make the delight of life to me. And I have almost done with the use of Trojan paper, which you will be pleased to learn.

"My brother sent me a letter last week, which has disquieted

me not a little. It seems he has taken my miniature from the artist's, and is showing it to whomever he pleases. He says he shall send it to you. Now, if it should come into your hands, please to lock it up in your writing-desk, and keep it there until I call for it. It is, perhaps, foolish to be disturbed by such a little thing, but I was very much so when I heard of my picture in circulation."

"Dorset, May 10th, 1838.

\* \* \* \* \*

"If you are changing, I am changed. The world seems colder and less beautiful than it once was. My spirit would then fly away unchecked to the clouds, and almost feel itself among them. I miss the ardent hopes and delirious joy which my heart lived on then; but I will not wish them back, for they were false hopes, and it was ignorant joy.

"Even to love and be beloved is not enough. Our friends may be taken from us; and, the more precious our earthly connections, the more do we dread separation. There must be a better home for the resting-place of the soul.

"A friend of mine will be in A. the twentieth of this month, on his way to Dorset. He hopes to become acquainted with M. in one day. I have told him it is in vain to think of such a thing."

The affections of a sensitive heart are too sacred to be carelessly paraded before the public eye. But, for the sake of those dear children to whom these memorials are dedicated, we would reverently lift the veil from the heart of their sainted mother, and give a glimpse of that delicate and elevated affection, which only grew purer and brighter till she was called into the spirit-land. We shall also see that she viewed life more and more as a moral discipline, and that she had a cheerful trust in God in looking forward to trials and privations.

“That is indeed a beautiful psalm you referred to — (the 103d Psalm). I read it with newly-awakened interest and delight. How could it ever be read without feelings that would make us better and happier all our lives? What a treasure we have in the Bible! It calms our fears, excites hope, and contains a solace for every sorrow. In such a beautiful world, with such a book as the Bible, how can there be so much darkness and wretchedness?

“I should be ungrateful, indeed, if my affection for you should not lead me to love more Him from whom we receive all our friends; a heavenly Father, who gives us every good, and who if He should take all away, would leave in Himself a portion sufficient for the soul’s happiness. I often enjoy states of mind and feelings that I believe have been procured to me through your prayers. It awakens deep and heartfelt gratitude to God, that you are a friend who will care for and watch over my spiritual interests, as the most important of all. I have the confident assurance that your love for me will increase my happiness both *here and in heaven*.

“My heart responds most earnestly to the prayer that this year may be one of *spiritual growth, and high moral discipline*, — a preparation-day for future life. Yet I would be spared all that may be painful in this discipline, so great is my weakness at the thought of suffering, even though the result may be happiness. I do not wish to feel so, and, with a more confiding faith, I should not.

“I sometimes have feelings of apprehension in relation to the future, but I can now more readily overcome them, — not of myself, but by going directly to Him whose strength is sufficient for all my weakness. Wednesday evenings I have enjoyed very much. I always anticipate them with much pleasure, and I love to seek, both for you and for myself, all that spiritual preparation which we need.”

Wednesday evening was sacred to Henrietta and her friend, as the season in which they met at the throne of grace, where it was a special subject of prayer that

they might be fitted for their contemplated missionary labors. Though the observance of this season was never mentioned to any one, yet after they left the country, by a happy coincidence, the same evening was agreed upon, by her circle of friends at home, as a family concert of prayer for one another, and for their descendants to the latest generation.

“ There is a place where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around a blood-bought Mercy-seat.”

“ Wednesday evening is again throwing its shades over our mountains, and our thoughts and feelings are to ascend and meet before Him who ever guides aright those who commit their way unto Him. We can trust Him for our happiness, and for strength in all our trials. It does not seem to me that I shall ever be weary of a missionary life because of its hardships and privations. May all our sacrifices be made from a desire to please God and do good to men, and then they will increase our happiness a hundred-fold !

“ There is another passage for which I have often been grateful. ‘ We have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.’ How could we do without such a verse in the Bible ?

“ Last evening was very pleasant to me. I felt an increased earnestness in asking for more love to God — for more entire devotedness to his service. I am glad that the solicitations to remain in this country produce in you no inclination to do so. May we not hope that the churches will soon awake to the duty of furnishing the funds to send forth those who are waiting with such earnest desires to go ?

“ I wish to have my own feelings more vividly affected by thoughts of the heathen world. It is true the remedy for its sin and misery is abundant ; but how slow the labor of applying it ! And the church is almost sleeping over this great work,

which is enough for its most wakeful energies. *Faith in God alone* can sustain those who are to bear the burden and heat of the day.

“Another majestic storm, and now a gleam of sunshine breaking through. How gladdening! But it needs a happy heart to make even the sunshine pleasant.

‘Thou hast in earth, in air, in sky,  
A means of bliss that will not fly;  
A means at once serene and pure,  
And drawn from nature, ever sure.’

“A change has come over me. I seem not the same Henrietta I once was. Life is unfolded to me so earnest, so serious, so full of dangers and yet of hope and of happiness, that I hardly know whether I am happier or sadder than ever before. I wonder that I can ever be light-hearted for a moment, with the great responsibilities of missionary life in view. I feel that it should elevate all my thoughts and affections, so as to leave nothing earthly to control my heart.

“I have been reading about the early Moravian missionaries. How admirable were their faith, and hope, and patient zeal! How much they endured in their first missions to Greenland and America! It makes it seem a little thing for us to go to Constantinople. *I am glad that we are going*, is almost my only feeling about it now. I am not thinking so much how I am to leave my dear home and friends. When I realize that I have indeed said a last farewell to them, I know that my heart will feel as never before. But I shall be happy, — still happy in them, happy in you, and happy in the work given to you by a Master whom we both love and wish to serve. I do not feel anxious about the circumstances of my future life. I think it will be a happy one. I shall have trials; a life entirely free from them would not be good for me. Trials patiently and cheerfully endured and overcome, are some of our best discipline on earth.

“I do not like the idea of responsibility to the public. I shrink from it. Woman’s sphere is in the family. Publicity,

distinction, she instinctively avoids. My future duties seem to be assigned me by a kind Providence. The care of such a household as the seminary will involve will demand all my time, and I shall have as little occasion as fitness for other labors. But I shall enjoy all the good that you will do; and, if I can do anything to lighten your labors or cheer your heart, it will constitute both my happiness and duty."

"I have loved my home with such a love, that it has seemed to me I could never endure the idea of being separated from it to return no more. But it is not in any outward circumstances of life to make us really happy. I like that chapter of Butler on moral discipline. It shows us the design and the need of trials and temptations.

"The destination before us is one that should raise and ennoble every thought and feeling. It often comes over me in the midst of trifling conversation, to administer reproof, and make me resolve that I will never be trifling and inconsiderate again. I think I have sought and received guidance from One who guides unerringly. My mind rests with perfect peace in the decision I have made. I can now look at the future without fear or disquietude, — remembering that it is in *no combination of circumstances* to give happiness, without that keeping of the heart which requires great diligence. I anticipate a higher happiness from missionary life than I could expect from a quiet settlement in my native land. It is the severer discipline which yields us most.

"I feel that nothing, nothing but faith, can ever sustain and make me permanently cheerful and happy. There are moments when I am anxious for the future; but I can oftener cast all my cares upon One who careth for us, believing that He will give all needful preparation and strength for whatever is before me. No one who lives for the cause of Christ, and is faithful in it, can be unhappy."

Henrietta had now attained her true position. Strong in the might of her consecration to the noblest of causes,

she could cheerfully look forward to the trials which, with distinctest vision, she saw in her onward path.

This very consecration had brought her into closer and more endearing relations to her heavenly Father, and by it she was now entering the higher sphere of faith. If a Christian rests outside its hallowed circle, or is content in its lower walks, it is not strange that darkness should gather over his path, especially if he be a thoughtful man.

Through the one great mystery of being, with the gigantic shadow of death deepening it into a problem painfully startling to the brooding mind, and through all those lesser mysteries flowing therefrom, the soul must look up confidently and perpetually into the face of a reconciled Father, or it will be launched upon a sea of miserable doubts, and perplexed and rent with its own harrowing conflicts. Then is God's omnipotence a fearful attribute, and God himself, to a heart so little believing, a consuming fire, drinking up the spirit. But let the soul behold God in Christ Jesus,—the glories of the divinity softly attempered by the sweetness of a perfect humanity,—let it, with the golden key of faith, unlock the mysteries of godliness, and from the seemingly confused and discordant elements is evolved a system of divinest harmony. Let the tired spirit lay itself in the arms of the infinite and unchanging Father,—let the created, through the Mediator, thus come into union with the great Creator,—and its endless eddies of restlessness will subside into the tranquil waters of perfect peace. The soul has found its Centre, and it is henceforth at rest. Nothing can separate it from the love of Christ. *All things* shall work together for its good.

To such a trusting spirit there is a providence in the minutest event. It may suffer wrong from the hand of

man, but its serenity cannot long be disturbed. Its refuge in God is unfailling, and its peace is like a river.

Towards such a state, as we see from the foregoing extracts, was Henrietta now tending.

“Though faith and hope may oft be tried,  
I ask not, need not, aught beside ;  
*How safe, how calm, how satisfied,*  
*The soul that clings to thee !”*

## THE MISSIONARY BRIDE.

“ Lips that have lulled me with your strain,  
Eyes that have watched my sleep !  
Will earth give love like *yours* again ? ”

MRS. HEMANS.

WE now approach that period which was to try the heart and test the faith of our friend.

A refined and delicate woman, of the most shrinking sensitiveness and the most unbounded affections, is about to tear herself from the bosom of her family. She is to leave forever the cherished home of her childhood; she is to bid farewell to her trees and her flowers, and to gaze for the last time on those lofty mountains, hallowed by the sympathy which, in her changeful moods, she has received from them. She is for the last time to look into the loving eyes of that mother, who, all her life long, has watched over her with unwearied care; for the last time to be pressed to the heart of that father whom she regards with the most exalted reverence and affection; she is to pass through all this, that she may cross the wide sea, to endure privations and hardships, and, it may be, a thrice desolate widowhood, in a foreign land and among a strange people. It is no wonder that her friends looked forward to this scene with the most anxious solicitude, or that her destined companion should say, “How will Henrietta endure the separations before her? I have sometimes wished her capabilities of

intense emotion were less." But she knew where to obtain strength for the hour of her trial.

On the morning of September 3d,—the day appointed for the marriage ceremony,—as the family assemble for their usual devotions, a chastened solemnity pervades every countenance. The prayer of the aged father reveals the hidden depths of his struggling heart. The consecration of his youngest child to the missionary service; his earnest invocation to Heaven for needed strength in behalf of her and her companion in all times of trial and danger; that prayer, closing with the expression of the sweetest and most consolatory Christian hope of a reünion in heaven, will live forever in the hearts of those who heard it. In the preparatory duties of the morning, all were composed and almost cheerful, endeavoring to strengthen one another for the coming hour,—all but the young girl in the family, whose faithful and affectionate services were recalled years after, when from a distant land were sent to her dying tokens of a continued kind remembrance. Poor Jane alone gave herself up to uncontrollable weeping.

At length a few invited friends from the parish were assembled. Before Henrietta entered the room, a bridal ring was placed upon her finger, upon which was engraved the reference,—“Luke 18: 29, 30.” “Verily I say unto you, there is no one who hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.”

Her venerated father officiated at the altar, performing the marriage service with that dignity, yet tenderness, for which he was distinguished. Many a tear was shed by others, but the bride maintained a serene

composure, though her pale countenance betrayed suppressed emotion.

Deacon Kent — a good man, and full of years — was present; and when he found an opportunity to speak, he gave vent to his overflowing heart. He said it was the happiest day of his life; that, though he loved Henrietta as a daughter, he was glad she was going to live and die on missionary ground. He congratulated the parents on giving such a daughter to such a cause; and pledged himself, so long as he remained in the body, to pray for the departing missionaries every day of his life. Then, bestowing his benediction, he departed, “full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.” Nine years after, he sent them word that he had not failed to redeem his pledge.

The carriages are now at the door — the family circle is gathered in the hall — the golden band still unsevered. Who shall sunder those loving ones, to meet no more on earth? Who shall break that painful silence, to be broken only by the farewell word? It was Henrietta who first moved. With a strange calmness she went through the parting scene. Struggling with emotion, the mother embraced her child and sobbed out her farewell. Henrietta took her mother’s hand, and there was one burst of feeling, as she exclaimed, “Mother! is it possible I shall never see you again?” But she quickly regained her control, and, casting a last look upon her trees and flowers, she entered the carriage and bade adieu to her home forever! To those who knew her sensibility, and the peculiar strength of her attachments, there was a sublimity in her conduct, throughout this trying scene, which could not fail to win their admiration.

A long and absorbing silence followed this final separation; but when Henrietta could speak, it was to

express the assurance that her friends would be blest in the sacrifice they had made for the cause of Christ. She said that she had formerly loved home more than duty, but that now she hoped she loved duty more than home; that, if any worldly motive had induced her thus to leave her friends, she should have been guilty of folly and unkindness,—but, for the cause of such a Master, it was what every one should be willing to do.

As they rode on through the romantic scenery surrounding her home, she read the following notes, which had been placed in her hand by her mother.

“Dorset, Sept. 3, 1838.

“MY DEAR SON: Farewell! To you I commit my darling child, as her only earthly protector and comforter. Lead her in the way to heaven,—seek the blessing of God for her, and may the God of Abraham be your God, and bless you with all the blessings of the covenant! May you have the same precious faith, accompanied with works, which will be a testimony for you to the world and to your own conscience, that you fear God! When far from your own country and your father’s house, should you be called to trials, as was the Father of the faithful, may you ever hear the dear Saviour saying to you, ‘My peace I give unto you!’ ‘Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.’ ‘My grace is sufficient for thee.’

\* \* \* \* \* “May the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ be the God and Father of us all, and prepare us for a happy eternity in His presence. This is the prayer of

“Your affectionate

“MOTHER.”

“DEAR HENRIETTA: Farewell! May God be your Father, Christ your precious Saviour, and the Holy Spirit your Teacher and Guide! May God’s word abide in you, and be the rejoicing of your heart! May you ever have a firm hold on the promises, ‘Lo! I am with you always.’ ‘I will never leave you nor forsake you.’ In death may Christ be the strength of your heart, and make you more than conqueror

through his blood! May he stand with you at the bar of judgment, and plead his own perfect righteousness and atoning sacrifice! And when he shall sit down to see of the travail of his soul, may you sit with him in some humble place, satisfied and rejoicing that you have in any degree been partaker of his labors, his sufferings and his joys! Thus prays

“Your ever affectionate

“MOTHER.”

No wonder that the tears flowed fast from her overburdened heart! But she was not yet through the trying scene. Her beloved father, who had accompanied them a few miles, must now leave her. Her spirit had been taxed to its utmost, and she could bear no more. The deep fountains of her grief were broken up, and she wept, and wept, and wept. When they arrived at a point in the road where, through the opening mountains, they caught the last glimpse of the Dorset Peak, Henrietta gazed upon it with uncontrollable emotion, exclaiming “There is my home and my mother!”

Those were the last tears she was seen to shed in her native land. The other parting scenes she passed through with the same calmness as at first. But it was too much for her. Her constant effort to control her feelings taxed too heavily her physical powers, and there was consequently an inward exhaustion, a wasting away of strength and vigor.

From Dorset, Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin proceeded to her sister's, in Millbury, Mass., where she wrote as follows:

“MY DEAR SISTER S.: I would say sisters, but that I suppose sister M. will have gone from that home where we have enjoyed so many happy meetings, but where we may never meet again. My home! I never knew till now how well I loved it. My last farewell has told me that no other place can ever be so dear to my heart. My youthful feelings have

been given to it, and I can never know any others so warm and fresh as those which have gushed forth among the familiar scenes of my childhood. How I shall feel to think of your loneliness in that dear spot where we have so long hoped, feared and enjoyed everything together! I cannot tell you how many of my thoughts have been with you, since I left. I have remembered you upon my bed in the night-watches, and have shed tears and poured out prayers for you. You will ever be in my heart of hearts,—a sister whose forbearing, generous and self-sacrificing love have made you as dear as a sister could be. It has affected me to remember all your patient toil for me, as I am and shall be constantly reminded of it by almost everything I see. \* \* \* \*

\* \* “I confess that my heart is at times almost distracted with grief; yet I do not regret that such a life as I anticipate is before me. I would go forward with cheerfulness and hope in the path that Providence has pointed out to me, trusting that it will be brightened by many blessings. \* \* \*

\* \* “We shall meet in Andover a little before the time of sailing. It is pleasant to look forward to such a meeting, though I feel that it will be full of sadness.

“I cannot say what I feel in thinking of those whom I shall see no more on this side of the grave.”

She had expected to meet her friend M. in Boston, and to be accompanied by her to Portland, where the annual meeting of the American Board was this year holden, and where Mr. Hamlin had a large circle of friends. As unforeseen circumstances prevented this, Henrietta wrote to her as follows :

“We have need to be comforted ourselves, and how could you ask us to console you for a disappointment which we have felt so keenly? With what a bounding heart I anticipated our meeting in Boston, and how it sank when they told me you would not come! I was just wanting one of those old-fashioned talks more than anything else in the world. I longed

for it, as the only thing that would make me feel like myself once more. I have been passing through such scenes that my heart can hardly recover itself from their strangeness. I wished for something that would carry me back, so that I could realize the past and present together. Your visit would have done it better than anything else. But that is past, and let us talk about the future. I am to see you here before long. O, M. ! if it could only be that you were going to Smyrna, how happy should I be ! I have not dared to believe or hope anything about it, but I pray that it may be so, if our heavenly Father can permit it.

“ I am glad that you and my friend will not meet as strangers. I will make no revelations from the ‘ world within ’ till we meet again. Till then, and evermore,

“ Yours, affectionately,

“ HENRIETTA.”

In accordance with these wishes, the friends passed several days together in Portland. A ramble to Deering's Oaks, a delightful grove, a little out of the city, in which they were accompanied by a third friend, was one of peculiar interest. Seating themselves on a green knoll, in the shade of the spreading oaks, they communed of the past, the present and the future. As a memento of that walk, they tied together three bunches of evergreen, each containing three different species, gathered by the three friends. On their return, they were enclosed in separate envelopes, and of these each friend retained one. When M. parted from Henrietta in Portland, they expected to pass some time together in Andover. But while Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin were there a singular providence detained her friend from home till they had left the place.

“ Andover, Oct. 23, 1838.

“ DEAR M. : My brother came in this morning with a package of letters. There was one from you among them, and I

exclaimed, 'It is good — *very good!* I have been thinking of her, and longing to see her this morning.' It was a *special longing*.

"How could I help feeling sorry for your suffering? I, too, am glad 'it is over,'—but I wish you could *talk*. How I shall feel, if you cannot talk with me when I see you!

"I have been saying, since I came to Andover, 'O, if we could have as much time together *now* as we had in Portland, how much I should enjoy it!' My tongue would be unloosed, and my heart unlocked to its inmost recesses.

\* \* \* \* "O, M., how can I bear to think that a few more little visits, and we meet no more? My heart is already worn and weary with saying so many farewells. I feel, dear M., that a last farewell to you will cost me *not a little*. But the heart must ache, O how often, here! May all our griefs advance our preparation for that home where there is no more sorrow! This is the earnest prayer of

"Yours affectionately,

"HENRIETTA."

"Millbury, Oct. 30th.

"DEAR M.: I am in Millbury, instead of being in Andover *with you*, as I expected to be. It is indeed a disappointment. \* \*

\* \* \* \* "Is it possible that I shall see you once, and then *no more*? I am strangely bewildered with what I have already passed through, and with what is still before me. Yet I feel an increased willingness to go to my distant home, in the hope that I may live and labor for the good of those who are perishing in darkness.

"But this note is only to tell you that I love you as ever.

"Your affectionate

"HENRIETTA."

"Millbury, Nov. 23, 1838.

"DEAR M.: We have this day received intelligence that our passage is engaged in the bark *Euromas*, which is to sail for Smyrna Monday, December 3. I shall be in Boston

Saturday morning,—and you will spend the day with me, will you not?

“We are glad to be called away, though it be from beloved friends. I had begun to grow restless of such a long delay. Constantinople has come to seem more like my home than any other place, and *I have a great longing to be there*. I think it will be a pleasant home, and that we shall love our work and be happy in it. If you were going too—but I must not think of what cannot be.

“I shall greatly prize that book of extracts you have prepared for me. You could not have given me anything that I should value so much.

“I *must* see you again, and I will think of nothing else as possible. HENRIETTA.”

The following letters from her parents were received just before she left the country :

“DEAR HENRIETTA : \* \* \* \*

\* \* “I have no desire to speak of feelings now. None but mothers can judge a mother’s feelings. O, that I could sorrow for nothing but sin! May the Lord be the strength of your heart, and your portion forever! May He be the soul satisfying portion of us all!

“I pray the Lord to direct your ways in mercy, and to prepare you by all his dealings for his heavenly kingdom. How slow are our hearts to receive the blessings He is holding out to us! He offers enough to make us happy, even in tribulation and in death, if we would accept it. We must seek our happiness in God,—we can find it nowhere but there.

“Your ever, ever affectionate

“MOTHER.”

“Surely the meeting in our heavenly Father’s house will not be the less pleasant and joyful for our having been called home from different fields of labor. And is it not enough, my dear daughter, to know that the most done for Christ, the

best-improved day, will be succeeded by the sweetest rest. Then I say again, 'Let not your heart be troubled.' But how much of thought and feeling must be unsaid, till we meet where the communion of kindred spirits will feel no more the barriers of time and distance! There is now a very delightful sense in which I believe we shall dwell together still, though oceans roll between. Care, then, only to work out your short day. I trust it will be a happy one. I doubt not that it will, if you care only to please Him who hath chosen you. He will take care of you and your friends, the little time we are apart in our work. I mean not to imply, by such a strain, that you are at all propensed to a faintness of heart, in view of your undertaking. I have thought it was happily otherwise. But I wanted to open to your vision the bank of faith, that you may see, in the darkest hour, how rich are your resources, if you have a gracious investment there. I trust you have, and it must not be lost sight of. Bear ever in mind that we can nowhere live with the heart neglected. And it is not strange that missionaries, removed beyond the atmosphere of Christian light and influence, have complained of spiritual leanness, and have found the exhortation of Moses to Israel in the wilderness to be all-important. 'Only take heed to thyself and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen.'

"While my address is to you, I mean to include the two whom I so recently pronounced 'no more twain.' \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* "I must forbear, and commend you again, with a full heart, to the Great Shepherd of the sheep. Take Paul's salutation to friends long dear to his heart, — 2 Cor. 13 : 11, — as what may not improbably prove the last from

"Your ever affectionate father,

"WM. JACKSON."

Might not these parents, who, with such a trusting and heroic spirit, thus pronounced their farewell benedictions upon their departing child, — might they not have pleaded her frail constitution, her sensitive deli-

cacy, her retiring habits and her ardent attachment to home, as reasons for declining so great a sacrifice? But not for one moment do they allow these considerations, or the yearnings of parental affection, to dim the bright flame of their love to the dear Redeemer. Did they ever regret their offering? Does the mother of Harriet Newell, in her placid old age, as serenely she descends to the dark valley — does she regret *her* sacrifice?\*

In these latter days, when the experiment made in weakness and trembling has been attended with so important results, and the labors of missionaries have been crowned with such signal success, it is inexplicable that the young and educated in the church, who are seeking a sphere of usefulness, should either shrink from this one themselves, or be withheld from it by their friends.

With what a mournful echo does the imploring cry for bread — the bread of life — fall upon our ear from the famishing millions of the East! And who are they that respond?

Here is one whose heart burns within her at the earnest entreaties of the outcast ones of earth; but, she *cannot* go. Her parents listen to her pleas, but they *will not consent*. Have they then stood in the shadow of the cross, and beheld the unrepining sufferer suspended there? Are they partakers of Christ's glorious salvation? Ah, yes! they have had sweet experience of the preciousness of that which was purchased at such a priceless cost,—the tears and agonies of the Son of God! He gave for them, not fruitless desires, not barren prayers, not the glories of heaven merely; but he gave a life of toil and ignominy, and then, to complete his work, he poured out his heart's blood

\* This beloved disciple has just now fallen asleep in Jesus.

like water. But to him *they* cannot give their child. Suppose that the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ had shrunk from the sacrifice of sending his only, his well-beloved Son upon his mission of love to our lost race! There would then have been no redeeming Cross, no brazen serpent, on which these parents could bid their children, stricken with the plague of sin, look and live.

Alas! it is one of the saddest things in our time, that hearts so bound by every tie of gratitude and love should withhold the offering for which the Saviour asks.

“I have consecrated this child to the service of God as a missionary,” said a mother of her infant son. And God accepted this offering; for as a pioneer he entered the missionary field, and gave his life to bleeding Africa. Wears he not now the noblest laurels, and is not that mother blessed among women?

How importunate have been the pleadings of our returned veteran missionaries for helpers in their work! Not a few young women, touched by these pleas, responded to the call. And the hearts of those heroic laborers were quickened with the purest joy. But the fathers and the mothers of these willing spirits could not be persuaded to give their approval. How unlike the mother of Mills! How unlike the great and compassionate Father! Surely, hesitating ones, ye know not what ye do. You consecrated your child to God in her infancy. What was the meaning of this baptismal consecration? No expense within your power has been spared, that she might be qualified for usefulness. And now a field is opened—she is fitted to enter it—she is willing to enter it—she *longs* to enter it—Providence points her there—the Spirit inclines her there—all things say, “Come.” *Dare* you assume the responsibility of withholding her? Have you conditioned with the Saviour that you and your dear ones

shall be wreathed with his crown of glory, but spared his baptism of suffering?

O, how does the spirit of the Spartan mother cry shame upon such time-serving allegiance, such timid shrinking from the calls of duty! "With this, or upon it," was her heroic farewell to her departing son, as, presenting to him his shield, she urged him to the battle-field for his country's glory. No selfish considerations marred the brightness of her sacrifice.

And, in these modern times, how many a precious offering is laid upon the shrine of Mammon! How many sons and daughters receive the benediction of their parents, as they go to far-distant regions, in the hope of securing wealth! What parting scenes do they pass through, to what toils are they exposed!—and yet parental love will not withhold the offering for which Mammon calls. But how few, how meagre are the motives to such a sacrifice, compared with those which the cause of missions presents! How does the grandeur of this enterprise exceed that of all others!

O! it is most noble, in the cause of such a Master, to labor for the benighted of this sin-darkened world,—to bring the tidings of salvation to those sitting in the shadow of death! Will not the souls thus ransomed a thousand times outweigh Golconda's mines and California's glittering sands? Is not the fadeless crown worth infinitely more than all the fleeting treasures of this passing world?

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Fathers! mothers! would you not have your daughters thus radiant in immortal splendor? It is glorious to be a co-worker with Christ. If rightfully we bear his name, we are born not only to his inheritance of glory, but unto his

baptism of suffering. O, let us not despise our birth-right!

“Through cross to crown; and though thy spirit’s life  
Trials untold assail with giant strength,  
Good cheer! good cheer! soon ends the bitter strife,  
And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at length.”

## EMBARKATION, PASSAGE AND ARRIVAL.

STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR — HARBOR OF MILO — NARROW ESCAPE — BAY OF  
FOKEA — SMYRNA — ARMENIAN WEDDING.

“Go, in thy glory, o’er the ancient sea,  
Take with thee gentle winds, thy sails to swell;  
Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be,—  
Fare thee well, bark, farewell!  
A long farewell! Thou wilt not bring us back  
Those whom thou bearest far from home and hearth.  
O! she is thine, whose steps no more shall track  
Her own sweet native earth.” MRS. HEMANS.

THE departure of Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin had been so often deferred, that, notwithstanding Henrietta’s letter, mentioning the day on which they expected to sail, her friend had not the remotest idea that they would leave at the time appointed. What sorrow was hers when the following note, written with a pencil and in a tremulous hand, told her that she had delayed her farewell visit till it was too late!

“Bark Euromas, Monday, Dec. 3.

“DEAR M.: Farewell! Can it be that I shall see your face *no more*? May we meet in heaven!

“Adieu from

“HENRIETTA.”

A letter from her friend was soon following her over the wide waters.

“I have wept with the same bitterness of grief that I should have felt beside your grave.

“Monday passed away; I no more thought of it as being your sailing than your dying day. Tuesday father handed me your note. You can conceive how I felt. Father wished to see it, and then — we wept together. When he could command his voice, he said, ‘I always loved Henrietta.’ It sounded as if you were *dead!*” \* \* \* \* \*

From Henrietta’s reply we give an extract :

“Your letter was like yourself. It was indeed pleasant to be reading a letter from M. in this far-off country, where there are so few things that seem familiar. And yet it made me weep so much that my husband sent me to my own room. It is good to shed such tears as are drawn from our eyes by the remembrance of friends. \* \* \* \* \* I could not believe that I should go without seeing you till the last moment came. It did seem very hard. But perhaps it was better that we should not meet again.”

Mr. Hamlin adds:

“One day, just at dinner-time, Mr. Goodell handed me sixteen American letters, and of course I went home with a palpitating heart. As Henrietta was looking them over, her eye caught your well-known hand, and, exclaiming ‘O, here is one from M.!’ she almost sprang from her chair. In a moment I saw the tears flowing, and soon she wept so uncontrollably that my Armenian teacher and the servant thought her mother or sisters were dead. I replied, ‘No.’ ‘What is it, then, that makes kokona weep so?’ ‘Memory,’ said I. ‘Ach! kidem, kidem.’ (Ah! I know, I know.) And after she had gone to her chamber to weep there, I told them what a home and friends she had left.”

But we must go back to that memorable day, when, for the last time, Henrietta left the shores of her native land.

Crowds are gathered upon the wharf, to watch the

vessel as she bears slowly away. Upon the deck have been uncovered heads and tearful eyes, for the interceding prayer and the song of praise have arisen upon the air, and been echoed over the blue waters. Severe is the struggle in that affectionate heart, but her purpose is unwavering.

The last words are spoken, the last kiss is given, the tremulous pressure of the hand is exchanged, betraying the sorrow which no words can utter. And now the gallant ship leaves the wharf, and, like a mighty bird, glides over the white waves, separating forever loving and faithful hearts.

“Bark Euromas, Dec. 22, 1838.

“MY DEAR FRIENDS: I love to have so much time to think of you as I do while lying in my berth. I am often looking back to the places and scenes I have left. I have whole mornings, afternoons and evenings, in which to remember them. But it is at the coming on of twilight that I am more especially present with you. Then I commence a circuit of visitings, looking in upon each of the dear circles, until I arrive at that place dearer than all others, the home of my childhood. Here my spirit would linger. The eye cannot be satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. I sit down where I used to sit, and look about upon familiar things. I go into every room. Nothing is changed. I look out of every window, and enjoy the view peculiar to each. O, I have visions of my home that make me very happy! But when the thought comes, ‘You will return to it no more,’ there is a faintness of heart I cannot describe. There are struggles which seem too much for the spirit to bear,—and yet it endures them. I am not unhappy. I would be where I am, tossing upon the ocean which is bearing me far from home and friends, to a land of strangers. I would go and do what I can for those who are sitting in darkness. May the prayers of my friends follow me, and at last, when we shall meet again, may it appear that our prayers and our sacrifices have not been in vain!

“ *Wednesday, Dec. 26.* — A little more than three weeks of our voyage are passed. I can hardly believe that it is so long since we left Boston that Monday noon, and yet I am almost tired of my berth, and these close walls often seem like prison walls. Still I can look forward to the four or five weeks that remain with less impatience than I should have expected. I have really enjoyed having so much time to think. I have been looking over the past, and gathering up its treasures for future years. We have also some talking and reading, so that I have no great cause to complain of weariness.

“ For the first few days I was severely sick ; but since then I have avoided much suffering by lying quietly in my berth. If I leave it long, a dizzy, fainting head soon brings me back. Mr. Hamlin drove off his sickness almost immediately, I believe by a strong determination of will not to be sick, that he might the better administer to my necessities.

“ We receive every needful kindness from the ship’s company, which we find a very pleasant one. The captain is an agreeable, sensible and gentlemanly man, in whom we have entire confidence. He is very young for his place, being only twenty-three, and has not put on the roughness and recklessness of some sea-captains.

“ Our table-fare is uncommonly good, embracing a great variety of eatables. That, however, has not been of much consequence to us as yet. We find our provisions as to drinks and medicines ample, and of the right kind.

“ I had not looked out upon the ocean until a few days since, when I enjoyed a glimpse of it from our little window. ‘ O, what mountain waves ! what mountain waves ! ’ I exclaimed, as they burst upon my view. I thought I had seen the ocean before, but I never had. It has been tempest-wrought almost ever since we came upon it, and cannot calm itself at once.

“ The captain says we might cross the Atlantic twenty times, without seeing such waves as have broken over our vessel since we left Boston. It has been storm and calm, storm and calm, in rapid succession. The winds have blown furiously, and then have suddenly left us at the mercy of the big waves, to be

rocked whither they would. It is a stormy way that we look back upon, and I would not willingly pass through its dangers again. The first storm terrified me more than the others have done. It came on in the night, very suddenly and violently. I was waked from sleep by the hurry and bustle of the deck. They were new sounds to me. Soon a seaman in storm-dress burst into our room, holding a dead-light in his hands, — a great black plank, which he bound into our window. Its dreadful name seized me with terror, and then the roaring winds and dashing waters made up the scene of a storm at sea, such as my imagination had never equalled. The storm passed away with the coming morning. The winds were hushed, but the waves did not cease their motion, of which we were made sensible by the rolling and tipping we experienced, and which threatened our treasured stores with a thorough mixing up about us. Broken bottles, cups and saucers, were sliding over our floor in rapid procession. An indifferent spectator might have smiled at the scene; but with us it was no time to laugh. This was during the first week of our voyage. I have now become more accustomed to storms, so that I do not feel sinking to the bottom, even when the ship tips a good deal.

“There is a prospect of more pleasant weather, since we have passed the Western Islands. We are sailing rapidly towards the Straits of Gibraltar, and, with a fair wind, shall reach them in two or three days. It is pleasant to be approaching the habitations of man once more. With what delight shall I look upon his dwelling, be he savage, Greek or Jew!

“*Friday morning, Dec. 21.* — We are in the Straits of Gibraltar. Africa is on our right hand, Europe on our left. How different the picture! *Here* is light and beauty; a halo seems spread over everything. *There*, darkness and cruelty have rested for ages. On what scenes of guilt and woe hath the sun looked down, in his daily course over this land! How much longer shall this unhappy people sit in darkness? May the gospel speedily be sent to them; and may the Lord give it entrance and free course, until the savage shall have become

the Christian throughout the continent! And may the time be hastened when this whole world shall be a theatre of happiness, from which love and praise shall ascend to Him who made it!

“We entered the straits about two o’clock this morning. The moon was shining beautifully, and I went up on deck to enjoy it; but the wind blew so cold that I could not stop long. Just as the morning was beginning to dawn, they called me to see the rock of Gibraltar. There was but a faint light, and we were passing at the distance of five or six miles. Nearly opposite, on the other shore, an African hill rises abruptly to the height of a mountain. Its appearance is very singular and bold. These rocks were called by the ancients the Pillars of Hercules.

“*Friday afternoon.* — We are sailing in the Mediterranean Sea, within sight of the mountains of Spain and Africa. We look back to the Straits of Gibraltar, which may easily be distinguished by the rock and hill. It is a beautiful picture.

“I wish I could describe to you the Spanish mountains, as they stand with their base in the sea, and their tops in the clouds. Imagine them twice as high as the Green Mountains, — not, like those, smooth and beautifully rounded, but rough and angular, terminating almost always in a point, so that they look like great pyramids of rock, standing along the shore. It is a long chain of mountains, and we shall be sailing beside them for several days to come. I shall like their company. They look so home-like that I should never tire of gazing on them.

“We find the weather much colder since coming into the Mediterranean. It is probably because of our vicinity to those snow-capped mountains. Since the first day out, I have suffered more from heat than from cold. It has been difficult for us to imagine that you were shivering about winter fires, and looking out upon banks of snow.

“*Friday evening.* — I have just been up to see the sun go down behind the hills of Africa. It was a beautiful, yet sad-denying sight. It reminded me of the many sunsets I have

seen among my own dear hills,—those hills which I shall never see again!

“*Saturday afternoon.*—We are approaching nearer the mountains; some of them are bold and rough, others are regular and beautiful. I have been gazing and *feeling*, till I could almost imagine myself among the hills that encircle my home.

“*Monday eve.*—Four weeks have passed since we left our native land. I cast my thoughts forward to the time when years shall have passed away, and ask myself, Will its scenes ever lie dim in the distance? Never. They will be too fondly cherished for decay.

“*January 3d.*—I make short visits on deck since we have lost sight of land. I turn away, and long for something that the eye can rest upon with satisfaction. Then I come down into my little room, and stay all day. I am still in my berth most of the time, because my head is so much better off there than elsewhere. Mr. H. reads to me, so that the time does not pass very heavily. We have been reading Bancroft’s History of the United States, which is exceedingly interesting. We are now studying Wayland’s Moral Philosophy. And we have a shelf full of books, that we look into occasionally.

“*Thursday, 10th.*—We are before the island of Cerigo, which presents a shore of high, bold mountains. About half way up, stands the city of Kopsuly, defended by a strong fortification. That English exiles live here is all we know about it.

“*Friday noon.*—We have just reached the harbor of Milo, having escaped a furious storm without. The wind has been blowing a gale, and we were in danger of being driven upon land in the darkness of night. But we have been preserved through all our dangers, and are now safely sheltered in one of the safest and most pleasant harbors in the world. Two pilots have come to offer their services, each attended by an officer of government. They are Greeks, but speak English, and very politely invited us on shore. It is pleasant to rest here so quietly, and only hear the storm at a distance.

“*Friday afternoon.*—The storm has passed, and the sun is shining very pleasantly. I have been on deck to see where we

are. It is refreshing to see the green fields of wheat and barley that border the shore. But I should not like to live here. Imagine how bare an island must look, with not a single tree upon it larger than we should call a shrub in America. There are only olive and fig trees, no taller than lilac-bushes; and of these there are but a few scattered over the island at great distances. The city of Milo presents a most singular appearance. Among many hills, is one rising up in the form of a beehive. On the summit of this is a strong fortification, around which the houses are built in circles, one below another, about half-way down the hill. They have chosen this situation to defend themselves from pirates.

“*Saturday eve.* — We are again quietly anchored in the harbor of Milo, where we came to find shelter from another storm. We left here this morning, with a head-wind, and had beat our way but a few miles when night came on, and, it being very dark and stormy, we were afraid to be out among the islands. We are resting as calmly as if there were no storm about us. I never felt the beauty and force of the ‘haven of rest,’ alluded to in poetry, as I do now, having come in from a furious sea.

“*Sabbath evening.* — We are still in harbor, and the storm has increased with such violence that we are glad to be here. I heard the mate say that there would have been a slender chance for our ship, if we had been out among the islands last night.

“While we were at dinner, a messenger came in haste to tell the captain that a brig was close upon us, and seemed to be coming into our side. They all ran on deck, and left me in breathless waiting for the shock that would dash us to pieces! But soon Mr. Hamlin came down and said we were safe, though the brig came within a few feet of us. As soon as we were out of danger, the captain said, ‘Where are you from?’ ‘Smyrna.’ ‘Where are you going?’ ‘To New York.’ ‘Will you take letters?’ ‘Yes, if you can get them on board.’ That was the question — to get them on board. The vessel was in quarantine, and we could not speak it; but the

captain said he would try to hail the boat when it returned from leaving the pilot, and get it to take our letters to the brig. We all sat down to writing as fast as possible, and when the boat appeared the letters were put into a bucket and let down to them. It was done so clumsily that they all dipped into the sea, and took a bathing, which did not probably improve their beauty or legibility.

“*Harbor of Milo, Monday afternoon.*—You will believe that I cannot have become very tired of the ship, when I tell you that I have just refused an invitation to go on shore with Mr. Hamlin and the captain. I have the whole afternoon to pass away here alone. Yet I do not feel restlessness or ennui. When I am tired of reading and writing, I can go on deck and look at the island. There is a pleasant sunshine upon it now, which brightens everything into beauty. The green fields, the brown, rocky hills, the low, rude houses, — all are beautiful.

“I have not felt the weight of time since I have become well enough to be in action. The books are lying about me unread, for we cannot read the half of them in this voyage. We have a little French every day, preparing ourselves for conversation. It is a very enlivening exercise, and makes our amusement.

“*Monday evening.*—Mr. Hamlin and Captain Drew are returned in safety, and delighted with their excursion. Mr. Hamlin brought me a splendid bouquet of Greek flowers, which he found in the fields; some of them very beautiful. You cannot imagine what a gladdening sight it was to me. Capt. Drew brought me an orange, which he said was the only one that he could find upon the island. The pilot went with them, to point out the lions of the place. They visited the city, and he took them to his house, where they had a treat of wine, oranges and almonds. The pilot’s wife is daughter of the French consul, so that they belong to the nobility, and live near the top of the hill. When they were coming away, she desired the captain to let her husband stop till morning. She had been keeping the cat under the bucket all day, to get a north wind, that should detain us in harbor, so that her husband could come on shore.

“*Wednesday evening.* — We are in the Bay of Fokea, where we have come to escape a storm. Looking up to the window, I saw that we were passing a fortification, its cannon-mouths staring upon us. Soon we came in sight of olive-groves and Turkish farm-houses, scattered here and there along the green shore. It was a beautiful and refreshing sight.

“We are anchored before the town of Fokea, which is unlike anything you ever saw. You can hardly imagine how novel and strange everything seems. I can only gaze, wonder and admire, — I cannot describe. I am enjoying my Mediterranean voyage very much.

“*Thursday evening.* — We are a few miles from Smyrna. It has been a breathless calm all day, but this evening it is blowing a gale. We are wondering where we shall stop for the night, as it is too dark to enter the harbor of Smyrna. This morning, before light, we passed the island of Scio. I went upon deck and looked *towards* it, for how could I remain in my berth while passing Scio? It is said to have been the birth-place of Homer withal. We could only distinguish a line of white along the shore, which marked their villages.

“*Smyrna, Jan. 19th.* — Our bark came into harbor yesterday morning, and we came on shore as soon as the rough sea would allow, which was not till afternoon. It is delightful to be again among those who dwell upon the earth. We are stopping at Mr. Temple’s house, where we have received a kind welcome. We have already seen the missionaries, and like them very much.

“*Jan. 25th.* — \* \* \* I would be in *our own room* at Constantinople as soon as possible. I have been homeless too long.

“Mr. Adger’s teacher, an Armenian, from Constantinople, is to be married in two weeks from this, and he wishes very much that we would stay to the wedding. He is a sensible and well-educated man, of very gentlemanly appearance. The lady to whom he is to be married can neither read nor write. Almost everything here is as strange as this. She is of a

wealthy family, and very respectably connected. We went by invitation to dine with her, at the house of a cousin, last Wednesday evening. The invitation was for half-past five o'clock. At six we sat down to the table. The dinner was partly in the Frank and partly in the Turkish style. One course followed upon another, until I was tired of counting. I should think there were twelve dishes of meats, served up in different ways, — then followed the delicacies of the country, fruits, Turkish sweetmeats, &c. At ten o'clock we had coffee passed, at eleven tea, and at twelve we left.

“We are now stopping at Mr. Adger's, whose house is in a very pleasant part of the city. Just before the door flows the river Mélas, which passes through the middle of the paved street. From the window before me I have a beautiful view of the city, which rears its many domes and spires of mosques and minarets. Beyond are mountains, some of them high and covered with snow, and some of them beautifully fresh and green. In another direction, I look over a range of gardens, toward a Turkish burial-ground, with its dark groves of cypress. A little beyond, rises a hill, on the brow of which are the ruins of an ancient castle. About half-way up is the grave of Polycarp, under the shade of a tall cypress. It is marked by a monument, which may be distinctly seen at this distance.

“*Friday afternoon.* — I cannot sit down to write of things afar off, while my heart is with you in your very midst. How I would like to be with you to-day! And I would sit down by your pleasant fire and warm myself, for I am *very cold*. This will seem strange to you when I am looking out upon a garden green as summer. There are orange and lemon trees, and close by the window is a hedge of China roses, from which I have just broken a beautiful bunch of buds and blossoms. But it is not summer, and I am shivering with cold. I no doubt feel it more because my system has been reduced by sea-sickness.\* \*

“I was at a dinner the other evening where twelve different languages were spoken at the table. It is not uncommon for children at play upon the carpet to speak three languages.

“*Saturday.* — I went yesterday, with Mr. Adger and Mrs. Riggs, to see the ruins of an ancient castle. I wish I had the space to describe them. We also saw the remains of the amphitheatre where Polycarp suffered martyrdom. We passed the ruins of an ancient theatre and temple, and visited a Jewish burial-ground. We passed a caravan of camels from the country, which was resting by the way. Everything is oriental, and carries you back into the past.

“Mr. Hamlin asks this letter to fold, and I can write no more. Love to all, — *to all.* I think of each when I write.

“HENRIETTA.”

With the selections from Mrs. Hamlin’s foreign letters are mingled frequent quotations from those of her mother. Breathing, as they do, such warm maternal instincts, and so delightful and enlarged a spirit of Christian benevolence, no one, we think, can read them without interest. But, in making these extracts, there has been ever in our thoughts a sweet group of children in a far-distant land, to whom they will have a peculiar value.

It was the delight of this truly Christian mother, in correspondence, to pour out her heart to her absent daughter, who took no less delight in the reception of her letters. She often wept over them without restraint, and read them again and again, enjoying them more at every perusal.

From her mother :

“Dorset, Jan. 25th, 1839.

“DEAR CHILDREN : \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* “Nothing but this is out of the common course at the old mansion ; and, whatever your inquiries might be, we could only answer, ‘The morning cometh and also the night.’ The mercies that have flowed around us so long still continue to flow.

“Dear Henrietta, I need not tell you how, with a mother’s anxiety, my thoughts have followed you on the dangerous deep, — to the strange land of Smyrna, and to your unknown abode in Constantinople. I felt that I myself, as well as you, was cut off from all dependence on creatures, and could hope only in God. My mind often dwelt on the treasures He has prepared for those that forsake all for Him. My parting with you has led me to understand many passages in the Bible as I never did before. You have acted, in the eyes of blind and selfish creatures, as if you hated father and mother, and your own life also. But how reasonable the requirement! Surely Christ is worthy of forsaking all for.

“Many times, when I am thinking of the Bible and the precious truths it contains, I rejoice in my heart that you have gone to teach the knowledge of it to the ignorant, and cause its precious light to beam upon them that sit in darkness. I hope and pray that you may be abundantly prepared for this great and good work, and take hold of the promise that ‘they who water shall themselves be watered.’ We do know that God can bless and make you happy, even in a furnace seven times heated. Dear children, may the Lord be your God, and it is enough!

“I must leave room for your father and S. to add a few lines, though they thought my writing was the drawing a bow at a venture; but I thought it might be directed aright by Him who directed the arrow to strike between the joints of the harness.

“Your ever affectionate

“MOTHER.”

“It is pleasant to find even a little corner on which to say a word to those whom we love, and to whom our thoughts have so often fled across the wide ocean. I trust we shall remain a happy family, and enjoy the feeling of *oneness*, notwithstanding our dispersion to different homes and different climes for a few rapid years.

“Be assured you have friends who will never forget you at the throne where remembrance is most to be valued.

“Our spiritual state as a church remains low, yet inquirers about the far-removed children are numerous; I trust some of them inquire of the Lord for you.

“In haste, your affectionate

“FATHER.”

## CONSTANTINOPLE. — ASPECTS OF THE MISSION.

BOARDING AT MR. GOODELL'S — MR. HAMLIN ENGINEER TO A BANKER —  
REFINEMENT OF THE ARMENIANS — STUDY OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

CONSTANTINOPLE, the city of the Sultan, and the metropolis of Turkey, was founded by a Greek colony, about six hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. Its ancient name was Byzantium, from Byzas, the governor of the colony. In 330 A. D., Constantine, the first Christian emperor, made it the capital of his dominions, consecrating it in the name of the blessed Trinity, and calling it after himself. The rival of Rome, it finally grew to be the head of the Eastern empire. Afterwards it became the patriarchal see of the Greek church, as it is now the central point of the Ottoman power.

It is delightfully situated, on a promontory at the confluence of the Bosphorus with the Marmora, or, as its name signifies, Sea of Marble, — so called from one of its islands containing a great quantity of marble. An arm of the Bosphorus, called the Golden Horn, separates the city proper from its large suburbs on the north, winding around and terminating in the charming Valley of Sweet Waters. It forms a harbor deep and capacious enough to receive the fleets of the world, and receives its name from the wealth which floats on its bosom.

The wall from the Golden Horn to the Marmora,

originally built by the Byzantines, and rebuilt by the Emperor Theodosius, is still standing. It is a triple wall, the inner one being from forty to fifty feet high, and from thirty to forty thick, with an immense number of lofty towers. Some of these towers are so completely covered with ivy that not a stone is seen, and the appearance is that of a large tower of glossy green leaves. Trees sometimes grow out of the sides of the wall, and attain a considerable size.

As you approach the city by water, the numerous mosques, with their slender and graceful minarets, and the glittering domes and magnificent palaces and seraglios which crown the summits, or are laved by the waters of the Bosphorus, make it seem the queen of cities. It is, however, "distance" that lends the "enchantment," for on entering the city the illusion vanishes. A population of nearly a million, made up chiefly of Mohammedans, Greeks, Armenians and Jews, intermingled with some from every tribe of earth, is crowded within its walls.

Passing through its narrow, crooked and filthy streets, with often only a line of blue sky over your head, you are jostled hither and thither by an ever-pressing throng, as diverse in language, costume and color, as, from their extreme filthiness, some of them are disagreeable.

This oriental city was to be Mrs. Hamlin's future home. What a contrast to her beautiful and quiet native valley!

TO HER FRIEND M.

"Constantinople, Feb. 7th, 1839.

"DEAR M.: I am in Constantinople. Having crossed the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the Archipelago, and the Sea of Marmora, we have reached this far-off city of the East. But

I can look back to you, and, after a moment's flight, I am there, and enjoy everything as if it were really passing before me. Sometimes it is pleasure stretched almost to pain.

“I often thought of you when we were sailing upon the great deep, and we read your extract-book and talked of you. That is a precious gathering together of choice things, and I read and remember you in every line. How much you would have enjoyed, had you been with us! There is beauty and sublimity in the deep, but a life at sea is not all poetry, as you will find if you ever enter upon it. Sometimes the waves were like mountains piled about us; and again, a smooth, unbroken surface reflected the light with painful brightness. All sky and ocean soon become a wearying sight. How the tired voyager longs for something that the eye can rest upon, till it becomes a sickness of the heart! I was verily happy when we had gained the Straits of Gibraltar, and I could look from Europe to Africa and from Africa to Europe. I thought how you would enjoy the inspiration of the place. I found enough to delight me among the beautiful islands of the Mediterranean. I often wished you were by to look with us and repeat poetry.

“At Smyrna we passed two weeks very pleasantly, visiting the missionary families, and looking at the wonders of the place. You will see them all when you come here. The old brown castle on the brow of the hill, the ancient amphitheatre, the river Mélas, by which Homer is said to have written his poems, &c. &c. I think your friend would find Mr. Adger a very pleasant associate, and that you would both be happy there. There is a delightful circle of missionaries at Smyrna. This is one side of the picture. If you could look into the dark and dirty streets, crowded with wretched beings, you would see the other side; and, if your missionary zeal should survive one such look, I am sure it would be proved genuine. If we were to form an idea of Smyrna, or of this place even, by what we see in the streets, it would be dismal indeed. The streets are only narrow foot-paths, imperfectly paved with stones of every form and size; and the multitudes who throng them are from every nation under heaven, each speaking his

own language, and wearing the costume of his own country. Most of them are of such wretched appearance that it gives the impression of a street full of beggars.

“It is only by visiting the more respectable at their houses that you see anything of Eastern splendor and magnificence.

“The Armenian ladies have a courtly ease and grace of manners, but are entirely without education. Not one in a thousand can read. I wish you were already here, learning their language, and preparing for intercourse with them. No Frank lady has yet learned the Armenian. It is very difficult, and must be learned without the help of grammar or dictionary. Do you think I am discouraged? It is not time yet. I have only learned my letters, and am now reading in short syllables. Such choking sounds you never heard.

“But I have told you nothing about Constantinople, the city of domes and minarets, the most magnificent city in the world. My window looks out upon the Bosphorus. Close by the nearer shore a Turkish fleet is lying at anchor. The little boats are darting about in every direction, making a very animating scene. Beyond is a vast extent of city. Everywhere is city. It is a *world* of city. Away in the distance is one blue mountain, lovelier far than all the rest. I have not asked its name. I only wish it was nearer, and higher, and not all alone. There is a familiar home-association with it.

“How sad I felt not to see you at Boston! The loss can never be made up to me. How many times was it sounding through my ears as I lay in my berth, ‘I shall never see M. again. O, could I have seen her but for one hour!’”

“Constantinople, Feb. 10th, 1839.

“MY DEAR SISTER S.: There is not an hour passes but I am reminded of some one of your little circle. I open a drawer, and see the work that your hands have wrought with so much patient diligence. In another place I find the provisions which mother has made for my comfort, and on the shelf just before me is father’s gift. Dear little Willie, Jane and

Ephraim, too, I always remember in connection with the home-picture. Dear children! I hope they are happy every day, and increasing in knowledge and goodness. And I hope they think a great deal about that world where the good are at last to meet and be forever happy.

“*February 11.* — This is our first Sabbath in Constantinople, and a very quiet and pleasant one has it been. We attended service in a room of Mr. Goodell’s house, which has been fitted up for the purpose. Mr. Goodell preached a sermon on prayer in the morning, the service commencing at eleven. In the afternoon we had a Bible-class exercise. At the morning service were present Mr. Schaufler’s family, Mr. Brown the American consul, and a few English and German families. It was not much like going to church in America; still, I have enjoyed this Sabbath very much, and I hope it has been profitable to me.

“We are at present boarders in Mr. Goodell’s family, one of the very best in the world. Our study is a pleasant room, looking out upon the Bosphorus and the great city of Constantinople. We shall commence housekeeping as soon as a house can be found for us, and I can pick up Greek enough to use with servants. You see there is a prospect of my having enough to do, — a desirable thing in this world, where too much thinking is bad for us.

“We find cold, snowy weather, and high, open rooms, so that we sit in the cold from morning till night. This is rather hard for me, but I shall get used to it after a while.

“*February 12.* — This is a choice circle of missionaries, — I shall love them all as dear brethren and sisters.

“Mr. Goodell has just sent up for us to come down and exercise in the children’s play-room, as the weather is not suitable for going out of doors.

“*Monday eve.* — We had a fine turn below, with various plays. There is no danger that we *can* neglect exercise. It is enjoined upon us, and we *must* take it; there is *no escape.*”

In reference to the necessity for this kind of exercise,

Mr. Goodell, the genial and beloved pater-familias of the mission, makes the following remarks :

“It may seem strange to those not acquainted with the circumstances that missionaries should ever engage in such plays. Now, the missionaries have families, and their families are more dependent upon them than any one in this country can well imagine. For instance, in the early history of the mission to Turkey, the children of the mission families had no means of learning, unless their parents taught them. They could not take a walk, unless their parents walked with them ; they could not go out of door for any exercise, unless their parents went out with them ; nor was it safe or proper for them to go down and stand one minute at the door, unless their parents went down and stood with them. Their parents were their only companions, — their playmates, their teachers, their everything. Often there was not even a yard for their children to play in ; and, had there been, still it could not be used in the winter months, on account of the very damp weather. All their exercise had frequently, and especially in time of plague, to be taken within doors ; and their parents had to resort to all sorts of expedients to preserve the health of their children, teaching them different exercises ; and, for their encouragement, as well as for their own health, often joining with them in these innocent pastimes.”

Mr. Hamlin writes :

“The moral aspects of the Armenian community are varied and contradictory, but on the whole very encouraging. They are calling for books of science and general information, and they say that if we would print them a few such books, our religious books would be twice as much read.

“I visited last week one of the wealthiest bankers and most influential men among the Armenians. He lives up the Bosphorus about three miles, and is making a paradise of gardens about his house. I went to act as engineer in setting up a

splendid patent rotary pump, which he has just received from New York. It makes a beautiful ornament for his front-yard, and will enable him to water his grounds finely. Messrs. Goodell and Homes acted as interpreters. He is friendly to the mission, and, by showing him such favors, we hope to secure his influence for the truth. The few Armenians I have met with are intelligent men, and accomplished gentlemen in their personal bearing.

“Henrietta has commenced the language with me, and takes hold of it very successfully.”

The banker above referred to, by his friendliness to the missionaries, and his advocacy of evangelical sentiments, rendered himself highly obnoxious to their enemies. At one time, by the command of the Patriarch, he was immured in a mad-house, from which he was released, after several days' confinement as a lunatic, on the pledge of a large donation to the new Armenian college at Scutari.

A little later Mr. H. says :

“The Armenians are far more refined and cultivated than I expected to find them. In the externals of politeness, we are certainly behind them. There is an ease, grace and dignity, which we do not find in America. Great attention is paid to the manners of the children. When you enter a house where you are known, the children come forward, take your hand and kiss it, and then retire to the lower end of the divan, unless you call them to you. I have seen nothing like rude behavior among them ; and their appearance has surprised and interested me more than anything with which I have yet met. It is an interesting fact that the most popular book which this mission has published for the Armenians is Mr. Dwight's ‘Parents' Guide,’ which he wrote expressly for them. It has sold rapidly, and been universally liked by Armenian parents.’

TO HER SISTER, MRS. M.

“*March, 4th.*—I am now exceedingly pressed with business, having on hand two languages, and the preparations for housekeeping over and above, together with ten thousand interruptions of almost every kind. I could wish that we were even now in a house of our own. I should have more care, but I should be more the mistress of my own time, so that it would be worth a great deal more to me for studying, writing, thinking, &c.

“I have no thought of getting things very pleasant about me, the best I can do. The floors of our houses are all unpainted, and of very rough work, so that you can lay your whole finger in the cracks between the boards; and they must be without carpets through the summer, both on account of the plague and because of the fleas. But these are little things, and I will not let them trouble me. I shall get used to them after a while. I did not mean the *fleas* when I said *little things*. *They* are by no means so. They have already become a very serious item in my experience. I am writing with hands scarred over like a warrior’s. These are not unmentionable insects here, as in other countries. The ambassador is annoyed like as his slave, and I am told that they do not respect the person even of the Grand Seignior himself. But I have more important things to write of, and should not be filling up my letter thus.

“*Monday afternoon.*—I have just come up from the meeting of the monthly concert, which was holden at twelve o’clock in the sitting-room below. It was a very pleasing and interesting meeting. Letters were read from Mr. Temple and Mr. Adger, of Smyrna, in which they speak of the late movement of the Armenians as something to rejoice, rather than discourage, our hearts. You will no doubt have heard, before this reaches you, of the banishment of Hohannes and Boghos. It has taken place under such circumstances that there is great reason to hope it will be for the furtherance of the gospel among this people. We sympathize most deeply with those of them who love the truth, and who are living in constant expecta-

tion of persecution on this account. I had become very much interested in our teacher, the brother of Hohannes. He steals a visit occasionally to tell us how glad he would be to come and teach us again.

“ We have now a very good teacher in the ancient Armenian, who can come to us because he enjoys the Russian protection. I find the language difficult, but have some hope that I shall succeed in acquiring it, after much patient study. The grammar of the ancient language very much resembles the Latin, but is more complicated.

“ I am constantly seeing something that reminds me of your last precious visit at home. The other day I took my Thibet handkerchief from the drawer to put on. It was the first time it had been unfolded since your hands made and folded it. What a cloud of remembrances such things bring over us ! I love to give myself up to them sometimes. But I am happy here.”

“ *March 5th.* — MY DEAR BROTHERS: I have sat down to thank you for your letters, which we received last week. I believed not for joy until I saw the well-known handwriting on the outside of each. They had told me, ‘ Don’t begin to expect too soon. Those who come out always do, and are always disappointed. Your friends will not write till they have heard from you, and that may not be for six or eight months yet.’ I kept hearing the same story on every side, till I began to think it must be so, and this made the arrival of your letters so much the more of a joyful surprise. I cannot tell you how I rejoiced ; but I wept too to read of sister M.’s declining health. It seemed too much for me to bear.

“ I should like to write particularly of what has been taking place here for two weeks past. The account will perhaps appear in public print before this reaches you.”

Soon after, Mr. Hamlin writes :

“ We enjoy excellent health, but the climate is very different from what I expected. The thermometer gives no indication

of its peculiar characteristics. You look at that, and think it can't be cold enough to need much fire ; and yet you put on very warm clothing and make up a good fire. A breeze comes from the Black Sea, with a dead chilliness which stops the circulation, and the houses are so badly built that the air finds its way directly to you. The Russians come down from their cold climate, and put on warmer winter clothing than they wear at home.

“ Mr. Goodell and Mr. Schaufler wear a winter gown, completely lined with fur, sleeves and all. It is now time for the cold weather to be entirely gone, but we have clouds, rain and chilly winds, almost every day.

“ I have been at work nearly all day, helping Mr. Chamberlain, an American traveller, prepare Morse's Electro-magnetic telegraph for an exhibition to a party of gentlemen to-morrow evening. He thinks of inviting the Sultan's prime minister.

“ Our studies are, for a time, interrupted in modern Armenian. Our teacher would probably be bastinadoed or banished should he visit us now ; but he comes once in a while, by stealth, and tells us that as soon as the storm is passed away, so that he can see the sky again, he will come back. Henrietta is much interested in him. She hardly expected to find such in *our parish*.”

## SKETCH OF THE MISSION.—FIRST HOUSE-KEEPING.

THRILLING INCIDENT — PERSECUTION — MOHAMMEDANISM AND INFIDELITY  
— HOPEFUL APPEARANCES — DESCRIPTION OF HOUSE, AND DOMESTIC CON-  
TRIVANCES — TRIALS OF MISSIONARY LIFE — TURKISH IMPOSITIONS.

“ I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too !  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty ;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill.”

WORDSWORTH.

THE mission to Constantinople was commenced by Rev. Mr. Goodell, in 1831. Schools were established among the Greeks and the Turks. But the Armenians were soon found to present the most hopeful field of labor. They were not only the most wealthy and intelligent inhabitants of the city, but were also much more susceptible of religious instruction.

The prospects of the mission among them, on Mr. Hamlin's arrival, were quite cheering. But soon clouds began to gather in their sky, portending a fearful tempest. Many were the forces arrayed against this devoted band. To the two hundred thousand Armenians of the city, whose patriarch, bishops and priests, were their sworn enemies, were joined the adherents of the Greek Church. Still more implacable were the Roman Catholic Armenians, numbering about fifteen thousand, who were fully sustained by the resources and influence of Romanists throughout Europe. To

this formidable array were added the Jews, who cordially hated the Protestants. Various were the means resorted to by these unscrupulous foes in order to crush the new heresy. A missionary tract, attacking Mohammedanism, written probably by Henry Martyn, and published at Calcutta years before, was exhibited to the Sultan, as a specimen of what the Protestants were doing. Under these circumstances, Mr. Hamlin says :

“Should the Sultan attempt to send us away, I think we shall contest every inch of the ground, until he arrests us by physical force. It is a subject of constant gratitude that this mission has, from the first, exercised so much caution in all its publications, that Mohammedans can find in them not a single attack upon their religion, and the Armenians nothing against theirs. They contain exhibitions of gospel truth, but are in no instance thrown into the form of an attack upon these oriental religions. This has perplexed the persecuting party exceedingly. Indeed, when the Armenian Patriarch excommunicated the books, he made the singular confession that he *‘could find nothing bad in them now, but that thirty years hence, if not suppressed, they would result in forming a new sect!’*”

Painfully exciting were the scenes in which our retiring friend now mingled. From her quiet valley she had put out upon a stormy sea. But her eye was fixed upon Him who sitteth in the heavens, and her confidence never failed.

One evening, at her favorite sunset hour, she sat with Mr. Hamlin by their window, looking down upon the Golden Horn, whose clear waters were gilded by the last beams of day. Suddenly their door was burst open, and a man, rushing in, in breathless haste, throws down a heavy bundle, exclaiming, “This is of God, Mr. Hamlin!” “What?” cried Mr. Hamlin, in astonishment; “the bundle?” “No; our escape with

it is of God." He then related that Hohannes had been cast into prison; a decree of banishment secured against him; and that his correspondence with evangelical Armenians was contained in that bundle, and had just been committed to him for safe-keeping, when the constables of the Patriarch came in pursuit of them. Effecting his escape unnoticed, he fled to the house of a friend in a distant quarter of the city. Soon the constables were on his track, but a second time he succeeded in escaping; nor did he look behind, till, entering Mr. Goodell's house, he threw down his bundle. This was, indeed, "of God;" for, had these papers been seized, upon many unsuspecting families would have been poured out the Patriarch's wrath.

Never, probably, before, had Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin so deeply realized the bitter trials of the primitive Christians. And when they bowed in prayer that night, it was with a new feeling of their dependence upon God.

A petition was sent to Lord Ponsonby, then English ambassador, soliciting his mediation in behalf of the exiled and the persecuted; to which, in sad contrast with the subsequent noble course of Sir Stratford Canning and Lord Cowley, he returned a cold and decided negative.

The death of Sultan Mahmoud, and the consequent changes in government, together with the interference of foreign powers in arranging the long-existing difficulties between the Sublime Porte and the Pasha of Egypt, for a time divided the attention of the persecutors. But, notwithstanding this partial respite, those among the Armenians who were friendly to the missionaries still feared to visit them, or even to salute them in the streets, lest they should be anathematized, and thus cut off from all means of obtaining a living.

In God's own time He restrained the wrath of man. In 1840, all those who had been banished were recalled. The old Patriarch, who was friendly to the mission, and had therefore been displaced, was restored on account of the unpopularity of his successor. Soon after his reinduction, an evangelical priest called to see him. In the course of the conversation, the Patriarch remarked, "I know those missionaries are good men, and wish to do good to our nation; and one proof I have of it is, that when we persecuted them, breaking up their schools and excommunicating their books, they neither reviled us nor said anything against our nation."

"Political changes (writes Mr. Hamlin) are constantly agitating this empire. Europe has now laid her hand so strongly upon Turkish politics that she will probably never withdraw it. Mohammedanism hastens to destruction. It is rushing in mad career down the precipice which divine Providence has placed before it; and I trust some of us will live to rejoice in the utter subversion of the false prophet's cruel dominion. Every politician feels that the whole Eastern world is on the eve of great events. May they be of such a nature as to lead the nations to exclaim, 'The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!'

"Infidelity, rank and glaring infidelity, is rapidly bursting the bonds of superstition. There are many of the Greeks and Armenians who are, as it were, *driven* into it by the absurd and crafty forms of their church. They thirst for something which they cannot find. Such minds we hope to gain to the truth; but what we do must be done quickly. Let the whole church of Christ, in every land, be united in prayer and self-denying efforts for the world's conversion, and very soon we should have the Holy Spirit working with us, and in all places making the truth of God powerful to the salvation of the soul."

But, notwithstanding these cheering tokens, many and mighty obstacles were still in the way.

“They have enough of truth (says Mr. Hamlin) to make them feel sure of heaven; they have enough of error to sink them surely to hell. And Satan with such anxious craft has walled round and round all the avenues to the conscience, and against each pointed truth has so placed a shield to turn it from the heart, that nothing but strong faith in the presence and power of the Holy Spirit can sustain the preacher’s heart against discouragement. It is far easier to convince the heathen of the truth of the gospel, than those who imagine themselves to be its only true possessors and interpreters that they are in a fatal error.

“If there is such a thing in the divine government as retributive justice towards nations, as there is towards individuals, the cup which Mohammedanism must drink is filling up with fearful vengeance. Insurrections and rebellions are numerous; and, if they were only well preconcerted and simultaneous, the present Christian population of the empire would very soon blot out the name of the Turk from under heaven.

“England has taken the Druse population of Mount Lebanon and vicinity under her patronage, as France has the Maronite. The English are urging our missionary brethren to multiply their schools and books, and one individual is said to have pledged them twenty thousand dollars for these purposes.”

#### Letter from her mother :

“Dorset, May 27th, 1839.

“DEAR, DEAR HENRIETTA: How did my heart leap for joy to hear from you, — that you were among the living and on the land! O, how good it was to hear that your wearisome tossings upon the rolling waves were ended! How good has God been to us! May we never forget to make mention of his name, nor cease to think of his loving-kindness!

“You cannot think how much I endured after hearing of

the terrible storm and hurricane at Liverpool. For a fortnight I felt that it might be you had met the drowning mariner's terrific death, and were buried in the depths of the sea. I never had such a sense of the privilege of going to God with our requests as I have had since you left us.

“Friday night, the 21st of December, I dreamed that you came into the kitchen, and sat down and spake not a word. There was such a solemnity on your countenance I dared not speak to you. I gazed on you a while, and not a word was spoken. The silence was awful. I was much affected when I awoke. O, thought I, perhaps her tongue is silent, and her face solemn in death. I shall never forget your countenance as I saw it in my dream.

“Thursday morning, Jan. 3d, my thoughts, when I awoke, were on you. I felt as if you were cut off from all worldly enjoyment, — that God only could console and guide you. I thought of Noah's dove, which, when she could find no rest for the sole of her foot, flew to the ark. O, what a blessing to have God for our friend! How precious should be the Saviour to our hearts, — how much to be prized the ark of safety which he has prepared!

“I never shall forget the Monday evening you embarked. I attended the monthly concert. \* \* \* When I came out of the house, it was about nine o'clock; the moon shone with unusual splendor, the sky was the most beautiful and unclouded azure, and the road was dry and smooth as summer. I moved slowly and alone, gazing on all around me with solemn thoughts and feelings which I cannot describe. Never shall I forget the moon or the skies, the scenes around me and the heart-thrilling and almost overpowering thoughts within me. O, I exclaimed, my dear Henrietta is now on the rolling waves, looking her last adieu to her native land!

“On the night of the 28th of Jan. I dreamed of the most terrible storm, — darkness, lightning and tempest. It seemed almost as if the day of judgment had come. I turned my eyes from the heavens, and sought to avoid the dreadful sight by closing the windows and sitting in darkness; but soon they

were dashed, and seemed as stubble before the whirlwind. O, how my heart flew for you! the sea and waves roaring, and men's hearts failing them for fear, and my dear Henrietta among the distressed number. After enduring much, I awoke, and, from the state of my feelings, I thought you might be under some painful affliction. Sometimes dreams may be ominous, yet I don't allow them to have great weight on my mind; but he that hath a dream may tell a dream.

“O, Henrietta! I want to write as I feel when, in the stillness of night, I lie awake and think of you, of the mission, and of the powers of darkness to be contended with. I sometimes feel that great and sore trials are before you, — that you have approached the stronghold of Satan. He watches all your movements, and will prepare for a dreadful contest before he will give up so large a part of his empire, which he has made strong for himself. I sometimes think it probable that the battle of the great day may commence near where you are. Then who shall be able to stand? All that are on the Lord's side. Christ is the Captain of Salvation, and Pagan, Papal and Mohammedan powers may all combine against his chosen few; you need not be afraid nor dismayed by the reason of this great multitude, for the battle is not yours, but God's. You may go forth to a long and painful struggle, to a bloody conflict, to fall as martyrs, but the cause will not be lost, nor you lose your reward. ‘They that overcome shall sit with me on my throne, as I have overcome and sit down with my Father on his throne.’

“I find my mind is breaking down, as well as my body. My only repose is in the night watches. The dead and dark night brings peace and quiet, and my mind sometimes enjoys a feast. \* \* \*

“I have mentioned, my dear H., that you may be assaulted with enemies around you. But, whether you are or not, you will be assaulted by those within you; and you will need the same watchfulness against them, and the same power to overcome and deliver you, that you would if all the hosts of the prince of darkness were encamped round about you. With

inward foes subdued, you need not fear what earth and hell can do unto you; for the name of the Lord is a refuge, a strong tower, into which the righteous may flee and be safe. \* \*

“I want to tell you a little how my thoughts are sometimes employed in the sleepless hours of night, and what guilt and self-reproach I feel that no more was said or done for your spiritual preparation for so great an event. A missionary station will never give a missionary spirit. The soul must be prepared for the work and the trials of the station. O, thought I, if my dear child has gone from any other motive than that of love to the Saviour and the perishing heathen, how unhappy must she be! But, if she has forsaken all for Christ, and has laid down her life of earthly comfort and pleasure that lost souls may know the joys of salvation, it is enough; all is well; she will have the presence of Christ, and the Father will love her, and the Comforter will abide with her; and that is infinitely better than all the joys that earth can give. Everything will bear her on to the haven of rest, and she shall safely reach that city that hath foundations, and her feet stand on Mount Zion, where the ‘floods shall no more lift up their voice!’ \* \* \* \* \*

“Now, dear Henrietta, I will write adieu, knowing you will ever remember your aged and affectionate mother, who may never write you again, but who will never cease to think of you while thought remains. May God be with you!”

In a letter from her father, at the same time, we find the following caution: “Counteract, dear daughter, a habit of incessant application to study. Spare yourself for usefulness’ sake, as well as for friends’ sake.” He adds, “Pray always for all lands where souls dwell. Write often during the little space in which you can hope your epistles may be read by aged parents, ready to depart.”

“Constantinople, June 11th.

“MY DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME: I could easily write over a whole page, with telling you how glad your letter made me.

It came just in the right time, and I can assure you that you will never send me letters which will not come when I am waiting for them.

“Mr. H. said, as he was unsealing the package, ‘Don’t be disappointed that there are no letters for you; they are all from Portland.’ But I snatched the first one I saw, saying, ‘This is my mother’s writing.’ I am *very* thankful to her for the letter, and I thank Willie for his portion of it. I have read it over and over many times, because his dear little hand wrote it.

“How plainly I can at this moment see all in the house and around it! Everything has a precious and familiar appearance, which no other place can have to me. How often I see S. walk into the garden, and bend over the flower-beds as she passes up and down, looking on either side to see if this and that flower are doing well. And I love to think that she will see some flowers blooming there which my hand planted, when I was the companion of her walks.

“But I must leave room to tell you that we are comfortably settled in our own hired house. When I say comfortably, I of course speak comparatively, in reference to what we might expect as missionaries. We experience fewer privations and inconveniences than we could have anticipated. I often think, it is true, when we sit down to our table, how I should like such dishes as they are having at home. Not that we are destitute of good and wholesome food, but I have not yet learned to like the dishes of this country so well as those I have been accustomed to.

“You will soon see in the *Herald* a detailed account of what has been taking place here among the Armenians. The change is very great, showing that the truth has taken root. We are surprised that, notwithstanding the violent measures of the Patriarch, his people still come to us. There are at present several young men who wish to live with us, and learn English and teach us Armenian; yet all learning of French and English has lately been forbidden by a stern decree of the

church, and a curse pronounced upon the man, woman or child, who shall know of any persons coming to our house, or speaking to us, without immediately informing against him. We have just taken an interesting young Armenian into our family, whom Mr. H. hopes to train for a translator, and for usefulness to his nation.

“You are all remembered with an affection that I cannot express to you upon paper, even if I had ever so much of it, and ever so much time to write in.

“I should have been quite grieved if mother had forgotten to tell me of the flowers.

“*August 13.*—I can see what a lovely afternoon this is with you, and how pleasant everything looks about you. I imagine it to be one of those delightful afternoons which remind us that autumn is coming, with its fruits and flowers, and its fine, bracing air. I shall visit you after next month, to enjoy those beautiful days that I have always loved so well. We see nothing to remind us of them here. We hardly notice the progress of the seasons, except as we feel the cold,—being so closely walled around that there is nowhere to look, and nothing to see but the walls that enclose us, and a little of the sky above. You don't know much about such an imprisonment as this, having never seen, in an American city, so narrow, dirty and noisy a street as this in which we live. But we have much to be thankful for every day, and I have thus far experienced less of hardship, of toil and privation, than I was looking forward to in the missionary life. I feel that it would be wrong for me to complain, when my situation is so comfortable compared with that of many missionaries who are deserving of more, much more, than myself.

“Into whose hands the government of this empire is to fall is not yet known. Everybody seems to be quietly waiting for what is to come; and, seeing everybody about me so quiet, I keep so myself.

“I shall expect mother to write often, whatever the rest do, because she is ever ready for letter-writing.”

## FROM HER MOTHER.

“Dorset, Sept. 6th, 1839.

“DEAR HENRIETTA: It is one year this morning since I heard from your lips the last sentence that will ever greet my ears where earthly ties are felt. How often do those words thrill my heart through and through! O, could you know how my tears flow when I see the many mementoes you have left behind, and think of the unknown trials that may surround you, you would know that your mother remembered you with a stronger and tenderer affection than ever before! But, much as I long to see you, do not think I wish you to return, unless God prepares the way and bids you enter it.

“If you do in any measure feel as the Saviour did when he left his Father’s court and all the joys of the celestial world, and took upon him the form of a servant, that from among the ignorant and the opposing he might bring many sons and daughters unto glory,—if you have this holy compassion for souls, and this unquenchable love to God, it is enough. I can have no painful forebodings, and you can have nothing to fear. Should you be cast into a furnace seven times heated, your Saviour would walk with you there, and preserve you. And should death make you his victim, He can put joy and gladness into your heart, and a song of victory into your mouth.

“I had been longing with unquenchable desire to hear from you before I received your letter by the last mail.

“We had taken a great deal of pleasure in thinking how much comfort you would have in our letters; but when you told us the sad story, our disappointment and grief were almost equal to yours, and we could hardly forbear weeping for you.

“S. and his family were here in July. The old hive was rather full, and somewhat noisy for a little while, but it was pleasant. You know there are no roses without thorns, but it does not spoil them.

“We all thank you a thousand times for writing so often. Do continue to make glad our hearts. W. lives in hopes he shall again see you. Jane would hardly care what event brought you to America, if you would only come.

“That the word of God may ever abide in you, and the teachings of the Holy Spirit fill you with consolation, that you may have that hope which shall be as an anchor to your soul, & the prayer of

“Your affectionate and sympathizing

“MOTHER.

“Dear child, how hard to bid you adieu, when you are always in my mind ! ”

TO HER FAMILY FRIENDS AT DORSET.

“Constantinople, Sept. 11, 1839.

“My thoughts and heart have been much with you since the arrival of the letters. It was almost too much excitement for one afternoon, and I am hardly recovered from it yet. I laughed and cried, and laughed and cried, till I was well-nigh exhausted. Then followed a sleepless night, because I was too happy to sleep, after having heard from you all.

“I am in great need of my pillows, having only a pair of old ones that we brought with us, and one which I have borrowed. With these I now make up three beds for company. For ourselves, we have learned to make a comforter answer for bolster and pillows too. Once in a while we get the privilege of sleeping on a pillow, but it is not often spared to us for more than a few days at a time.

“I thank you for such a particular description of things. A picture of home is what we want in every letter. It will ever be the most delightful and interesting of pictures to me.

“Nothing here is in harmony with the tastes and feelings that have grown in such a country as ours. There is a rude and semi-barbarian look to everything, that carries us back an age from the advancement of the American world. Everything we see and hear gives an impression of ignorance, superstition and moral degradation, which disgusts as well as grieves us. I feel like an exile, and yet I am happy. My husband’s home and work are here. I would be here rather than anywhere else in the world.

“It has troubled me that I find so little time for study.

There are so many interruptions of various kinds, that I have not felt at all like a student since the first four weeks. We have had almost constant company since we commenced housekeeping, and you know what an interruption that is to everything.

“We find the Armenians a very interesting and hopeful class of people; but they have suffered much, both in mind and morals, from the debasing slavery to which they are subjected. Their superiority to the Greeks is very marked.

“*November 17.* — We like Commodore Porter and his family very much. They have preserved their American character admirably, and would be fair specimens of it in any country. The missionary families are on very familiar terms with them, exchanging frequent calls and visits.

“We need much aid from above to strengthen us for all we may be called to pass through. Life hath its many sorrows, as well as its many joys. May each, in the portion in which they shall be meted out to us, prepare us for that world where sorrowing shall cease!

“Things are now quiet among the Armenians. The prospect is that missionary schools may be revived before long.”

TO HER BROTHER, MR. B.

“*November 19.* — I wish you would all come in and make me a call this afternoon in my little sitting-room, and see how nice and comfortable everything looks. There is a carpet on the floor now, which covers up the broad cracks; and a little fire in my pleasant Franklin stove keeps me quite warm,— for the weather has not yet become very cold. I should ask you to sit down on the sofa, because there is but one chair in the room, besides the one in which I am sitting. Nor do I need more, for my sofa reaches across the whole of one side of the room, and is long enough to seat several such families as yours. It is, to be sure, not so very soft, being filled with straw; but it makes a comfortable seat, and looks well enough, with its calico covering. I should invite you to stop to tea, for I have two squash pies in the cupboard, which I made yes-

terday, so that I am quite prepared for company. The bread I fear you would not find so good as you have been accustomed to, it being both black and sour, having, besides, a sort of unwholesome taste that I cannot describe to you. The butter, too, is perhaps worse than what you have ever eaten upon your bread. But you would not mind these things much, so long as you were taking tea with me. Our living is, on the whole, better than we expected, because we do have *some* butter, *some* milk, and potatoes, *such as they are*.

“I wish you could look in and see my home as perfectly as I can yours. I have no pleasant views from my windows. Whichever way I look, walls are close upon me, and so high that I can only get a *peep* at the sky above them. Then there is constant noise and much dust, both of which are no small annoyances. It is very hard to be so shut away from all that is beautiful in this pleasant world. I feel a pining restlessness at times; but I drop my curtains, and keep my thoughts within, or send them to a distance as much as I can.

“I am glad you sometimes sing and play the flute for me. You can't think what a longing I have to hear you sing ‘The Landing of the Pilgrims’ once more. I was rejoiced to hear such an account of the flowers.

“How I shall feel to be unpacking the things put up by your hands in that far-distant land! It will bring you all up before me almost like the actual presence.”

FROM HER MOTHER.

“Dorset, Dec. 25, 1839.

“It is safe trusting an Almighty arm, and serving a righteous God, whose treasures are infinite. What a precious consideration that God has ordained that blessings shall spring from crosses! Had it not been for that, on the 3d of December my heart would have broken. A whole year had passed since you left your native shores, and embarked on the tempestuous ocean for a strange land, — a land where even yourself seemed not the same. Nothing but the Bible and its Divine Author remained unchanged, and that, I trust, was our consolation.”

We had on that anniversary a beautiful day and a bright sun ; but the commencement of a separation on that memorable day, that would continue till days and suns should be no more, filled me with gloom, which bright days and suns could not drive away. But the Bible has healing for all our sorrows, — a balm for every wound. Who, but those possessing the spirit of the great adversary, could withhold it from the lost and wretched children of this world of sorrows ? O, may you be the means of bringing many to this fountain of living waters ! Surely, we should willingly suffer the loss of all things, if thereby we can make souls rich.

“To-day has been the concert of the world. It is a sweet thought that the children of the kingdom have risen up before the throne. It seemed something like the time when Judah gathered together to bring back the king.”

In a letter to Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Hamlin gives a description of the house they occupied, a part of which follows :

“Our house is built of stone, with thick walls, and iron shutters to each window. The roof is covered, perhaps two inches thick, with lime, mortar and gravel, and then with two layers of earthen tile, so that the great terror of this city — *fire* — we are defended against. We are shut in by houses on every side, so close to us that the light from their windows in the evening is sometimes nearly sufficient to read by at ours. In all the houses of this great city the lower story is never used to live in, and is generally waste room, excepting a kitchen, a wash-room and an eating-room. One reason why the lower story is so little used is that in former times it was not safe, as a man could be easily shot through his own windows.

“The finishing of our house you would think sufficiently rough, should you examine it. The floors have cracks between all the boards, varying from one-half to three-fourths of an inch. Henrietta has often dropped her shears, keys, &c., through the cracks. At first I made a hook to hook them up

with, but at last I stopped the cracks. Our house has twenty-two windows on the front of the two upper stories, there being only a stone pillar between the windows. These had all to be curtained to keep out our neighbors' eyes. I have a Russian neighbor who could crawl into my study window from the opposite side of the street, and I could return his visit in the same way.

"There is no article of furniture in America which I could not get made here, and we can live in the same style as we do at home. I say *can*, but it would not be either economical or pleasant to take the pains to do so.

"Henrietta has contrived a good many American affairs, in cooking, by her own ingenuity. There is a sweet syrup found in great quantities in the market, made out of the raisin-pumice from which wine has been pressed. It is called *pek-mez*. H. boils it down to two-thirds its usual volume, and it makes excellent molasses. With this she makes very nice gingerbread, which I have not seen elsewhere since I left Boston. We find the ginger root at the bazaars, and grate it for use. She has also taught the servant how to make fritters, and with these our molasses is a luxury.

"I have made a hinged-head to the barrel you sent, with a lock and key, and it keeps our flour safe. I have also fitted up a set of boxes for sugar, coffee, rice, soap, &c., so that we can keep everything locked up. By spending an hour a day in my little workshop up garret, I can provide many convenient things, and at the same time benefit my health.

"Our trials, after all, are to be found in the common cares of life,—in that constant, unrelaxed stretch of watchfulness and wisdom necessary to the economical maintenance of a family here. Our funds are sacred funds. All the necessaries of life are dear. Servants cannot be trusted, and yet, as our whole time must be given to study and to missionary work, neither of us can well bestow sufficient attention upon household affairs. Servants will steal. Every article of food, clothing, &c., must therefore be kept under lock and key, except what is given out for daily use. Not a little food passes through the hand of

our servant to her dear aunt, who has in her family poverty and plurality in equal extremes. You cannot imagine what a wear and tear of patience one experiences who must live prudently in the midst of this crooked and perverse generation. The people of the country cheat each other. But the pocket of the missionary, though often picked, is never replenished in this way. Last fall, when I bought my year's supply of charcoal, I spent nearly a week in getting it. I made a number of bargains, but found the conditions unfulfilled, and broke them off. At last I thought I had succeeded finely with a Turkish merchant. But now, on using the coal, I find it full of a sort of honey-comb limestones, which, being picked out of the mud and mixed with the coal, were so covered with coal-dust that I cannot see them till the coal is burned.

“I bought a quantity of rice so cheap that some of the missionaries joined with me in getting quite an amount. But the seller had contrived to introduce a quantity of white marble, pounded up so as to make the pieces of the right size.”

Annoyances like those just related were continually occurring. And, in addition, were many little perplexities and positive discomforts, which would easily disturb so sensitive a nature as Henrietta's.

Objection is sometimes made to the sending out of women as missionaries to foreign fields, on the ground that it is at too great an expense of life. But, apart from the influence of a true-hearted woman in sustaining her husband in his work, our missions would lose half their power for good by such a retention. It is true many go at a sacrifice of health and life. Many a beloved sister lies buried on heathen ground, a noble martyr to the cause of missions. But have not the churches at home some responsible connection with this waste of precious life? Why are so many husbands left widowers, and so many children motherless, in a foreign land? There is a “shady side,” also, to the

missionary's life. Alas! that those who have devoted themselves to such a cause should be doomed to this wasting away of body and soul, by the parsimony of the church at home! Where is the law that imposes self-denial upon some, while it sanctions self-indulgence as the privilege of others? Is not Christ our head, and are we not all equally bound to bear his cross, and to walk in his steps, even up the steep mount of self-sacrifice?

Are not our missionaries agents of the church, and laboring in the common cause? And, because they have made those sacrifices and encountered those dangers from which some of us have shrunk, shall we, therefore, from self-indulgence, lay upon their shoulders still heavier burdens? Because they are fighting our battles, shall we pursue towards them a starveling policy, grudging them even a tithe of our abundance? We consider ourselves entitled to a pleasant home and a comfortable subsistence. Are they any the less entitled to these, for having voluntarily renounced country and friends to do what is equally incumbent upon us? Shall we so stint them that they must be pressed beyond measure by the question, "What shall we eat and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" and, more than all, "what is to become of our precious children?"

Are we not bound, by our love to the dear Redeemer, to provide so liberally for the temporal wants of our noble missionaries, that, with the least possible expenditure of health and life, they shall be able to devote all their energies to the great work to which they are consecrated?

In Mrs. Hamlin's case there were some alleviating circumstances, yet there is no doubt that her always delicate health was gradually impaired by her constant

anxiety to make the expenses of her family conform to the embarrassed finances of the Board, together with her subsequent cares as the head of a large household. Had she not been sustained by a sweet and abiding faith, she must sooner have sunk under the burden. But she moved easily in her new and difficult sphere, cheerfully adapting herself to all her varying circumstances, and, in contrast with a former tendency of mind, always looking upon the sunny side, and believing that there is "a silver lining to every cloud."

## THE FIRST-BORN.—REMOVAL TO THE COUNTRY.—OPENING OF THE SEMINARY.

DRESS OF MISSIONARIES — THREE MONTHS' RESIDENCE AT ARNAOUT  
KEUY — ENTERTAINMENT OF INVALID MISSIONARIES — BEBEK — HOS-  
TILITY OF INHABITANTS — MRS. HAMLIN'S INTEREST IN THE SCHOOL —  
DOMESTIC CHARACTER — VALLEY OF SWEET WATERS — VALLEY OF HEAV-  
ENLY WATERS — SUPERSTITIONS OF ORIENTAL CHURCHES — THE SULTAN  
GOING TO THE MOSQUE — PEEP INTO DOMESTIC LIFE.

“Mystery ! mystery !  
Holy and strange ;  
What a life-history,  
Fruitful of change,  
And endless of range,

Is folded here, sweet within sweet, like a blossom !”

J. C. MERRIGATE.

ON the 5th of December, 1839, the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin were gladdened by the birth of their first child. Although the infant stranger, by the hand of her father, very soon introduced herself to her grandmother's notice, yet that letter, with subsequent ones from its mother, was unfortunately never received. What a new fountain of tenderness and joy was thus opened in the heart of Mrs. Hamlin ! — a heart whose last beatings were true to her deep maternal affection and solicitude. The expression of her feelings on this occasion being lost, the first mention we find of the little one is when it was about five months old :

“The baby grows finely, and gets a great many compli-

ments for her beauty and intelligence. She is the liveliest little thing you ever saw, and full of laugh and play.

“My health is very good, and I have much zeal for Greek and Armenian. To read a difficult language is not so very difficult a thing; but to speak one is so, and requires much practice of the ear and tongue. The Greek I speak sufficiently for ordinary purposes. The Armenian I speak less, because I have not heard it so much.

“I must pay more attention to dress, and to the forms and customs of society, than I was ever obliged to before. The plan upon which I purchased my wardrobe, ‘that of the greatest possible plainness,’ was erroneous.”

On the subject to which Mrs. Hamlin here alludes not a few good people are under a misapprehension.

The devoted missionary, Mrs. Sarah L. Smith, in a letter home, after mentioning some articles of dress to be procured for her, says :

“You have doubtless perceived, from my letters, that we have not come out of the world by coming to Beirut, but that we require, as much as ever, to be respectably dressed. In our chapel we are seldom without the presence of English travelers, and not unfrequently there are with us English noblemen. For two reasons, at least, I think our little company should appear respectable, — first, for the honor of the missionary cause, and secondly, for our national dignity.”

That the personal influence of missionaries among a cultivated people, like the Armenians, would be unfavorably affected by any obvious neglect in regard to externals, is evident. The same glowing zeal for Christ, the same self-sacrificing love for the souls of the perishing, may lead a missionary, in one part of the world, to a more enlarged expenditure than would be necessary or befitting for one in a different state of

society. We consider it desirable for our ambassadors to foreign countries so to attend to externals as to command the respect of all, and reflect honor upon our government. In a proportionate degree will intelligent Christians wish to have the representatives of our church avoid bringing discredit upon the cause of missions by any style of dress or mode of life which might appear mean or disreputable. There is a befitting attention in externals to times and circumstances, to places and people, to position and influence, as necessary on missionary ground as in the towns and cities of our own country. While, then, we admit that there may be, as among ministers' families at home, some who err in this particular, yet, before we censure any one, let us be sure that his motive is not a regard for the most extended influence.

May the day soon come when our noble and devoted band of missionaries will neither be restricted in their expenditures for preaching the gospel, nor stinted in the necessaries of life!

As the lease for their house had expired, Mr. and Mrs. H. removed into the country, and, until a situation could be found suitable for their projected school, they took rooms temporarily in Arnaout Keuy, five miles up the Bosphorus. Here their rent was much cheaper than in the city, and here too they had an abundance of fresh air and fine scenery. Their rooms were in a spacious palace, containing forty apartments, once the magnificent residence of a Greek lord, the Prince of Wallachia, who perished in the Greek revolution. To one of Mrs. Hamlin's intense love of nature, the change from the crowded city to this romantic country residence was truly delightful. And there was much of peculiar interest lingering about this ancient castle. The parlor, with its twenty-nine windows, and its

massive mirrors on either side, opened into a hall seventy feet long, which looked out upon a beautiful garden. From the seat of honor in the parlor to the opposite end of the hall was one hundred and eight feet. "It is so long," says Mrs. Hamlin, "that it seems like setting out on a journey when I have occasion to walk the whole length of it."

On a moonlight evening, a land of enchantment is spread out before the eye. Beneath the windows are fairy gardens, superb kiosks and palaces, while the Bosphorus, like a sheet of molten silver, stretches away towards the Golden Horn, many a white sail dancing upon its glad bosom, and arrowy caiques, gliding like sea-birds over their moonlit way; and, ever and anon, fitful lights gleaming fantastically from ancient castles upon the Asiatic shore. The effect is heightened by a charming illusion, caused by the reduplication of all these lovely objects from the vast mirrors on either side. Upon this varied and beautiful scenery Mrs. Hamlin would gaze in silent rapture, or, walking with her companion through these noble rooms, she would listen for the echoing footfall of the past, or express her musings upon the fate of those who had left these once splendid apartments for the silent city of the dead.

In the Armenian Catholic families residing with them in the same palace she felt a deep interest. One of the young ladies became warmly attached to her, and often expressed the wish that she could escape the folly and falsehood by which she was surrounded.

To a missionary sister, then with her husband at Vienna :

"Arnaout Keuy, Sept. 23, 1840.

"MY DEAR MRS. SCHAUFFLER: Mr. Hamlin says he has done telling my correspondents that I shall write by the next mail.

“We have been looking for a house, moving and getting settled. I am now very well, and enjoying the fine country air and scenery. It is indeed good to be here, where I can see so much of this pleasant world. It refreshes my spirits, and I feel coming back a little to my former self, when I lived among green fields. I had become very restless in that prison-house in Pera. May I never be condemned to another such period of close confinement! We have very pleasant rooms, which we have taken until Mr. Hamlin can find a house suitable for the school. This house accommodates four families besides ourselves, and yet we are not crowded, as you would see could you look into our spacious apartments.

“Mr. Hebard has been with us since several weeks before we left Pera. He is an excellent man, and we have enjoyed his long stay as a favor. His cough is still troublesome, and there is reason to fear that consumption has fastened upon him. He loves the missionary work, and seems too valuable a laborer to be spared from the field; but there is One who knows better than we, and who will order all things well. Mr. and Mrs. Powers are also with us. Mrs. P. is very feeble. She was brought here upon a bed, and has left it only once a few moments during the ten days she has been with us. We have invited them to remain until the opening of the school.

“Sultan Murad was born on the 21st, and we are having the rejoicings usual on such occasions. I wish the Turks would find out something new, for I am tired of the same thing over and over again. I am making out a page of items, but I don't know how much of it will be news to you.

“Whenever anything has occurred which I thought would be particularly interesting to you and your husband, I have hoped that some one of your correspondents would write and tell you, and have presumed that Mr. Goodell would. In this way, I have kept you informed of almost everything that has happened.

“I have often wished to tell you about my little Henrietta. I did not know before that babies were so smart.” \* \* \*

Mr. Hebard, of the Syrian mission, of whom Mrs. Hamlin speaks, entered warmly into the plan of a seminary, giving his brethren essential aid by his experience and counsels. He left them on his return for a season to America, but finished his course in Malta, where his dust now reposes.

Mr. Hamlin had become quite impatient to open the long-talked-of boarding-school. He felt that in no way could they so permanently affect the state of society as by raising up a band of young men qualified to contend for the truth.

Towards the close of 1840, they removed to Bebek, and opened the seminary. At that time there was no other Frank family in the village, and great excitement and hostility followed the commencement of this undertaking. A committee waited upon the Patriarch, beseeching his influence with the Turkish government to have these strangers expelled, accusing them of eating fowls and eggs in Lent, and of teaching their scholars that it was no more sinful than to eat bread and cheese, thus exposing their whole village to the wrath of the Virgin. These applications, however, were vain. For a time their house was occasionally stoned in the night; but the excitement gradually passed away, and they were left unmolested. The school, commenced in doubt, soon began to prosper.

Early in 1841, Mr. Hamlin writes :

“ We have pleasing prospects of a flourishing school, although it is not two years since the study of foreign languages was forbidden, except in the Armenian college, and anathema were denounced upon all who should even salute us in the street. One of my scholars is a relative of the Prime Minister of Mehemet Ali. Another is from a high

family; and, should they become truly enlightened and converted, they will have an extensive sphere of influence."

In this seminary Mrs. Hamlin ever manifested the deepest interest. She often expressed her conviction that every good influence which could thus be exerted, every mind that could be enlightened and educated, would prove a permanent blessing to the nation. The subsequent usefulness of some of the earliest scholars was a source of the highest gratification to her.

It was at the opening of this institution that her sphere of duties assumed a definite aspect. Its economical supervision, although involving labors foreign to her literary tastes and habits, she now regarded as her great object in life. And, with an energy which never abated, and a heroic spirit of endurance, she entered upon her new duties, at the very outset establishing a rule which involved no small self-denial. Although oriental dishes were distasteful to her, she at once decided that her own table ought to be substantially the same with that of the students,—a principle to which she uniformly adhered, except when she had guests to entertain. To have introduced a European style of living into her own family, would not only have involved additional expense, but might have proved a source of discontent in the seminary. When, however, friends visited her, her table was generously spread.

In a letter to one who had formerly distrusted her qualifications for domestic duties, her husband playfully says, "Let me assure you that she is one of the most accomplished housekeepers in the world. Her pies, cakes, puddings, preserves, &c. &c., have excited the admiration of many a resident, and of many a traveller from many a land."

The following letter, from a missionary sister to Mrs. Hamlin's eldest daughter, after her mother's death, describes her free and graceful hospitality :

“ Here I am often reminded of your precious mamma, — of her gentle, loving spirit, and of her devotion to her family. Do you remember, when I was visiting Mrs. D. at Pera, and your mamma gave me an invitation to come and see her ? But I was to give her notice of my coming, as she was preparing for the approaching annual meeting. So, sending her a line one morning, I went up at evening to Bebek in an araba. You and your sister seated me in the parlor, and took my bonnet ; but said little Susan, ‘ Why did you come now ? We have just eaten up all our dinner.’ Then I understood that I was not expected that evening, and that my note had not reached its destination. Soon, however, your mamma made her appearance, and, by her cordial greeting, made me feel, not only that I was welcome, but that she was really gratified by my coming. She then slipped out, and soon after sent the little girl who said the dinner was all eaten up to call me to tea. I was surprised to see a table not only furnished with every necessary for a good dinner, but with a variety of luxuries for the tea-table. The servant-girl was sick, and all was prepared by her own hand, — the sweetmeats, tarts and cakes, of her own previous making.

“ Suffice it to say, I not only had a rich repast, but the most delightful social intercourse that evening and the following day. Nothing was said about the servants being sick, about the unexpectedness of my visit, or the weight of care and the variety of things demanding her attention ; and I wondered how she could accomplish so much, and find so much time for the quiet enjoyment of a visit under such circumstances.

“ I love to remember her exemplary conduct in all the relations she sustained, and it is my prayer that you may be like her.”

“ MY DEAR MRS. SCHAUFFLER : I was very happy to receive your letter. For several months I had not seen a line from

your pen, and I was wondering what great change could have come over Mrs. Schaufler, that nobody should get letters from her. It seems that you have still better occupation than writing to your friends. You may well be contented and happy to remain where you find such opportunities for usefulness. We feel disappointed that the time of your return is to be so long delayed. Your little ones will have quite outgrown their babyhood before we see them.

“We have been very happy through the winter, and I am not yet tired of the country. There has been a great proportion of bright and sunny weather, when I have longed to look out upon the pleasant gardens and the green hills. We could then step out of doors without plunging into mud. We have a retired and quiet place, sufficiently rural to please the most romantic taste. The upper garden is handsomely cultivated. Miss Henrietta often takes a drive in her carriage through its broad walks.

“It is true we cannot here attend those good meetings with the brethren and sisters, but we have more time for study, and a great deal more to think, talk and read. This studying of languages, how it keeps us from things we should like better!”

TO HER FRIEND M.

“Bebek, Jan. 24th, 1841.

“MY DEAR M.: I have been writing till I am tired, but I must write to you to-day. I have thought you a great many letters; and, had my hands been free to execute what my heart designed, almost every ship would have brought you something from me.

“We have a delightful situation in a small village about an hour’s sail from Constantinople. The village is built upon the opposite sides of two hills, which meet at the bottom, opening out upon the Bosphorus. About half way up the side of one of these hills, stands our house. Before it are two terraced gardens, rising one above the other, so that from the first we look down on a wall of twenty-five or thirty feet, to a large outer garden, in which are fruit-trees of various kinds. The

upper garden, which is on the same level with the house, and separated from it by a paved court, is very tastefully laid out, and highly cultivated. In one corner is a small artificial pond, shaded by a large fig-tree. This tree is now leafless, though almost everything else is green and fresh as if winter had not come. There is the laurel, the daphne, and the arbutus, of classic memory. The tree-myrtle is a most beautiful shrub, and I could gather you a pretty bouquet of the rose-buds that are opening this morning.

“Can you see how pleasant it is? On three sides of us we look up to green hills, and down upon houses and terraced gardens like our own. In one direction is the Bosphorus, and the hills which rise beyond. These remind me of the Manchester mountains, as seen from my chamber-window. Here we dwell in all peace and quietness, having escaped ten thousand interruptions to which we were exposed in the city.

“Mr. Hamlin has a small boarding-school while he is perfecting himself in the languages. The Greek I read, write and speak some. The Armenian I read and speak a little. The modern Greek is a beautiful and cultivated language, and I have much pleasure in learning it. The grammar is a little more simple and easy than that of the ancient language. The Armenian sounds worse than the German.

“When we were in the great house where we lived before coming here, we used often to speak of you. It was such a beautiful and romantic place that I could not help remembering our romantic days. It stood directly upon the waters, and looked up and down the Bosphorus for several miles. The shores before and on either side of us were lined with palaces of the Sultan and his pashas. And then we had such spacious and magnificent apartments! You may imagine the size of our parlor, from its having twenty-nine large windows, besides two of looking-glass, most of them opening upon the water. One day, as we were sitting there and looking out for enjoyment, Mr. H. said, ‘Why do you smile?’ ‘I was thinking of M.’s prophecy, which she so often repeated when we were walking that path through the negroes’ garden at Cats-

kill. She was to be a wanderer over the world, while I was to be a quiet dweller among my kindred and friends.' He smiled, too, at the complete reversion of the prophecy. Not long after, your letter came, and we were pleased to see that you remembered it.

"We immediately invited several invalid missionaries to come and stop with us; so that I kept hospital up to the time of our coming here, and had no time to write letters.

"What shall I say of baby? You will not expect a full description in this last page of my letter. She is a celebrated beauty, and her genius has attracted great notice from people of all nations. She has lately had an introduction to the sister of the Sultan. When the Sultana saw her, she exclaimed, 'Mash Allah, mash Allah!' (work of God). The servants were carrying her by the palace, when she saw her through the lattice, and asked them to stop. Her father is very proud of her, and it is little Nette who gets all the petting.

"The bouquet of evergreens I often look at, and am reminded of the walk to Deering's oaks, of your most eloquent speech, and of L.'s poetry.

"Yours affectionately,

"HENRIETTA."

TO HER SISTER S.

"I was going to write to everybody this week, but I find everybody is so many people that I cannot write to them all in one week."

Having described her situation as in the letter above, she says :

"The court is paved with small, round stones, of different colors, fancifully arranged. From this court two large doors open through a high stone wall into the street which passes by our house. These doors are always kept locked, and any one who would come in must first rap for admittance. The garden is laid out in four squares, which are separated from each

other by broad gravelled walks. Each of these squares is bordered by flowering shrubs of various kinds, and the whole garden has a bordering of the same kind.

“I was truly rejoiced to hear that father and mother are enjoying such comfortable health, and that you are all unchanged in appearance since I left. Your descriptions carried me back to the days when I was an inmate of the old mansion, and an expectant, too, looking forward with the rest of you to a ‘visit from the children,’ as mother used to call it. These visits were among the happiest portions of my life.

“They all wrote to me about your splendid flower-garden. I rejoice much in it. Send me a package of your choice seeds when you have an opportunity.

“When will you send me the drawing of our house? I know you cannot find time for everything, but bear this in mind, and when you can take it for me.”

FROM HER MOTHER.

“May, 1841.

“I feel as if you were stationed near the place where the great battle would be fought between Michael and his angels, and the dragon and his angels, and where the mighty hosts of Gog and Magog will be slain to cover the face of the earth. They are to fall upon the mountains, and you will be near enough to hear the noise of the battle, and to feel the shaking of the earth, which will make all the nations to tremble. I have been thinking that that part of the world which you now inhabit is to be the theatre where all the great events relating to the kingdom of God and the redemption of the world are to transpire. There the first soul and body were formed and united; there was the memorable garden where sin, and fear, and sorrow, were first known; there were the tree of life, and the flaming sword, and there the curse was pronounced upon the earth; there the voice of mercy first sounded; there the Saviour was born, and there he died; there he showed openly his triumph over death and hell, and there he ascended up into heaven, leaving the promise that in like manner he

would there descend, and every eye should behold him. But the New World as well as the Old, and they that are far off as well as those that are nigh, must witness these things. May we be prepared, and do all we can to prepare others for this dreadful day!

“Who knows but Constantinople will be the first converted city, and the Sultan the first Christian emperor of that apostate land, where the Holy Spirit early went forth with his life-giving influence?”

“My dear children, I need not tell you, if I could, how much I love you, and how I should love to see you. But, if God has been pleased to take such poor, lost creatures, and give them a place in his house, and employ them as his servants, I should not only resign you to his disposal, but rejoice in his condescension and mercy. And dear little Henrietta too, — when I think about her my heart and eyes melt. But, if the Lord will be the strength of her heart, and her portion forever, it is enough, — angels can have no more.

“I sit hours and think of you all, and where we shall next meet. How much more solemn that meeting than was our last parting! May it be a meeting to part no more!”

“I had been thinking of late how often our Saviour retired to the Mount of Olives. ‘And he went, as he was wont, to the Mount of Olives.’ A stone from the mount he so often trod was exceedingly precious to me.

“Deacon Kent still lives, and lives near to heaven as ever. He says he soon expects to enjoy eternal youth.”

“Bebek, July 12th, 1841.

“MY DEAR LITTLE WILLIE: I am glad to hear that you make some progress in your Latin, and that you can already master some of those hard sentences in Virgil. I love to think of you as a good boy, — diligent in your studies, exemplary in your behavior, and a great comfort to grandpa and grandma, and aunt S.

“As Mr. H. told you something about the city of Constantinople, perhaps you would like to hear from me something of

the country around it. There are two places in particular to which we often make excursions, which I should like to describe to you. One is called the Valley of Sweet Waters, the other the Valley of Heavenly Waters.

“In going to the Valley of Sweet Waters, you pass in a boat up the Golden Horn, with Galata on the right and Constantinople on the left. After a little time you pass the sacred mosque of Eyoub, where is kept the banner of the prophet Mohammed said to have been made of his trousers. There are also, are magnificent tombs of Turkish statesmen, sages and priests. After passing these, the waters are narrowed into a beautiful creek, which winds and turns in graceful curves among the meadow-land, till you arrive at a lovely valley, sprinkled over with clumps of majestic oak or plane trees. Here is a palace of the Sultan, which he sometimes occupies for two or three weeks in the spring. Every Friday, this being the Turkish Sabbath, and a day of amusement, many hundreds of Turks, Greeks, Armenians and Europeans, visit this place, and sit down under the trees to smoke pipes, drink coffee, and talk. The Turkish women sit by themselves, and, if a gentleman is seen approaching, they raise a great cry, ‘Haidee, haidee!’ (be off, be off). But they are quite glad to have European ladies sit down among them, that they may examine their dress, and ask a thousand foolish questions. These Turkish women are ignorant, not one in five hundred being able to read a word.

A favorite amusement of the children on these days is to throw bread into the little river which passes through the valley. The moment a piece of bread is thrown in, hundreds of small fishes fasten upon it, the number increasing every moment, till you can see nothing but a great black ball whirling and splashing in the water. Thus these little fishes struggle to get at the bread, until a big tortoise, coming along, disperses the riot by seizing the prize. Greek musicians bring their flutes and harps, and fill the air with their often discordant music. Jewish jugglers assemble to play off their tricks, to the great wonder and astonishment of the Turks, who take

great delight in such exhibitions. In this way the time passes till sun-down, when all quietly disperse.

“On the hills bordering this valley, the Sultan goes out, with the officers of his household and his body-guard, to shoot arrows. He always shoots with the wind, and, as the land falls rapidly from the summit of these hills, his arrows go a great way before striking the ground. His attendants profess to try with all their might to shoot beyond his arrows, but are very careful not to succeed. If a man should have the audacity to shoot beyond the Sultan, he might lose his favor forever. His officers generally shoot against the wind, while he shoots with it. But they attribute all the difference to his marvellous skill. When he makes a great shot a pillar is erected to mark the spot where he stood, and where the arrow fell. There are many of these white columns on the hills.

“The Heavenly Waters are on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, about seven miles from the city. Here also are fine shade-trees, a fountain, a mosque, and a summer-house for the Sultan, who visits it almost every Friday. As it is nearly opposite our village, we have been there several times. The Sultan, with a few of his guards, goes up the valley a little, sits down a while in a splendid chair, which is carried out for him, then shoots his arrows, and comes back to his palace to smoke a pipe and drink coffee. When we were last there, he passed very near, gazed at us all intently, and then sent a man to inquire who we were. This was intended as a sort of compliment. There were perhaps twenty or thirty of us together, Americans and English. His step was feeble, and he looked pale and sickly.

“This valley is close to a spot celebrated in history,—the point where Mehemet II., the conqueror of Constantinople, crossed from the Asiatic to the European side, to attack the city. The tombs of many of his warriors are there.

“On the top of the hill, directly opposite the window where I am sitting, is a small palace of the Sultan, to which he sometimes comes in the heat of summer, to enjoy the fine air and scenery.

“ On the other side of us he has another, which stands directly upon the water, so that he can fish from his window.

“ Perhaps you will think that you would like to come and live here. But you must get your education before you come. Remember that I once had hopes of your becoming a great mathematician. I still hope this ; but, more than all, I hope you will grow up to be a good man, and useful to the world.

“ Your affectionate aunt,

“ HENRIETTA.”

TO THE LADIES SEWING SOCIETY OF DORSET.

“ Bebek, July 29th, 1841.

“ MY DEAR FRIENDS: We have just received the barrel, which contained, among other things, the valuable donation from your society. While it is a pleasure to us to remember you as individuals, in connection with your several presents, we wish also to thank you as a society for this generous donation. The various articles are such as will be useful to us and add to our comfort, and we value them on this account, but still more as coming from personal friends in my native town. They seem to say that you regard us as your agents, sent to prosecute a work in which you are interested. Your interest would be deepened, could you see the need there is for some foreign influence against the ignorance and superstitions of these corrupt churches.

“ You will perhaps be surprised to hear that this is a very religious people. As it respects the externals of religion, they are as exact and punctilious as were the Jews when Christ said to them, ‘ Ye do strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.’

“ They fast twice a week ; that is, they abstain from meat, eggs, milk, butter, cheese and everything that can be said to have a particle of animal food, though it matters not how luxuriously they live upon articles that have no animal substance intermixed. This is their fasting. A man may swear, lie and steal, who would be horror-struck at the thought of eating an egg or taking a little milk in his coffee on Wednesday and Friday, or any other of their fast-days. Besides

these, they have two fasts of forty days each, and one of fifteen, in the course of the year.

“Every church and every house has pictures of the Virgin Mary and many of the saints; and before these pictures the Roman Catholics, Armenians and Greeks, bow themselves down and worship. If any one is unfortunate, he prays to the Virgin to intercede for him. If he is fortunate, he praises the Virgin, and consecrates to her some gift.

“The walls of many churches are hung entirely around with pictures, and the worshippers kiss each one, making the sign of the cross.

“To omit these external forms is regarded as a sign of infidelity.

“After confession to the priest, they receive the sacrament, and then believe themselves ready for heaven, notwithstanding the habitual practice of many vices, which they never for one moment think of laying aside.

“I might tell you many more things to show how entirely the religion of this people is one of mere forms and ceremonies. It has no power over the heart and conscience. They have left the commandments of God for the traditions of men; and thus, with the Bible in their hands, we see very few of the fruits of its spiritual religion in their lives. It never seems to have occurred to them that the religion of the gospel is anything which demands holiness of life.

“The same delusions follow them to their death-beds. Instead of resorting to the great Mediator, they send for a poor, ignorant priest, and receive absolution of their sins from his hands.

“There was, a few years since, an interesting instance of an Armenian, who, of his own accord, and without any external influence, discovered and abandoned the errors of his church. He was a man of wealth, from the interior of Asia Minor. He had never learned any foreign language, but devoted twenty-five years to the study of his own, in which he wrote several valuable works. He seems to have had truly evangelical views. His first effort at reform was an attempt to abolish

picture-worship. He succeeded in removing pictures from many of the churches. But his life was one of constant warfare with those that were his enemies for the truth's sake, and he was six times exiled. He took a great interest in education, and devoted several of his last years to teaching. At the time of his death, he had under his instruction twelve young men who were candidates for the priesthood. These are now all friends of the mission.

“Many, particularly among the Armenians, are beginning to feel that the church is degenerated, and some are waking to know the truth in its saving power. At Constantinople, Broosa, Trebizond, and some of the villages fifty miles distant, there is a spirit of inquiry, which we hope will increase till thousands shall be brought into the fold of Christ.

“Two of the quilts you sent are very handsome, and I am quite proud of showing them as from the Sewing Society in Dorset. They are evidence that you have not the idea that *anything* is good enough for missionaries.

“Your affectionate and obliged friend,

“H. HAMLIN.”

TO THE MISSES M., AT DORSET.

“MY DEAR FRIENDS: I have just taken a quill from the bunch you sent me, and have sat down to write to you. Your present I understood as a hint, which I assure you I did not need. Think of me as a missionary among a people with whom I can have no intercourse until I have first learned to speak their language; and not only one, but two or three are necessary. Then think of me as a housekeeper, having the care of a family in a country where everything is perplexingly new and strange. Add to this an almost constant interruption from the company of travellers and missionary friends, and you will cease to wonder that, with the care of little Henrietta, I do not find a great deal of time for writing letters. But it has been a pleasure to me to think of you, when I have not been able to tell you my thoughts. I often imagine myself

sitting in your parlor, just where you used to seat me in the low chair before the open door, looking out to that pleasant grove, and over those beautiful meadows, to the high mountains beyond. Next to my own father's house, there is no other place of which I have such a distinct recollection. The yards, the gardens and all the premises,—I see them now almost as if they were before me. When I was a child, your beautiful garden, with its variety of fruits and flowers, seemed almost a paradise to me, and I have never forgotten those impressions. I remember a very pleasant view I once enjoyed from the hills back of your house. I remember, too, the basket of strawberries that I had to carry home with me. It would be rather a hazardous undertaking to visit the strawberry fields which are everywhere around us; not because I should be in danger of trampling the grass, for there is none, but because their owner would think it very proper that he should have the privilege of gathering his own berries. They are cultivated like corn and potatoes. Ten years ago, strawberries were not known here; now there are in this village fields of an hundred acres, and these immense fields are dug over and transplanted every year, to increase the quantity of fruit.

“We have, in the course of the year, a great variety of fruits, many of which are not found in America; but I would give them all for some of the good apples that grow in my father's orchard. You perhaps know that we are now living in the country. I enjoy the open world very much, after the close confinement of the city.

“You may like a description of the manner in which the Sultan every week goes to the mosque for worship. On the last Friday, a young Jew, belonging to one of the most respectable families in Constantinople, invited us to the house of his sister, to see the Sultan and his royal suite enter the mosque, which was close to the house. We accordingly went. The Jewess received us very cordially, and expressed great gratitude to me for teaching her little boys, who are members of our school. Her house was full of Jewish women and children,

principally her relations. Some of the little girls were quite pretty. They came from Trieste, and were therefore dressed in the European style. Turkish women were also present, but when they saw Mr. Hamlin they all went out of the house. Soon a singular personage appeared, who was greatly disturbed lest we should remove the lattices, so that European faces would be seen by those outside. She was the wife of a Turkish priest of this village, who was owner of the house. Contrary to the law of the Turks, he had rented it to Europeans, and was afraid that some of the Turks outside would see the faces of Franks at the windows, and in that way discover his crime.

“ Soon after we arrived, a band of soldiers formed from the landing-place to the door of the mosque, and a splendid band of music was drawn up to receive the Sultan in his royal barge. Soon three men entered the mosque, with richly-gilded knapsacks on their backs. They contained the Sultan's Koran, in three volumes, each volume a folio of two thousand pages. Other servants followed, with bundles containing the robes of the officiating priests, and rich rugs and cushions for the Sultan. Then everything waited in silent suspense. The heavy stroke of oars told the approach, and the band, said to be equal to any in Europe, struck up the Sultan's march. A moment after, a splendid boat, very long and sharp, richly carved and gilded, and rowed by twenty-four athletic men, in white muslin robes, shot by the landing-place, and, making a most graceful turn, came partly back, and took its station a few rods off. A minute more and another boat followed, just like this, cleaving the water as by magic, and, performing the same admirable evolution, took its station by the side of the first. In a moment, the sublimest strains of music, bursting from the band, heralded the monarch's approach. Every eye was turned towards the water ; and lo ! the glittering pageant came rushing on with the speed of the wind. But this third boat, with its royal canopy and crimson curtains, was empty, and passed the landing-place. In its wake, however, came a fourth. An officer, or member of the royal household, was kneeling at the

prow, his face turned reverently towards the stern, where the young Sultan sat, beneath a magnificent canopy, supported by gilded columns and covered with crimson cloth, inwrought with gold and silver flowers. Two officers sat before him, face to face, and one man was behind the canopy at the helm. The barge came to the landing-place with great precision, and two attendants, one at each arm, assisted him to rise. He was dressed in a plain cloth cloak, the collar of which was radiant with gems, and the clasp in front a star of diamonds. As he passed along, a man with a silver censer bore incense before him, and the soldiers presented arms; as he entered the mosque, the music ceased, and a shout was raised corresponding to the English 'Long live the king!' He continued at prayers about half an hour, when he came out, mounted a horse whose caparisons glittered with gold and silver, and, with a large retinue of officers, moved off to a small summer palace in this village.

"I forgot to tell you that the three empty boats that preceded him were for mere display. So also, when he goes to the mosque on horseback, a number of the finest horses, covered with gold and silver and precious stones, are led before him to increase the show. What would be thought of such going to church in our country?"

"All this will give you some idea of the kind of world in which we live. For information of what we are doing in our missionary work, I must refer you to other letters. Mr. Hamlin has a flourishing school, which almost entirely occupies his time. Next year we are to take another house, and increase the school as much as the funds of the Board will allow."

TO HER SISTER, MRS. M.

"Bebek, Aug. 1, 1841.

"You inquire how I succeed in domestic affairs. I have grown very fond of housekeeping, and have a great deal more fame in that line than I ever had in my own country. I am one of the most celebrated pie-makers of the mission, and Mr. Goodell 'doubts if the Sultan himself could make such cakes.'

The dishes of the country are generally made up of all sorts of things stewed together; so, if I want anything better, I must make it myself. I often think how highly favored is the woman who can devote all the time she wishes to her domestic affairs. But, if I were obliged to slave in the kitchen, after the manner of some of the ministers' wives in New England, I should perhaps think differently.

"You ask if we 'have a superintendent of servants.' I am the only stewardess of the establishment, and shall probably retain my office, without an assistant, until the American Board have become much richer than they are at present. Mr. Hamlin is to enlarge his school by receiving a class of twelve this fall, for which purpose we must remove to a larger house. I shall be sorry to leave this very pleasant place, but perhaps we may find another equally pleasant.

"Our gardens have given us a good supply of fruits and flowers. I should like to send you some of the grapes, figs and pomegranates, which are still to ripen. I would willingly exchange them for a few good apples."

Speaking of their little one, Mr. Hamlin writes :

"She often amuses herself by putting a cup or saucer on her head, and going about the house, crying in Greek, 'Oil, good oil to sell!' She talks Greek and English, and understands either language to a degree which attracts the admiration of those present."

Describing an earthquake, he says :

"A few buildings were injured, and a number of persons buried. It seemed as though not only every square of glass, but every movable article in the house, was shaking like the chattering of teeth. Many have been to me to inquire the cause, and among them two of the first bankers in the Armenian nation. They seemed much pleased with my explana-

tions, and gave me a cordial invitation to visit them, which I intend to do."

"We have for breakfast bread and butter, and sometimes black olives, which we like very much. At twelve o'clock, we have simply a lunch, consisting of bread and cheese, and dried fruit at this season, or fresh fruit in the latter part of summer. A cent's worth of hulvah, and two cents' worth of what you would call Graham bread, makes my dinner when I go to the city for business, and is often my lunch at home. We cannot afford to give our great family better bread, and we eat it ourselves that the scholars may have no cause for discontent. It is very coarse and brown, but it is generally sweet, and we believe quite as wholesome as the white bread, which is sold at double the price.

"We dine at five o'clock. Our meat is invariably fresh mutton. I never heard of anything except one kind of fish being salted in this country; and father's remark, that the barrel would make somebody a good '*meat-barrel*,' amused us, having never seen any such article since we left the ship at Smyrna.

"Our little seminary is going on quite prosperously. I have twelve boarding-scholars, and should have more if our house would receive them. We have four day-scholars now, two of whom are under Henrietta's care. They are bright little Jewish boys, whose father is quite a respectable man, from Trieste. My heart, head and hands, are pretty fully employed, with such a family and school. I hear from ten to twelve different recitations every day, and we use three languages — Armenian, English and Greek. I am waiting for text-books to arrive from America, when I shall reduce the classes and recitations."

We see with what ease and efficiency Mrs. Hamlin assumes the multiplied duties of her new situation, adapting herself to her varying circumstances, and doing good to all around as she finds opportunity; equally at home and equally happy in studying those

difficult languages, in instructing the little scholars under her care, or in superintending her large household ; cheerfully entering upon a course of self-denying economy, entertaining company with a graceful hospitality, and delicately ministering to the health and comfort of her missionary brothers and sisters.

“ She rises up and brightens as she should,  
And lights her smile for comfort, and is slow  
In nothing of high-hearted fortitude.”

## DIFFICULTIES AND DISCOURAGEMENTS.

ATTEMPT TO BREAK UP SEMINARY — SECOND REMOVAL — LITTLE HENRIETTA — LETTER TO A SISTER IN AFFLICTION — DESCRIPTION OF SITUATION — GARDEN-CONVERSATIONS WITH TURKS — FAMILY CONCERT — SEMINARY STRAITENED FOR WANT OF FUNDS — MRS. HAMLIN'S GREEK AND JEWISH SCHOLARS — HINDRANCES FROM ROMISH INFLUENCES — DISAPPOINTMENTS IN THE PURCHASE OF A HOUSE.

“ God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,  
To wrestle, not to reign.

So others shall  
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hands,  
From thy hands, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,  
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.”

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

AFTER a few months of prosperity, the quiet of the seminary was interrupted by persecution. The Armenian Patriarch, alarmed by the progress of the “new heresy,” and the existence of a Protestant institution, resolved to break it up. Under the guise of friendship, he sent spies to obtain the names of the scholars and the residence of their parents; but he was unfortunate in the selection of his instruments. To some such conceited visitors Mr. Hamlin once remarked: “Gentlemen, your object in coming here is perfectly apparent, and you will certainly fail of obtaining it. I shall tell you many things which you do not know, but not one which I do not wish you to know.” At this, they were glad to make their retreat. In the process of time, however, the Patriarch succeeded in obtaining most of the names. Learning that on an approaching feast-day those parents who

did not withdraw, their children would be anathematized, Mr. Hamlin simplified the matter by dismissing the whole school, a measure which occasioned a scene of general weeping among the students. The Patriarch triumphed in his success, the storm passed over, and in three weeks the students were all called back again. In about three months, some officious person, calling upon the Patriarch, said, "That infidel school which you killed so dead is risen again," when he once more commenced operations against it. Anticipating these interruptions, Mr. Hamlin gave no vacations except those of the Patriarch's unceremonious appointment; so that, although during the year the school was three times disbanded, the students secured ten months of study. Thus was victory gained by surrender.

In the fall of 1841 Mr. Hamlin writes :

"We are getting along pretty comfortably, except that I am harassed and chafed day and night by wearing the strait-jacket which the Board have put upon me in reference to the Seminary. I have a dozen students, besides a few day-scholars, under what I consider a fine course of discipline and instruction. And, during the past year, I have been gaining the experience and perfecting the plans necessary for a large institution. Divine Providence seems to have gone far beyond any plans and expectations of my own, opening the way for the education of Armenian youth in an unprecedented manner.

"Instead, however, of being enabled to enlarge our operations as we confidently expected, the appropriations for 1842 confine us to our present number, and I shall not be able even to employ an assistant teacher without running into debt. Meanwhile, the Jesuits, who understand the posture of affairs among the Armenians quite as well as we, are making great and successful efforts to proselyte them; and, not content with three Catholic colleges, devoted expressly to the

Armenians, are now putting up a fine addition to their college in this village, and will doubtless receive all the young men who apply to them. Thus, while the fields are emphatically ripening for the harvest, the church of Rome, and not the church of Christ, is sending forth the reapers to gather it. Had we the funds, we might now be educating fifty young men, as well as twelve. There is no other kind of missionary labor which promises to lay such a deep and permanent foundation as educating the young. Nothing can be more painful than our present position. Our intercourse with the people is untrammelled; interesting conversions are occurring among them, which prove the presence of the Holy Spirit. We might send out some pious native helpers, not now in our employ, to preach the gospel in neighboring cities and villages, and our school might be indefinitely enlarged. But, in the midst of these interesting scenes, our appropriations are not more than two-thirds of what is necessary to carry out our plans. The church of Rome is the only one which seems to be fully awake to the work of missions; and, unless the Lord appear in great power, she will gather into her drag-net of destruction the great proportion of the nominal Christians of the Turkish empire. Under present appearances, it would seem as though only a few thousand dollars a year, added to present appropriations, would be necessary to set at work agents which might result, through the grace of God, in saving the Armenian people."

The constant applications for admission to the seminary made it necessary for Mr. Hamlin to remove into a more spacious house, which was at once filled, the number of students being nearly doubled. The mansion was very old and dilapidated, but the terraces of the garden commanded scenery of surpassing beauty, and this Mrs. Hamlin regarded as a compensation for her discomforts. She looked out not only upon the noble Bosphorus, but upon the charming valley of

Heavenly Waters, with the heights beyond, reminding her of her own far-distant but still beloved mountains. The owner of the house — chief iron-merchant of the government — was hostile to the new movement; but, by personal intercourse, enmity was soon changed into friendship. The youngest daughter became, not long after, the subject of renewing grace, and is now the esteemed wife of one of the native pastors. Other members of the family also embraced the faith of the gospel, and it was always a source of grateful emotion to Mrs. Hamlin that God had made them the instruments of bringing salvation to this household.

In Jan. 1842, Dr. Jackson writes :

“We have had many solicitous thoughts about your interesting school, and have lamented that, while assailed by the malice of enemies, it should be starved by the parsimony of its friends. We want to hear much more about its progress and prospects. When I read the January *Herald*, I was thankful that your divine Master had enabled you to present the necessity and prospective value of the school with so much appropriate argument. Such appeals are desirable as reaching the wide field whence all the supplies grow. These supplies, as you will know with joy before you receive this, are just now springing up wonderfully in some portions of our land, notwithstanding its pecuniary pressures, which are thought to be greater than ever before. This again shows that it is not abounding wealth, but an awakened spirit of Christian self-denial through abounding grace, that is to save the world. And how much prayer and believing effort should be made to preserve the church from crying ‘Yet a little sleep,’ when not a tithe of her power has been exerted!

“The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.  
Amen.                   Your most affectionate father,

“WILLIAM JACKSON.”

TO HER BROTHER AND SISTER, MR. AND MRS. B.

“Bebek, Feb. 12, 1842.

“I have attempted nothing like study for several months, my time being wholly occupied with house-work and my necessary sewing. Little miss is such an interruption of business, that, with much effort, it is little that I accomplish in the course of the day. She comes very often, and, with an imploring face, says, ‘Play with her, mother; play with her.’ If she has a book, mother must look at the pictures and talk about them. If she is writing with her pencil, mother must examine and pronounce upon her performances, else it is all of no consequence to her. Since we allow her no other companionship, we must be as much everything to her ourselves as possible. I often contrast her circumstances with those of the little American children, who have good aunties to love and caress them, and plenty of agreeable playmates to enliven the days.

“I must proceed to tell you something about the box, and the agreeable surprise which its arrival occasioned. The little dresses and aprons are those which Miss Henrietta puts on when she goes to the city, or receives distinguished visitors. She calls them her ‘*gege*’ gowns and aprons.

“Our house is very pleasantly situated, but it is unfortunately so old and poor as hardly to afford us shelter. I have very pleasant visions of the beautiful white parsonage, and often see its inmates as they are gathered about the social hearth, with the two little ones to fill up the measure of enjoyment.”

TO HER FRIEND M.

“Bebek, March 1, 1842.

“MY DEAR M.: It is the first day of spring, and how it recalls the feelings of my childhood, when I was always so happy at the thought that winter had passed, and summer was coming! Whatever brings back my more romantic days and feelings reminds me of you, and so I have sat down to write to you. How I should like to know more about you than I can this morning, — of your health, of your circumstances, of the many

things, little and great, which affect your happiness from day to day and from week to week! But how few of these things can reach me in my far-off abode! If we could meet and talk over our feelings together as formerly, it would be one of the greatest luxuries I could enjoy in my Eastern home. I often imagine such a meeting, and wonder how we should seem to each other. We should both of us confess some change in our feelings in regard to many things, but I believe we should be essentially the same. I feel unchanged, except so far as circumstances have changed me; and who is there but must yield to the power of these? So many of my thoughts are now given to the earnest and serious cares of life, that I have much less time for the beautiful and the poetic than would be agreeable to me. Still, occupation is a blessing. In my solitary position I am never lonely, because I always find something to do which seems like important business. I have my household affairs, my sewing and my lessons, — and, what is more, I have my little Nette always with me, always talking, asking questions, and claiming attention. I am so covetous of the little time that remains to me for study, that I write but seldom even to those friends I love best. This is a trial, for it makes me fear that I shall be forgotten, and by and by cast off as one who places no value upon friends and friendship. But I hope you will always know and think better of me.

“You would wonder at me if you knew how little of anything I read. Except my Greek and Armenian books, I read almost nothing. These I keep always by me, and when I have a moment to look into them I am very glad to use it.

“*March 5th.* — I wish you could see what a pleasant day it is here. I do not believe you are enjoying such a bright, warm sunshine as we have this morning, or that you can look out upon so verdant a landscape. The winter has passed almost without our having realized its coming. Until February, we had nothing that reminded us of winter, and now it is spring. We have never once lost the sight of green fields, nor missed the voice of the singing birds. A few snow-storms

which whitened the hills for an hour, and a few cold days, is all of winter that we have seen or felt.

"I wish, too, you could look in and see our pleasant place. Our house to be sure is old, and looks like falling over our heads; but I do not mind this while I have so much that is beautiful in the external world to look upon. These beauties are very visible, because the walls of our house are composed principally of windows. If you were sitting with me by the table that stands in the centre of the room, you would almost fancy yourself in a glass house, through which you could see nearly the circuit of the horizon. Three sides of the room are almost entirely of windows.

"You would enjoy a walk with me in the gardens, which lie in several terraces upon the hills above us, and which command one of the finest views on the shores of the Bosphorus. A little above, in full view, are the two towers which guard the entrance from the Black Sea. Just below, at the foot of the hill, and upon the shore, is a beautiful little summer-house of the Sultan, into whose enclosure we can look whenever we please. The shore opposite, presenting a great variety of hill and dale, winds gracefully at this point, and seems to enclose it as a quiet little bay.

"We have in our house a boarding-school of twenty Armenian boys. Mr. Hamlin has much encouragement in it, and many discouragements; the latter principally for the want of funds to give the school such an establishment and support as it needs.

"Our little Henrietta has had a great deal of sickness since I wrote you last, but is now well, and is a fat, rosy-cheeked little girl, 'full of fun and felicity,' as her father says of her. She is the daily delight of her mother's heart, and the hourly hindrance to her business. Yours affectionately,

"HENRIETTA."

TO MR. AND MRS. M.

"Bebek, March, 1842.

"MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: You and your little family have been much in my thoughts since the arrival of our

last intelligence from America. The evening before Mr. M.'s letter was received, Mr. H. read to me from the *Portland Mirror* the notice of little Samuel's death. It went like an arrow to my heart, for I felt how yours had been pierced with sorrow by the removal of your dear little one. The wound has no doubt sometimes seemed too severe to have been inflicted by the hand of One that loves you and cares for your happiness. But I would hope that the same Hand has, ere this, dispensed healing mercy; and that now you can, with peace and calmness, think of the dear departed one as taken from you to be made better and happier than he could have been, had he enjoyed all the care that your love and fondness could lavish upon him. It is not so much beauty and loveliness forever passed away, but removed to a more congenial clime, where you may hope to behold it again, untouched by the blight of sin and sorrow. But I feel more like weeping with you, than like saying 'Grieve not for your loss.' The heart was made to feel such things, and must feel them, if it have the sensibility which is natural to it. How can a mother spare anything so precious as a sweet child? I wonder that there are not more broken hearts in the world, when I remember how many parents have seen their little ones sicken and die, and then laid them away in the grave. I sometimes tremble when I think how unprepared I am to pass through such a scene of sorrow.

"I often try to think how large each one of the children is, but am unable to fix upon any particular dimensions which satisfy me. They have no doubt increased much in stature since I saw them, and I hope proportionately in wisdom and knowledge, and every good thing. Their letters will pass for a great deal with us, if they only add a little to our knowledge of the matters and things which concern you as a family. Much love, many kisses and good wishes, to them."

Mr. Hamlin writes :

"The situation of our garden, for purity of air and beauty of scenery, is wholly unrivalled. Many visitors come to sit under its shady trees about sunset, to smoke their pipes and

inhale the balmy air. Although my joints sometimes ache from the position, yet I cross my legs with them on the green grass, apply the amber mouth-piece to my lips with all the gravity of an oriental, sip coffee out of their little cups, and discuss a thousand questions of science, politics and religion, always aiming to enlighten and instruct, without directly and roughly attacking their prejudices. Sometimes sentiments are advanced which I have to combat directly, but I always endeavor to do it by citing appropriate passages from the word of God, and asking them whether, in view of such and such declarations from God himself, they must not modify their views. I have never met with but one instance of a man's being irritated by this mode of discussion; on the contrary, they seem generally pleased with it, and I have often heard of their saying to others, 'This man does not dispute like us, but only brings testimony from the Bible. Is not that straight?' All my neighbors, so far as I know, are now very friendly, except one or two Catholic families. A year ago, everybody wished to get us out of the village. We feel greatly encouraged that our labor will not be in vain in the Lord."

In reply to the description of their house and gardens, Mrs. Jackson writes :

"I sit down, and in imagination look at your house and gardens, but the painting nowhere represents my dear children and the sweet little ones. If it did, I should try to fancy myself walking with you among the fragrant shrubbery and beneath the flowery arches. But how much better would it be if we could look upward by faith, and behold the blissful gardens, the ever-blooming flowers, and the fields of unfading glory, with a heaven-wrought expectation of meeting there, and together walking the golden streets !"

At another time she says :

"Opposite our window on the top of the hill, in the graveyard, are two monuments which are very striking to me. They

are of beautiful white marble, standing side by side. On one is inscribed 'To the memory of Henrietta Jackson,' and on the other, 'To the memory of Cyrus Hamlin.' They were brother and sister, and lovely children they were.

"The thought of having anything in the likeness of little Henrietta made me almost fly out of my chair. Your father says, 'I will send the wedding fee (just received) towards paying for it.'

"Every day in your father's prayers one petition is, 'O that we may hear good concerning them!' And every mail-day he will say, 'Shall we not have something from Constantinople to-day?'"

Of the little Henrietta her mother had said :

"Much of her conversation is about America, and her imagination is full of the good land. Whenever she hears anything called good, excellent or beautiful, the first question is, 'Did it come from America?' Poor child! she little knows from what good she is separated in having her lot cast in a land so different from the home of her parents. This thought often makes her mother sad."

To this her grandmother replies :

"Dear little Henrietta! I wept over her, and prayed that heaven might be her home. An inheritance there would compensate for the deprivation of earthly good things. *There* will be an all-sufficient and eternal fulness of all that God can give. Tell her, from grandma, that all good things are from heaven, not America."

Mention has been made of the Wednesday evening family concert for prayer. In writing to her daughter, Mrs. Jackson alludes to it "as a concert of prayer for all our families and family connections, and our descendants down to the end of time. May it," she continues, "be a statute in our families forever! I

often think of a cluster of grapes upon the vine, how closely they grow and press together; and I long to have every family of my children, and the families of all our future generations, be like clusters of grapes upon the vine. May we all remember the example of the Rechabites, and, like them, be faithful and obedient, and blessed forever, according as God has promised!"

With regard to the papal influence at Constantinople, Mr. Hamlin says:

"The Roman Catholics have a college at Galata, well furnished and endowed. They have also a large boarding-school in this village, and a free day-school at Galata, besides day-schools for the children of foreign residents.

"The Sisters of Charity from France have recently opened a large female boarding-school at Pera, under the care of the Jesuits. They have also a female day-school at Galata, which has had sixty scholars, some of them the children of Protestants. In these five institutions there must be from fifteen to twenty persons employed as teachers and directors. What a perfect and well-sustained system! How different from our own feeble seminary, which the Board is scarcely able to keep alive!

"Their churches, also, are indications of their wealth and energy in their missionary efforts. They have at least four well-built and costly stone churches in Pera and Galata. What a formidable sum it must have cost to build these four churches, college and boarding-schools, &c., and to keep them all in operation! The American Board is not able to build even one house for a boarding-school, nor to hire one, furnishing decent accommodations.

"With such an array of men and means, is it strange that the Papists make progress? They are supported, too, by ambassadors and the members of foreign embassies, and they are the bitter foes of all Protestant missionaries and missions. Much of the enmity which we have met with among the people has originated in their machinations and falsehoods. Considering the comparatively small amount of men and means

which the American churches have employed in this field, and the immense opposition which has been arrayed against them, they have reason to praise God for the degree of success which has attended their efforts. The wonder is, that the mission has maintained its existence at all. 'Truly God has spread a table before us in the presence of our enemies.'

"We are proud of our missionary spirit, while we do not come half way up to the standard of the Papists in regard to the amount of means employed, and the zeal with which contributions are made. The fact is, they believe the Pope more firmly than we believe the truth of God."

Respecting the prospects of the school, he writes :

"I am sorry to say that our seminary is so cramped for want of funds. We can have scholars to almost any number, and many of them those who would pay a moderate sum for the expense of board, if we only had the means of providing good accommodations and assistant teachers. We are now just receiving a new class of boarding-scholars, in addition to those of last year. We have, besides, two day-scholars from a Jewish family, who are very pleasant neighbors, and who call occasionally to see us. Henrietta takes the principal care of their instruction, and the entire charge of a promising little Greek girl, the daughter of a Greek widow, one of our servants. Thus we number our scholars at twenty-seven, while our assistant teacher, our two servants and ourselves, make thirty-three. For all these, except two, we provide board, lodging, washing, &c. I have made benches, tables, stove-pipes, &c., with my own hands."

In speaking of the intelligence and education of the father of the little Jewish scholars, he says :

"But the Jews generally, both in this city and throughout the empire, are an ignorant, superstitious, filthy, lying, covetous, greedy, servile race. The curse is still poured out upon them without abatement. Mr. Schaufler, with his Bibles, will, I hope, be the means of enlightening and saving some of

them ; but to see a tenth part of the Jewish population of Constantinople, or even a twentieth part, in any degree truly interested in Christianity, would be the greatest miracle of grace known since the days of the apostles, and I should regard it as the introduction of the millennium. Yet I trust that their children and children's children will be a new generation in intellectual and moral character, and that their minds will be open to the truth."

In the early part of October, he writes :

"After great labor, I have purchased a fine establishment for the school, but the pasha under whose jurisdiction the village falls refused to authorize the purchase. We shall, I hope, ultimately succeed ; but it will cost some time and money, and derange our plans.

"*October 16.*— We have given up entirely the attempt to get the bargain for the house ratified. The pasha is a tyrannical and vindictive man, and hates all foreigners with a perfect hatred. He can be managed only by heavy bribes, and with these we will have nothing to do. We must again move our quarters and hire a house, but where to go we know not. This affair is a heavy and unexpected blow to our school, — but we do not give up the ship. Perhaps we shall greatly rejoice in it.

"*October 30.*— Our horizon looks murky and lowering all around. Our enemies threaten another effort against the seminary. May the Lord stretch forth his hand to cover our heads in the day of battle !

"*December 26.*— Our seminary now lies very heavy on my hands. Six recitations every day are but a small part of the cares and labors, and a still smaller part of the anxieties which come upon me. I have attended to all these, and for more than two months have regularly devoted from eight to ten hours of the day or night to hard labor, constructing, with the aid of a Greek carpenter, a complete set of new and substantial, well-made bedsteads, writing-desks, mineralogical cases, &c. &c. By thus making them in the house, I have saved about fifty dollars to the American Board."

DEATH OF MRS. HAMLIN'S FATHER.  
—PURCHASE OF THE SEMINARY  
ESTABLISHMENT.

THIRD REMOVAL — TRAGICAL STORIES — ORIENTAL CONSCIENCE — STRUG-  
GLE FOR RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE — ILL HEALTH OF MRS. HAMLIN —  
SHORT RESIDENCE AT HALKI.

“The veil hath dropped. His spirit now,  
Intense with life, hath soared above.”

To be unable to smooth the dying pillow of those we love,—to treasure up the farewell words and looks of affection, and to see the lifeless form laid down in its last resting-place,—this is a peculiar trial. Yet it is one which the missionary is often called to endure.

The health of Mrs. Hamlin's father had long been feeble, but early in the fall of 1842 it began to fail rapidly, and continued to do so till he had passed into the rest of heaven. The account of the last scenes, written by his aged and infirm companion to her distant daughter, is deeply interesting, but only a few brief extracts can be given :

“I asked your father if he had anything to say to you. ‘Tell her to be sure to love and serve her Father in heaven, and not to forget her earthly father.’ He was highly gratified with your promise of sending little Henrietta's likeness; but I think he will never see it with mortal eyes, although his disembodied spirit may often look down upon you, and see you all as you are.

“Deacon Kent says, ‘Let him go. I would not hold him

here.' He sits by your father's bedside and prays, and tells over to the Lord the whole history of their acquaintance and his ministry, — tells of the revivals they have enjoyed, and the blessings they soon hope to enjoy together in the presence of God and the Saviour. His prayers are very affecting indeed, and his appearance (then over ninety-one) extremely so.

"Your father had long waited with strong desires to receive intelligence from you. Some of the children ran to his bed and imprudently exclaimed, 'A letter from Constantinople! He was quite excited, and, with an animated voice, said, 'O, joyful!' but was so overcome that he could not hear it.

"One day he asked me to read the last part of Matthew, where Christ was delivered to be crucified. I read to the end of the chapter, when he exclaimed, 'O, wonderful! wonderful! wonderful!'

"I went to him one morning, not expecting he would ever look at me again; but, as I was bending over him, he opened his eyes, and, when he saw who it was, fixing on me an inexpressible look, with a sweet angelic smile, he raised both his arms as if he would put them around me.

"At one time, when I went to him, he looked up with a smile, saying, 'I have been thinking that, if I did not love the Saviour, there was nothing in the universe that I did love.'

"A few days before his death, as I stood over him, oppressed with grief, he looked up pleasantly and said, 'Wait on the Lord, and he will renew your strength.'

"One morning, when I went to him, he was lying quietly with his eyes closed, as if communing with his own heart, upon his bed, as he did in all his sickness, when not in an agony of distress. I said to him, 'You are beginning to taste the joy that the Saviour bought with pains, are you not?' He looked up with a peaceful countenance, and said, 'I began to taste them a great many years ago.'"

Her afflicted mother closed a letter Oct. 3, saying :

“The next I shall write may be to say to you, as the angel said to Mary, — ‘*He is not here, he is risen.*’ ”

“Oct. 25.

“In my last letter, I told you my next would be when your father was no more. And now truly he is no more with us in this world. One week ago to-day, he was laid in the deep, dark grave, and the dear lifeless remains forever concealed from our eyes. O, the anguish of seeing him pass by his own beloved home, where we had so often passed in together when we returned from the house of God. O, my dear Henrietta! may you never know the sorrows of such an hour! — myself trembling on the brink of the grave, and he who would have guided my steps and walked with me down the gloomy descent, taken from me forever. What could we do without the Bible? — without the promises, without the counsels it contains?”

About this time she sent Mrs. Hamlin a copy of the outline of her father’s latest public address, made at the last communion he ever attended. After giving the heads, she adds :

“In this address I should think your father spoke half an hour, and his countenance seemed to be changed as if it had been the face of an angel! I thought of Stephen. I should have sent you the original, but I could not bear to part with it. It remains in his Psalm-book, just as he put it in.”

It was not till the month succeeding her beloved father’s death that Henrietta received the first tidings of his sickness, to which she replies :

“We were much afflicted to hear of father’s feeble state, but hope that ere this he has again been restored to health, and that he has now the prospect of enjoying years of usefulness on the earth. We shall wait anxiously for your next letter.

“ I have been wishing to write for some time, but the preparations for winter have hindered me. When I found the box was not coming this season, I set myself immediately about providing stockings for Henrietta. This I have been able to do by unravelling some old ones of her father’s, and knitting the yarn for her. I believe I have told you that no such thing as stocking-yarn is to be found in this country.”

At a later date, she writes :

“ I am sorry to hear such discouraging things in regard to father’s health. I shall still hope and pray for his recovery. It is when I hear of you thus in sickness and affliction that I feel more than ever the distance that separates me from you all.

“ Hohannes is now at Smyrna, and takes passage in the first ship for America. He is fleeing from persecution. Some of the Armenians who were our friends have been persuaded that the missionaries have evil designs against their beautiful Apostolic church, and it has so wrought upon their pride and jealousy that they have become bitter enemies of the missionaries and all the evangelicals. They are trying to break up our school, and have succeeded in withdrawing some of the scholars.”

In writing, about the same time, to her sister, Mrs. M., whose health was delicate, she says :

“ I cannot bear to think of you as enduring the confinement and suffering the languor and depression of the invalid. If it be so, may He who can make us happy in all circumstances be your happiness, giving calmness, comfort, peace, joy, and every good thing ! How much of his gracious aid we need, in order to be in readiness for all that may await us ! Life must have its sorrowful as well as its joyful hours, and we can none of us tell how many such may be before us. But God can strengthen the heart for whatever trial He may see it best to

bring. If He take away health, He can make us happy without health. If He takes away our friends, He can give us so much faith that we shall be happy in looking forward to the time when we shall be with them again in that world where there is no more the fear of separation. I love to think of heaven as a place where we shall enjoy the society of those we have loved here, without the fear or pain of parting. What a different world must that be from this! No sin, no sorrow — nothing to trouble the heart.

“I wish you could look in and see how comfortably we are getting settled for the winter. We have down two very good-looking carpets, and three stoves are put up; so that, with all my husband’s carpentering, calking and listing, we have the prospect of keeping warm.

“The persecutions among the Armenians have ceased for a little. Everything is quiet now, and nobody fears. How long this state of things will continue we cannot tell.”

It was some months after her venerated father had put off the mortal body, and was a rejoicing spirit before the throne, that she heard of his departure from earth. Her letter to her mother on this occasion has been mislaid; but to her sister, Mrs. M., she writes :

“Your long letter of four sheets was received a few days since, and I feel more grateful for it than I can express. I am glad you were able to spend so many weeks at home during father’s last sickness, and that you and Mr. M. were both there at the time of his death.

“It was a great trial to us that we were left for so long a time in suspense in regard to the event. I have felt most painfully the loss which we sustain in the removal of our dear father. It is the great subject upon which my thoughts dwell; and when I realize that one so dear to us has gone, to return no more, my feelings are indescribable. But we have a precious treasure in the memory of one who possessed so many excellences. I love to think of him as he was when with us.

His every-day life was good and beautiful. Who will do him any justice in an obituary notice? To us such a record is unnecessary, for we have his memoirs written on our hearts, where they can never be effaced."

The institution at Bebek was now in a prosperous condition. It had begun to attract attention, and was visited by multitudes, with whom Mr. Hamlin had religious discussion. Its third year they were accustomed to designate as "the year of the thousand visits." Some most interesting conversions followed upon these discussions. The school continuing to increase, they were compelled to seek a more commodious edifice. There was a particular house upon which Mr. Hamlin had had his heart set from his first coming to Bebek. Many difficulties were in the way of obtaining it, and his perseverance sometimes occasioned humorous remarks among his brethren. We have seen how the Pasha, some months previous, refused to ratify the bargain for its purchase. But, one by one, the obstacles were removed. In the autumn of 1843, this spacious and comfortable building was hired for two years and a half, and finally was purchased by the American Board as the permanent premises of the seminary.

Mrs. Hamlin's health had for some time been very feeble, and she had several times raised blood, while her cough excited great apprehension. They had contemplated spending the winter in Egypt; but, on removing into a more convenient house, her health improved, and, though always delicate, it was gradually restored to its accustomed state.

A tragical story had been connected with all the houses they had occupied since leaving Pera. Of the fate of the Greek lord of their house at Arnaout Keuy mention has been made. The occupant of their second

dwelling had been stabbed by assassins; but, recovering from the blow, on paying to the assassins a greater sum than the man who had hired them to do the deed, he was left with a pledge of safety. The iron merchant, the owner of the third, being, as was supposed, a man of vast wealth, was thrown into prison by the Grand Vizier. Here exorbitant demands were made upon him, and, being unable to meet them, he was driven to madness. The fortunes of the family owning their last residence would make a truly Arabian tale. From a Greek bread-dealer, the grandfather was suddenly raised to be the banker of the Grand Vizier. One day he was selling bread to the lowest of the people; the next, he was saluted and envied by the magnates of the proud city. The grandson, Cheleby Yorgaki, passed through the strangest vicissitudes of fortune. During the Greek revolution, his palace was at three different times stripped of its costly furniture by the Janizaries, as a ransom for his life. These misfortunes, together with several destructive fires, reduced him to comparative penury. A domestic affliction plunged him and his wife into a sorrow from which they never recovered. The aged couple continued for some time to occupy the lower story of the house, and manifested much affection for Mrs. Hamlin. The history of the negotiations in relation to the purchase of his house illustrates the pliant character of the oriental conscience. The owner affirmed that a bishop, a friend of theirs, who did not wish to appear in the matter, had offered them a sum considerably in advance of Mr. Hamlin's offer. Mr. Hamlin had, however, learned enough of oriental business fashions to doubt this assertion. The diplomacy lasted several months, but at length a compromise was effected at a sum quite below the bishop's offer. At the conclusion

of the bargain, Mr. Hamlin discovered that this friendly bishop was no other than his veritable self; and conceding to him for the occasion the title of bishop, and assuming that he *would* give that sum, Cheleby thus made him bid against himself, enjoying the affair as a pleasant joke. And yet these people were among the very best specimens of their religion. In this connection Mr. Hamlin says: "I have seen an end of all perfection in oriental piety. It does not purify the heart, enlighten the mind, nor save the soul."

The purchase of this edifice was regarded as an important object gained to the mission.

The following letter from Mr. Hamlin, recently received, gives some description of the building, and of the various uses to which it is applied:

"It is a wooden structure, originally painted a dead black, but now browned by the sunshine and storms of more than half a century.

"It is occupied by the principal and his family, with fifty boarding-scholars,—making in all sixty persons.

"Entering the back gate, beneath the columns on which a part of the house stands, you find two large workshops, each fifty feet long. One is on the ground, among the columns; the other, over it, was constructed by the principal and students, the English workmen in the Sultan's iron-works furnishing the material. Here are made stoves, stove-pipes, and all kinds of tin and japan ware. Three or four men are constantly employed, the students working only as occasion requires, for their clothing.

"Ascending a long flight of stone steps, you enter the lower story of the house, resting upon the above-named columns. In this story are the students' dining-hall and Mrs. Hinsdale's school-room for missionary children, containing also English children, the whole numbering twenty. The space for about half this story was excavated out of the steep side of the hill,

in solid rock, and furnishes excellent store-rooms and magazines for wood and coal.

“As you pass out of this story into a small garden, you find a magazine built of stone into the side-hill, which was a depository of the old wine for all the parties that this ancient house has seen. The wine-casks have disappeared, and one-half is fitted up for a japanning oven, the other for a camphene factory. It furnishes employment for poor and persecuted Armenian Protestants, not connected with the seminary.

“Ascend to another level, and you come to the apartments for the family and the chapel. On Sabbath morning, at nine o'clock, there is a service in Armenian, for the students and the Armenian families and workmen resident in the village. At this service about fifty attend. At the same hour is the Greek service in my study, at which twenty attend. At eleven is the English service, from forty to fifty attending. The exercises in the afternoon and evening are in the seminary hall.

“On the same level with this story are outbuildings, once used for a kitchen, store-room and servants' rooms. By the generous kindness of a New England lady, I have been able to change these buildings into a fine workshop and laboratory. The laboratory is an upper room, all the lower rooms being thrown into one spacious shop, containing a planing-machine for iron and brass, a turning-lathe, a carpenter's bench and tools, four assaying and melting furnaces, a blacksmith's forge, a well and a cistern. I have assayed many ores of the empire, and done something for some of the mines.

“There remain still the upper story and the spacious attic, devoted entirely to the students' dormitories, the Armenian students' hall, the Greek hall, or study-room, and recitation rooms.

“Passing to the opposite side of the street, there are old stables, a garden, cistern and well. I have neither horse nor horses, but I have put up, with infinite labor, a six-horse power steam-engine. Here is a last-factory, and preparations for baking, as also flour-mills. Here four workmen are constantly employed; and during the morning, noon and evening recesses,

the students pour in to their work, making it a cheerful and busy scene. As they work by the piece, and are well paid, it is easy to keep order and diligence. When our plans are completed, six or eight additional men will find constant employment.

“The expense of this establishment was only six thousand dollars, and it is all appropriated to the best possible uses. The students clothe themselves by their own labor.

“For all the shops, tools, machines, &c., no money of the Board has been used; but private individuals, mostly resident here, and our own labor, have furnished them.”

During their persecutions, when the Protestant Armenians were thrown out of employment, Mr. Hamlin determined to send several young Armenians to this country, to learn the principal mechanic arts and trades, that, on their return, they might not only supply the wants of the Protestants, but, by their superior skill, command the best business of the country, and obtain an independent livelihood. It was a bold experiment, but has, thus far, been attended with decided success. It promises to free the Protestant community from their humiliating dependence on their oppressors, and give them a position and influence in the empire which otherwise they could not easily have attained.

The letters of Mrs. Hamlin's mother, as we have seen, are distinguished for their sprightliness and intelligence, and for the depth of natural sensibility and unction that breathed through them. She frequently expressed her thoughts in verse, and continued the habit to the close of her long life. We cannot refrain from giving a specimen, written the summer following the death of her beloved companion, and before the monument to his memory had been erected. In a letter to her daughter she says, “I send you a rose-sprig that grew on the turf that lies over your father's face.”

And then, in the beautiful simplicity of her grief, she adds, "I will tell you what I thought beside his grave :

" O ! let not this beloved spot  
 Thus undistinguished lie,  
 And just like common earth appear  
 To heedless passers-by !  
 Let no rude foot, with careless step,  
 Press on this sacred dust !  
 What once was great is treasured here,  
 Concealed in holy trust.

" Let roses blossom all around,  
 And flowers of richest dye,  
 And lilies in their spotless white  
 Spread where the ruins lie !  
 Let sweetest shrubs and balmy plants  
 Shed rich perfumes around,  
 And Heaven affix some signal-mark  
 That this is hallowed ground !

" But God, from his celestial throne,  
 Regards this humble mound, —  
 An angel-band is stationed here  
 To guard the spot around.  
 Peaceful I leave the precious dust,  
 Since in God's care it lies,  
 Till He the bands of death shall burst,  
 And take it to the skies."

The following extract from a letter written soon after expresses her maternal heart :

"I do try to pray for you and for Constantinople ; and then so many fields and missionaries meet my eyes, that I can say little more than ' Lord, bless them all, and hear their prayers, and answer them according to the riches of thy grace, and suit thy mercies to all their needs.'

"I have one particular request to make daily, which seemed

to be impressed on my mind with great force when you mentioned your incessant labor and the crowds that throng you. It is that you may be filled with heavenly light, and stand as an illuminated building, light pouring from every window, enlightening all around you; and that your every word and action may be as rays of light shining upon the darkness, till all is brightness and joy.

“I am so broken down I feel incapable of writing; but this letter is to my children, and they will feel for the infirmities of a mother pressed under the weight of more than seventy years.”

“MY BELOVED LITTLE HENRIETTA: Your grandmother wishes very much to write a long letter to you, and tell you all about the once pleasant home of your mother, and about her when she was a little girl, — how she loved her book, and how she would sit in her little chair all Sabbath day, and read and learn good things. She never played on the Sabbath, and was always afraid she should not keep it holy.

“I never should be tired of talking to the dear little child I love so much, but whom I shall never see in this world. I must tell you, my dear little Henrietta, that all good things do not come from America. Heaven is the place from which every good thing flows down to earth, and it is as near to Constantinople as to America.

“I should like to write you about your sick and afflicted grandmother; how lonely she is, now your dear grandfather is gone; and how she feels when she looks out into the graveyard where he lies buried, and where, from her window, her eyes so often meet the trembling poplars that shade his lonely grave.”

TO HER FRIEND M.

“Bebek, March 1st, 1844.

“MY DEAR M.: It is a delightful day, — the sun shines brightly, and the air is soft and pleasant. The breath of the violets is sweet, and the fragrance of many other flowers comes in at my windows from the gardens below.

“I see you still surrounded by the snows of winter, and trying to keep warm in your snug little sitting-room, by a brisk fire in the stove. I wish I could see whether you are seated at your table and writing to me. I am sure you have had some thoughts of me, and this certainty has added greatly to my enjoyment of the day. Your parsonage has been described to me by one who has had the pleasure of taking tea with you at your little round table, so that I can form a better idea of your whereabouts than you seem to have of mine. Indeed, I have been changing mine so often, that before my description could reach its destination I should probably be somewhere else. I should like to describe to you the great old house in which we now live, and which we have taken for the long period of two and a half years. But I should despair of giving you any correct picture, even should I write over several sheets. Everything within and without is strange, and unlike what you have ever seen. It would require many words to describe the room in which I am now sitting, with its superabundance of ornament, painting and carved work. The house is very pleasantly situated, overlooking almost the whole village, and giving us a good view of its palace-lined shores. It is large and commodious, making us more comfortable than we have been in any former residence. It contains many marks of its former magnificence, and is the scene of a tale written by an Englishman, called ‘The Armenian.’ The foster-parents of the heroine still occupy apartments below, and it is not many days since I heard the story from them. They described to me the wedding-feast, when the house was crowded with guests, and the bridegroom awaiting the appointed hour. The bride came not. Search was made for her, but in vain. It seems they were going to marry her to an Armenian, but she preferred a Greek, although a poor man, and eloped with him. But the hardships of poverty soon brought her to the grave.”

In reference to this story, it may not be uninteresting to say that, on removing some part of the wall, an enamelled ring was found by Mr. H., which was sup-

posed to have been lost at the wedding-feast. This ring was carefully preserved by Mrs. H. while she lived, and was then sent to her friend M.

She continues :

“I am quite contented and happy. The only thing I want is more time for study, reading, and writing letters. I sometimes feel as if I had more than I could do, in the care of my two children, and the supervision of so large an establishment.

“You know, I believe, that Mr. and Mrs. Wood live with us at Bebek. They add much to the pleasure of our life.

“Drs. Hawes and Anderson have just made us a visit, and are still at Smyrna. The missionary work continues to prosper here in all its departments. The seminary was never in better circumstances, and we hope it is to do much for the progress of the reformation already commenced among the Armenians.

“Mr. Schaufler is at present in feeble health, and there is need that some one should lay hands on him to keep him from working himself to death.

“I congratulate you on your increased possessions. I often tremble when I feel how precious my little ones are to me. Write much about the child. Henrietta frequently asks for the cunning letter which little M. wrote her, and I believe she is meditating a reply.

“Our political state is at present very interesting, and every one seems expecting great events. Since the execution of the Armenian, who was beheaded some months since for his return from Mohammedanism to Christianity, a Greek has suffered martyrdom for the same cause. As soon as the English government learned the fact, they sent in a demand that the life of Turk or Christian never again be taken for a renunciation of Mohammedanism, and required that the Sultan should put his signature to such a paper. They were filled with indignation at the request, and declared a holy crusade against all Christian nations. But they knew that this was going too fast, and are now pausing to think what they shall do. We cannot yet

know what will come of it, but would hope for great good to all the world.

“*March 12.* — The Porte gave their answer yesterday, after many weeks of consideration, — a negative. Russia and Austria are with them; England has France and Prussia with her. Mr. Goodell writes, ‘What a Gog and Magog affair this twelve hundred and sixty is likely to make!’ Should war come, we may expect such battles as the world never saw; and I should wish to be much further from the scene of action than this. Should it become necessary for us to leave here, I have my husband’s promise that we do not stop short of the United States.

“Kisses to the darling baby from all of us.

“Yours as ever,

“HENRIETTA.”

In a letter home, a few days after, she says, in reference to the above-named movement :

“The second answer of the Turks, in which they promised all that was demanded, has been accepted. It is said that Russia finally became favorable. England declares herself protectress of all Christian subjects, except the Greeks. These she leaves to Russia, and has perhaps in this way conciliated her favor.”

This desirable result was obtained, under God, through the instrumentality of the English ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning. By his fearless stand in behalf of religious liberty, the principle of tolerance was established in the Turkish empire. This noble intervention has crowned Sir Stratford with the brightest laurels, and won for him the blessings and the prayers of every Christian heart throughout the world.

In closing a letter to her sister, Mrs. M., Henrietta says :

“It quite perplexes me when I hear that those whom I left

little boys and girls, have grown to be as tall as their father and mother. Please tell them all that I love them, and want to see them more than tongue can tell or pen can write.

“Such were the last accounts of Mr. M.’s health, that we are very anxious to hear again. I wish he would try the effect of a voyage to Constantinople, taking his wife with him. It is the very best prescription that I can think of for you both, and for us all. Distribute the children among the uncles and aunts, shut up the house, and come. *How easy!*”

Under date of June, 1844, Mr. Hamlin writes :

“The Jesuits are making a great effort against us, and are exciting the Armenians and Turks to oppose our measures, and, if possible, to expel us from the country. Our ambassador takes firm and decided ground in our favor, and there is no prospect that they will succeed.

“An ex-patriarch of the Armenian church has also been writing a circular against us, and the Patriarch and bishops have been preaching against us,—so that we are everywhere spoken against. But, notwithstanding this opposition, we were never happier in our work. In the first place, we have enough to do. And we not only have enough to do, but our work is of the *best possible kind*. To preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God, to unfold spiritual Christianity in its simplicity and purity, and to show the folly and falseness of forms and ceremonies as a means of reconciliation with God,—what can better employ the heart and life of the Christian? And this is not only a good work, but it is also not in vain in the Lord. Many have, as we trust, been transformed by the Spirit through the truth. The spirit of inquiry is not only becoming more extensive, but more spiritual in its character; and it is most evidently the work of God, and not of man. \* \* \* \* \*

“My dear wife is very domestically engaged in working over and salting butter, and, as this letter will go early in the morning, she will not be able to add a line.”

FROM HER MOTHER.

“ December, 1844.

“ I never received a letter from you that affected me so much as your last. My whole soul seemed to fly to you, and my heart embraced you as it never did before. I felt that I should see you no more on earth,—but what is that, if we can meet in heaven? O, my dear child, let us be faithful! What will all our cost of getting to heaven be, compared with what it cost the Saviour to bring us there? I cannot tell you what is in my heart to say to you; but you have the sweet word of God, and the Holy Comforter, who can teach you all things.

“ Cannot you contrive not to labor so hard, and break down in the morning of life? Perhaps you might eventually perform more labor by allowing yourself some rest. I hope discretion will guide your steps, and understanding preserve you.

“ I feel as if I could not close my letter, though I am so wearied that I can scarcely have one thought, and have prepared myself for a sleepless night. I thank you for every one of your letters a thousand times, knowing how difficult it is for you to write them. May the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us all!

“ I know you have higher services to perform than to turn from them to serve me, and a dearer and infinitely more worthy Friend to do for and to please than the dearest earthly relative. And I choose you should do His will.

“ Deacon Kent still lives and retains his mind, and is evidently increasing in preparation for heaven. He always inquires after you, and the state of things around you. He says, ‘I love the work they are employed in, and I love them for engaging in it.’

“ Sometimes a gleam of hope, like a lightning-flash, passes my mind, that I may see you again. So many missionaries return, perhaps you may. But I choose God should direct. If we meet in heaven, it will be enough,—O, *enough*, ENOUGH!

“ So ‘boundless is our Father’s love, in height, and depth, and length,’ that we are lost in an ocean of infinity! Not that I have seen these things with open face, but I do believe them.

And, feeling my own inability to express such wondrous things,  
I use the words of the angelic Watts :

‘Fain would I reach eternal things,  
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.’

“ But these notes must flow from a full heart, filled with the fulness of God. And there is one note in heaven that angels can never sound; there is no string in their lyre for that. They can sing, ‘Worthy is the Lamb,’ but saints only can add, ‘For He hath died for us.’ To this note there is in the heart of every saint a chord that will vibrate with thrilling ecstasy, beyond what angels can ever know. My dear Henrietta, may every one of all our households, at all times, feel that God is love, — that all we want is God to be our God ! ”

Notwithstanding the increasing infirmities of Mrs. Jackson, now nearly four-score years of age, she continued to write to her distant daughter almost every month. Mrs. Hamlin, however, from her pressing cares and often delicate health, was able to make but few replies. In her own language :

“ My letters have been growing fewer and further between, while at the same time my thoughts have increased in frequency and intensity. With my children and the seminary to care for, I never seem to find time enough for everything, and you can easily imagine how, under such circumstances, time passes with such an imperceptible flight, that months pass away, and friends remain neglected, while, with the intention to write always in my mind, I am unconscious of the neglect.

“ Our dwelling is large, spacious and airy, and the abundant exercise I take in it is no doubt promotive of health. I rarely find time to take a walk even in our garden, and yet my health has, on the whole, improved during the last year.

“ The only plants I have now are the verbena and the tuba rose. In one of our gardens we have a grove of lemon and orange trees, which are covered in winter to protect them from

frost. Under this covering I keep my flowers in the cold season.

“The children are at this moment looking out of the window, and Susan is lecturing some Greek children, who are at play in the street, because they do not conduct themselves according to her ideas of justice and propriety.”

The next intelligence of her health was not so favorable. In July, 1845, Mr. H. writes :

“Henrietta had, some two months since, a slight hemorrhage of the lungs, but nothing, as she says, compared with what she had at home. It was owing to fatigue and imprudent effort. The physician does not think it will recur again. Rest and freedom from care are the best medicine she could have.”

This letter gave Mrs. Jackson great anxiety, and for a time she was very earnest to have her daughter take a voyage to her native land. As she learned, however, of her improved health, she yielded her wishes to the indications of Providence, and gave up the thought of meeting her on earth. Her maternal heart was always overflowing with tenderness towards the dear little ones whom she was never to see.

“I wish I could tell you, when I was thinking of the little girls, what pleasant views I had of the goodness of God in saving little children. O, how delightful to think that the feeblest child that is looking up to Christ and to the fold where he gathers his lambs, with a desire to be there, he will notice, and lead up the steep ascent and along the narrow way, and bring it to be with him in Paradise forever !

“Your grandmother can assure you that the good things she learned when a child are better to her than thousands of silver and gold. In my long and sleepless nights, and long weeks of sickness and confinement, when I can neither read nor hear, they come fresh to my memory, and are an unspeakable comfort. And thus, when alone, I am not alone.

“*October 16.* — To-day is the anniversary of your father’s burial. I have been to visit his grave, and it seems but yesterday since I stood there and saw how his body was laid to rest till the morning of the resurrection. I felt that he had risen, and chose to look upwards ; yet the place where he and the children lie is very dear to me, and I love to visit it. And it is right I should. Mary, with tears, visited the sepulchre of Him she loved, and met with angels there, and her Saviour too, and her sorrow was turned to joy. So may our sorrows be soothed at the grave of friends, if faith directs our eye within the veil !

“*February, 1846.* — If I had health and mind, I should like to write something to the dear little unknown, and as yet unknowing babe. I should be glad to leave with all my grandchildren some token of a grandmother’s love, for them to look upon when the heart that dictated it has ceased to feel, and the hand that wrote it lies motionless in the dust ; that they might know there had lived one who had desired and prayed for their salvation. I feel a great deal for the dear child, and can do but little to benefit her ; but I will look to God, who can do all things for her.

‘ May she like some fair orb arise,  
With rays divinely bright,  
And shed on all the darkness round  
The beams of heavenly light !

‘ No clouds obscure her shining course,  
Nor darkness veil the way,  
By which she treads her upward path  
To the fair realms of day !

‘ And when all earthly lights expire,  
Bright suns no more arise,  
May she a radiant star appear  
In yon celestial skies !’

“*April, 1846.* — When I try to collect my thoughts, they are all in a tumult, like straws in a whirlwind. I sometimes feel as if I knew nothing, and my senses were all gone. But I shall continue to write you till they tell me my letters are unintelligible and must not be sent.”

“Halki, Sept. 3d, 1846.

“MY DEAR MOTHER: You will wonder where we are, for I am sure you never heard of such a place as Halki. It is a small island in the Sea of Marmora, about an hour and a half from Constantinople. We are here a little while for the health of the family, but especially for the improvement of Henrietta's health. The physicians have recommended a change of air for her, and we have taken a house here for one month.

“On the morning of every other day, Mr. Hamlin goes to Bebek, and spends the day with his school, returning in the evening. Thus he enjoys a pleasant sail by steamer, and has already derived much benefit from it. His health had failed very much during the last year, in consequence of his too abundant labors. He had in the winter a troublesome cough, which did not entirely leave him until since we came here. He is now feeling stronger and better than for a long time.

“I have had no cough through the summer, but have felt less vigor and energy than usual. I am now quite well, and am enjoying our residence here very much, and Henrietta's cheeks begin to look round and plump again.

“Our house, though small, stands directly upon the sea, and has a piazza built over the water, where we spend much of our time, and get the full benefit of the sea air. The children have just brought in each an apron-full of shells, which the servants have collected for them among the rocks below. They have poured them upon the floor, and some of them begin to walk about, greatly to their surprise, and they are calling me to look at the wonderful phenomenon. Many of them are precisely the same kind of shells which you used to bring me from Hampton Beach, and remind me of those visits to Brentwood, and that collection of shells which I used to keep in a certain green box, and which, for aught I know, may be there still. To-day everything reminds me of home, and I am glad I have a little time to write to you. I purpose writing many letters while I am here, as I have more leisure than when at Bebek.

“We are all going out to explore the island, and look upon the beautiful scenery around us, and in this manner finish the

eighth celebration of our wedding-day. We feel quite sure that you are thinking of us to-day. You have been very kind to send us so many letters, while you have received so few.

“Henrietta and Susan are very fond of looking at your picture, but they are sorry to discover that grandma is an old lady, because they are afraid she may not live till they go to America. They think much of your letters to them, and they are carefully preserved for their benefit in future years. There is no person in America of whom they think and talk so much as of grandma. Susan has just brought me a piece of paper, cut out to the best of her ability, which she says is for grandma.

“Among the Armenians things are in a very critical and interesting state.

“Our brethren are exposed literally to the loss of all things. Those who have a little property are arraigned on false charges of debt, and by means of false witnesses compelled to pay.”

## REMINISCENCES OF DEACON KENT.— DEATH OF MRS. H.'S MOTHER.

PROSPERITY OF SEMINARY — CHARTER OF TOLERANCE — LAST LETTERS OF  
MRS. JACKSON — LAST LETTERS OF MRS. H. — CHEERING TOKENS AMONG  
GREEKS.

“ They do not die,  
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,  
Nor change to us, although they change.”

*In Memoriam.*

INTIMATELY associated with the family of Dr. Jackson was good Deacon Kent, whom we first met at Henrietta's bridal, where he poured out his full heart of thanksgiving and love. This holy man of God, now almost a hundred years old, in accordance with the pledge at that time given, had daily borne Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin on his heart before the God of missions. We have seen how he sat by the dying bed of his faithful minister, and, as it were, on the wings of his prayer, bore him up to the gates of the New Jerusalem above.

A few scattered notices of this venerable saint, gleaned from Mrs. Jackson's letters, cannot fail to interest.

“ Deacon Kent came to see me not long since, and said I must tell you that he thought much of you, and prayed for you every day. He is quite deaf, and almost blind, — says he is waiting, expecting every day to go home to his heavenly

Father, and take possession of the inheritance He has willed to his children.”

“Deacon Kent’s inner man is daily strengthening, but the outer man is decaying. Not long since, he felt a fainting-fit coming on, when he said, with a smile, ‘I think I shan’t deceive you now; I believe I am going.’

“He says he ‘wants only an invitation, he don’t need a summons.’ He calls these sick turns ‘receiving billets.’ God has made him a witness for himself, that they that trust in Him ‘shall not be afraid.’”

“Deacon Kent seems about to leave us. It will be a great loss to our family, to the church and the world. He has lived almost ninety-seven years, and has been a praying soul eighty. May a double portion of his spirit rest on thousands!”

“Deacon Kent still lives. He has nearly lost the use of his limbs, but his piety is as bright as noon. Your sister M. visited him, and he told her some of the exercises he had had. He said that once, when he was praying, the heavens were opened, and he had such views that his breath ceased, and he had to seek air from the window, and it seemed to him that he never should breathe again. He called it ‘*a weight of glory.*’

“He was very sick some time since, and it was thought he was rapidly going. One night when he supposed he was alone, he began talking to himself. ‘I can trust Him; O, yes! I can trust Him. He never deceived me yet,—no, never, never! Why, He is my Brother,—yes, my *Brother!* He says so,—that is all I know about it.’ And much more, showing his faith and confidence. Satan can no longer distress him with doubts.”

“Deacon Kent still lives. He says he is expecting soon to be young, and never grow old any more. He was inquired of the other day how he did. ‘O,’ said he, ‘I am not ripe yet; when I am ripe, I shall drop off.’”

“Deacon Kent yet lives. They say he prays for mercies, and gives thanks for favors received all the time.”

From Mrs. Jackson's closing letter is taken this last mention of the beloved patriarch. Long had he lain close by the jasper walls of Paradise, and the bright angels soon bore him within its opened gates. There the prayers so long ascending before the throne descend, and will continue to descend in rich blessings upon the earth.

After the purchase of the seminary, and the act of religious tolerance secured by Sir Stratford, the boarding-school continued to make progress, enjoying in a high degree the blessing of Heaven.

In January, 1847, Mr. Hamlin writes :

“Our seminary is quite full, having thirty-eight scholars, with two assistant teachers, making forty boarders. Then, with three servants, and the man who works on our land and garden, and with our five selves, we are forty-nine, — a large household, requiring no little care to give them their meat in due season, and provide for all the wants, bodily, intellectual and spiritual, of such an establishment.

“Perhaps I mentioned in my last letter that we have licensed one of the senior class to preach. He has just returned from a visit to Nicomedia and Ada Bazar, where his labors seem to have been greatly blessed.

“We have organized a separate theological department, and now those who are fit for the pastoral office, after completing four years in the seminary, will study theology three years. God has blessed us, and that right early. We did not expect to see so much progress in so short a time.”

In a postscript, Mrs. Hamlin adds :

“I hope mother will not relinquish her good habit of writing us frequently. We get few letters from any other quarter, but it would ill become me to complain, who receive so much beyond my deserts.

“I was happy to hear so particularly of things in and about

the old mansion. S. ought to have told me of her improvements and embellishments. I rejoice much in all she has done to make the old and much-loved home pleasant and cheerful ; only I am afraid she will not be willing to leave it by and by, and come to Constantinople."

The next month Mr. H. gives a fuller account of their progress :

"Our seminary is in a condition more satisfactory to me than ever before, and I see it advancing, not rapidly, perhaps, but steadily, towards the standard I have had fixed in my mind for years. Five students, educated in our seminary, have entered the theological department. I trust we shall be able to raise up, through divine aid, a faithful and well-educated ministry. In the other department, we have just introduced the study of the Turkish language in the Arabic character, and I am pursuing the study myself in all the shreds and loose ends of time I can command. We have also organized an English department for the sons of English residents, and have received three students. Other Protestant families will probably send, and our institution may grow up into a college for Protestants of all classes, with a theological department in addition."

In the same letter, he speaks of the increased work of the press in the number of books issued, and of the greater attention to the preaching of the gospel. He also alludes to a new mode of persecution,—that of impressing for the navy Protestant Armenians, under the pretext of their being "*loafers.*" Several were thus impressed, while many remained in concealment.

In writing to her sister a letter of acknowledgment for a box of clothing from friends in Bangor, Henrietta says :

"The dresses for myself and children fit remarkably well. Since we have resided in this village, I find it almost impossi-

ble to get any assistance in my sewing, however much I may need it. Thus the seasons often come round before I am ready for them, till a friendly box like yours comes to my assistance. In the present instance, the articles are so much the things I need and would have selected, that it seems quite like a providential supply of my wants. I am happy to feel that, having less to do for myself and family, I may do more for others."

In the summer of 1847 her mother frequently expresses her deep sense of the failure of her physical and mental powers :

"I will give you one specimen of what I often experience in various things. I sat down upon my bed to take off my clothes. I looked at my dress ; how it was to be taken off I could not see. I looked at the sleeves, and how they were to come off my arms seemed a mystery. I sat a long time, and could think of no way to take off my dress. Old age has a dismal train, I can assure you, dear Henrietta.

"Do you, my dear child, remember that your mother is almost four-score years old ? But even now I have as many ardent desires for your comfort as I had twenty years ago. This is matter of thankfulness, for some people at my age scarcely know their children. But I think not only of you, but of your dear little ones, with the most lively and tender emotions."

As Mrs. Jackson approached the boundaries of her mortal life, her mind often lingered in the past. The following extract shows with what vividness scenes long gone by were recalled before her :

"To-day, August 3, is the anniversary of Loraine's death, — the sweetest, loveliest, most engaging of children. Just before she died, languishing and weak, having almost lost the power of speech, she exclaimed in an audible voice, and with a sweet smile, 'O, papa, I see up there those little children — those

good little children — I see them! *I see them!* Her father asked her where, but she could not answer, and I think she did not speak afterwards.”

Her mother then goes on to relate the circumstances which have been already narrated in the commencement of these Memorials,—that the little Loraine wished her baby-sister to have her name, and was grieved when she was refused, saying, “I shan’t want my name,” but was at length satisfied with Henrietta.

“Henrietta (the mother continues in her letter) was the name of a most excellent and deeply-afflicted woman, in the days of martyrs. It was a singular providence that added Loraine’s name also. The Sabbath on which you were to be baptized she was taken violently ill, which prevented the baptism. In two weeks from the day when she said she should not want her name, she was lying a corpse in the room where I am now writing! O, it seems as if it were but yesterday! She is now before my eyes. But no,—she is not here! Yonder, beneath that verdant sod, her lovely form is mixed with common earth, but her spirit, I trust, is with God that gave it.

\* \* \* I hardly know what I have written. My thoughts have been with the dead rather than the living. I am sitting in the room where I sat with the dead,—I seem to be sitting with them now.”

But neither did the failure of Mrs. Jackson’s powers, nor the thronging recollections of the past, abate in the least her deep interest in the noble cause of missions. “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning!” This was the language of her life, the utterance of her heart.

“I seem to receive into my soul the mighty works that have been wrought in that dark empire within the space of eight years. I look back to the time when a few came to you in the

silence of night for instruction. \* \* \* \* I have been reading the Acts of the Apostles, with a map of their journeying spread out before me. It seemed like a new history. How wonderful the method that God took to carry Paul to the island of Melitas, and detain him there three months with his companions, to teach those barbarians the knowledge of the true God!

“When you told me of your introduction to the Sultan, I thought such missionary intercourse with the Turks was as the handkerchiefs and aprons carried from Paul to the sick at Ephesus, — and who can tell but it may have a like blessed and healing effect?”

The religious tolerance procured by Sir Stratford Canning, in 1844, was a great point gained. But the concessions made at that time to the demands of England were only verbal, and on any change in government there was a liability to the return of the old principle of intolerance. Under these circumstances, it was of the first importance to secure a charter formally acknowledging the rights of Protestants as a Christian sect. This was accomplished during the absence of Sir Stratford, in 1847, by the unwearied efforts of Lord Cowley. And, as no distinction of nationality was made, the principle established is as effectual for a proselyte from Mohammedanism as for one from a corrupt Christianity. This achievement has rendered the name of Lord Cowley illustrious, in common with that of his noble compeer, Sir Stratford Canning. In respect to this measure, Mr. Hamlin says:

“We do not suppose that it is going to work smoothly at first. The Russian bear will growl, and bite the iron grates with which Divine Providence has wonderfully surrounded him; and Greeks, Papists and Armenians, will seek to subvert this measure; but we firmly believe that the hand of God is in it, and that the power of man will be exerted in vain against

it. 'The government has pledged itself to England, and the documents are already forwarded to the foreign office, and there is no going back. Protestant Christianity has now gained a great field for its *efforts*, and I trust for its *victories*. How much better to enter this field with the sword of the Spirit than to enter Mexico with carnage and death! Let us labor faithfully, and wait patiently for the development of God's great designs."

Among the hearts in America gladdened by this good tidings, none would rejoice with a purer joy than the mother of Mrs. Hamlin.

Mrs. Jackson often spoke of herself as writing "like a poor, broken-down woman," but the specimens we have seen would do credit to the mind and heart of one in the full vigor of life. The following letter, which proved to be her last, is in no respect inferior to the others. Her words fall upon the heart, sometimes like the plaintive sighing of the autumnal trees, and again like a prophetic strain of tender and inspiring music.

"Dorset, May 9, 1848.

"DEAR CHILDREN: More than a week of the month is gone, and I have not till now begun my letter. Not because I was forgetful, but because I was unable to do it; neither am I now able. For some weeks past I have had turns of extreme distress, such as I used to have of heart-complaint. It seemed sometimes as if death must be very near. I am some better now, but I have no reason to believe that the cause is removed. Yet thinking of you and the dear little one, and remembering that this is your birth-day, I could not forbear beginning a letter, — and O, how many things I want to say! \* \* \* \* \*

The world over seems to be filled with distress. The voice of tumult comes from the north and the south, from the east and the west. Political commotions are overturning the kingdoms of the eastern world, and even favored America is not free

from agitation. The war-spirit rages fearfully in some bosoms, and they thirst for blood like vultures. What will become of you, if Russia is stirred up to take part in the general contest? The Sultan has done so many good things, that I have been hoping God had blessings to bestow on him and his empire.

“Have you had information of what the Lord has been doing for France? Poor Switzerland! It seems as if she must be trodden down of the oppressor. The Vaudese Christians — how great their persecutions! There infidelity shows its fierce spirit, and the enmity of the wicked against the righteous is manifested in all its malignity. Satan rages with increased fury when God is about to give a signal blow to his kingdom. I have been reading Fox’s history of the persecutions. And it is surprising to see the places where the gospel was then preached, and where apostles and Christians prayed and poured out their blood, after more than eighteen hundred years, visited, and the seed they sowed in tears and anguish spring up with astonishing vigor in the fields sprinkled with their blood. I think of Nicomedia, and am filled with admiration. In primitive days it was a place of Christians that loved the Saviour, and held fast his doctrines. But the vengeance of persecutors was wreaked upon them; their churches were laid in ruins, the worshippers crushed, and the earth drenched with their blood. Yet the prayers and tears that were poured out there more than fifteen hundred years ago the Lord hath not forgotten. He has remembered it as a consecrated spot, and has caused his church to rise again, as the phoenix from his own ashes. And Constantinople has not been pure from the blood of the martyrs. It is probable that it was to some island in the Sea of Marmora that the holy Martin was sent to be cut in pieces. But undoubtedly you have more extended knowledge of these things than I have; however, it will bring our minds to a participation of the same great event, and to meditate on the unsearchable depths of divine wisdom.

“I have wanted to prepare another box for you, but it has not been in my power; so in *one* case where there was a will there was not a way, — at least, it seemed so to me. But I

have been trying to do what I can. I have knit two pairs of stockings for you and one pair for Mr. Hamlin, and I have two pairs done for the children.

“I want to know the ages of all the children. When you write again, don't forget to tell me. You told me once that Susan cut a paper to send to grandma. Do send me something which they have had in their hands, and that their eyes have looked upon.

“May we be able to rejoice always, and all our rejoicing be in the Lord! This is the prayer of your aged and affectionate mother,  
SUSANNA C. JACKSON.”

Very soon after writing this letter, this devoted mother's wearisome days and sleepless nights were numbered and finished. The same vessel which carried her last benisons to her distant children bore to them also the tidings of her departure from earth. In writing to her sister, Mrs. M., who communicated to her the sad news, Mrs. Hamlin says :

“The intelligence was totally unexpected. We had just received a letter from mother, which came in the same vessel with yours; and it was written with so much mental vigor, and with such a lively interest in everything that is taking place in the world, that it did not seem possible she could so soon pass away from it. ‘My mother dead!’ I said. ‘It cannot be!’ Have we no longer a mother to think of us, to love us, to write to us, and to pray for us? How many things will remind me of her untiring love to us all! Her letters will be precious remembrancers of her. She has not failed to write us often. O, how we shall miss her letters!”

A little later she writes to her brother :

“Mother's last letter indicated great mental activity. There was the same lively interest in everything which concerns us, and the same earnest solicitude for our children which she has

ever manifested. And I had the expectation that she would live yet many years. Mrs. Brown, the sister of Com. Porter, who was with us last week, said, after having read mother's letter, 'Is it possible that such a letter could have been written by a woman past seventy years?'

"How I shall ever remember the peculiar and happy expression of mother's countenance, when seated at her writing-table! It is a great thing to lose a mother, even after she has become aged and infirm, like ours.

"I am often saying to myself, 'And shall I never receive another letter from my mother?' It makes my heart ache to think how month after month and month after month is to pass without the accustomed letters."

Early the ensuing year, Mr. Hamlin writes :

"I have undertaken to build a church at the Prince's Islands for Greek and Armenian Protestants, they giving the land. The building is to cost one thousand dollars. Have you no rich man who will give it? I expect there is such a man or woman somewhere in the divine decrees, and I must soon try to find him or her out.

"I have one most cheering item of missionary news to give you. After all our despair and want of faith in regard to the Greeks, there seems to be a silent but truly spiritual work commenced among them here in Constantinople. Eleven or twelve attend Mr. Goodell's Turkish service, and at least three of them give good evidence of piety. One of them was some time since excommunicated, and recently the Greek patriarch—as much of an old fox as ever Herod was—laid a crafty and well-devised plan to have him banished, on false accusations, to one of the Greek convents of Mt. Sinai, where, of course, his race would soon be run. The firman was ready, and he was arrested at midnight to be sent away the next morning. But divine Providence, being considerably stronger than the Greek patriarch, put an unlooked-for obstacle in the way of his going that day, and the Protestant Armenians were enabled so far

to prove the fraud to the governor of the city that his fin an of exile was countermanded, till the case could be tried before the supreme court of the empire. The Greek's defence, and his fearless exposition of the idolatry of the Greek church, greatly interested and amused this august court of Turkish pashas and magnates. The presiding pasha, as the result, pronounced him innocent and free, but told him he must leave preaching to the 'missionaries,' and that he must give bonds not to preach himself. The Greek replied, 'No; I can give no such bonds without denying my faith, and being a hypocrite. He who knows the truth must proclaim it.' 'Yes,' replied his highness, in a softened tone, 'you may maintain the excellent precepts of the gospel, and tell how Christ was nailed to the cross for our sins, and such like things; but don't call the Greek churches idolatrous temples, and your nation idolaters.' 'O, yes!' said the Greek; 'I will give bonds for this. It is just what is in my heart.' He accordingly went home, glorifying God; and all his family, who till now stood aloof, have joined him in the faith."

"Bebek, Jan. 30th, 1850.

"MY DEAR M.: I was truly glad to receive your letter, whatever you may have inferred from my silence on the subject. It was more in the spirit of former years than most of the letters I receive. It did me good. It warmed my heart and refreshed my spirits. I know you are not greatly changed, but, like myself, you have more serious cares and less time for letter-writing than formerly.

"About two years since, I injured my eyes very much by sewing and reading Armenian until a late hour at night. Since that time I have not been able to do much writing or sewing in the evening.

"I thank you for sending me such a fine picture of your family. It was almost as good as a daguerreotype. I had much pleasure in thinking that you would hear of us through a gentleman from B., who spent the summer in our family, and whom I engaged to visit you, and tell you all about us.

But he died in Athens soon after leaving us. The children had become very much attached to him, and the lamentation which they made when he left seems, on looking back, quite prophetic.

“I may have mentioned to you Mrs. Brown, sister of Com. Porter, former resident minister here. She is a most interesting lady, and a very good friend of ours. The long evenings we make when she comes to visit us often remind me of *our* sittings up to talk, when we had not seen each other for several weeks.

“At a large table in the centre of the room where I am writing sit Henry and Edward Schaufler, who, with Henrietta, are occupied with their drawing-lesson. Their teacher, who stands near, is an Austrian officer, late from the Italian wars. They are talking German, so that I am not much disturbed by their conversation.

“Never inquire whether I have read any particular book. My reading scarcely extends beyond the *New York Observer* and *Evangelist*.

“We have just been having such a snow-storm as none of us have seen since we left New England. Large trees in our garden have been broken down by the weight of the snow; others are bending their white tops to the ground. Being covered with foliage, a great quantity of snow rested upon them. Mr. Schaufler says, ‘Does not this remind you of Andover?’

“Mr. Marsh, our new ambassador, with his company, are detained in Italy by the illness of Mrs. Marsh. They will probably occupy a large house next door to us.

“There have lately been several conversions among the Greeks of Constantinople. There is such a state of things as seems to call for a missionary devoted particularly to them. Mr. Van Lennep will probably return as missionary to the Greeks. \* \* \* \* How can the heart endure such a scene as you were called to pass through? I am sure it has little strength of its own to bear up under such a trial. May the hopes and consolations of our precious religion be yours,

now and evermore! May God bless you and yours, and keep you from sickness and death for many years to come."

The above is her last letter to her friend, and we believe the last but one that she ever wrote.

## TESTIMONIALS OF FRIENDSHIP.

DOMESTIC CHARACTER — TESTIMONY OF STUDENTS — LETTER FROM "ONE OF THE ANCIENTS" — EXCHANGE OF PLAYFUL LETTERS — OTHER TESTIMONIALS — CHARACTER AS A MOTHER — PROSPECTS FOR USEFULNESS.

"The blessing of her quiet life  
Fell on us like the dew ;  
And good thoughts where her footsteps pressed  
Like fairy blossoms grew.  
Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
Were in her very look ;  
We read her face as one who reads  
A true and holy book." J. G. WHITTIER.

THE year 1850 opened brightly upon the seminary at Bebek. The course of study was greatly extended and improved ; the students, numbering forty, were gathered in from all quarters, and many of them manifested a personal interest in the simple religion of the gospel.

The hostility of the inhabitants had passed away ; and several Greek families of high rank had, for some time, been on terms of pleasant social intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin.

The purchase of their present residence for the use of the seminary had been a new and cheering era in their missionary history. After a series of movings, they now considered themselves permanently settled. And, if Mrs. H. had any lingering doubts as to her sphere of action, those doubts were from this time ended. In placing the supervision of a household of nearly fifty in her hands, with only unskilful and

unfaithful servants to assist her, Providence had made her duty plain. Whatever desires she might feel to be engaged in more direct missionary effort, she was convinced that her missionary work was laid out in her large family. To this work she had consecrated herself anew, and had entered upon it with a cheerful energy. Nor did she ever grow weary of well doing, or in the least remit her efforts to promote the comfort and improvement of every member of her numerous household.

In the village she had come to be universally beloved. A little instance shows the power of her gentle influence. Mr. Hamlin had made efforts to obtain workmen for some necessary repairs about the house, but everybody was engaged. He offered extra wages, but in vain; and at length concluded that he must do the work himself. Being obliged to go to the city one morning, what was his surprise, on returning at night, to find the work done! His wife had gone to a master workman, and begged him to send two men for the day. "For your sake, madam," he replied.

While she was thus esteemed in the neighborhood, the students in the family entertained for her the highest regard and affection. Of those who have been in America, we have heard some of them speak of her in terms of the most enthusiastic admiration.

It seems that the students occupied rooms directly over Mrs. Hamlin's apartments. In mentioning this fact, says one of them, who for some years was a member of her family :

"Now, I think, in such a case everybody can easily imagine to how much annoyance and disturbance she was subjected, both day and night. She must have had great patience and self-denial to bear it without any complaint; because I am sure

our own mothers could not bear it. It seemed strange to many that she should put herself in such a trying position, thus separated from all other missionary families. But she was always cheerful, kind and persevering. Her character was often the subject of conversation among the scholars, and had a happy influence upon many minds."

He speaks of her kindness in case of sickness, and relates an instance where an own mother could not have been more devoted.

"Her retiring habits (he continues) did not limit her usefulness. Her influence was by no means confined to the seminary, but was felt among almost all classes of people. She was beloved and honored both within the school and without it, and her memory will be cherished by all who knew her."

Another of these students speaks with enthusiasm of her "beautiful heart," as displayed in her tender care of him in sickness, and her kind counsels when he left the country.

Among Mrs. Hamlin's domestic qualifications was a habit of strict economy, which, however, was far removed from parsimony, and never interfered with her benevolence. In the embarrassed state of the finances of the American Board, she exerted herself to the utmost in the retrenchment of her family expenditures.

It seems that on one occasion Mr. Hamlin had spoken more publicly than was his wont, and perhaps with something of a husband's pardonable pride, of his wife's rigid economy in all her household arrangements. His remarks, on coming to her knowledge, made her "blush," as she said in a note to a missionary friend, adding, "for a wife should let her *works* praise her, and not her husband's lips or letters."

This note drew forth the following characteristic

reply, to which it is hardly necessary to add the signature of her friend :

“ And not only do ‘ her own *works* praise her,’ but ‘ her husband also, and *he* praiseth her.’ And how can he help it, when he sees even his little ‘ children rise up and call her blessed ?’ And when he feels that it is as ‘ *her husband* he is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders in the land,’ ‘ his heart doth safely trust in her ;’ for he is assured that ‘ she will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life ;’ and he sees every day that she ‘ openeth her mouth with wisdom,’ and that ‘ in her tongue is the law of kindness.’ Many missionaries’ wives, and ‘ many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all,’ he says so often in his heart, that it sometimes even escapes his lips. And, indeed, dear sister, not only he, but ‘ *all the city of my people* doth know that thou art a virtuous woman.’ And although, such is poor human nature, our wives might not sit very contentedly to hear any *other* one of their number so very highly extolled, to the apparent disparagement of the rest, yet in this instance they lay their hand upon their mouth ; they answer not ; for they have too often seen your ‘ household clothed in scarlet,’ and have too often partaken of your hospitality, not to perceive that the mistress of the family is one that ‘ looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.’ And the writer of this has a very special remembrance of the pies, particularly the cold meat. And though a royal firman is found, requiring every man to bear *rule over* his wife, yet no firman can be found in any history, ancient or modern, sacred or profane, which requires a man to abstain from *praising* his wife, either in or out of doors. I do not see, therefore, but she must submit to this grievance, although it may sometimes cause her to ‘ blush.’

“ ONE OF THE ANCIENTS.”

A missionary sister, on reading this note, pleasantly remarked that Mr. Goodell had used up all the canonical books on Mrs. Hamlin, and left nothing but the Apocrypha for them.

Another humorous letter, from the same source, with its playful reply, may not be out of place here. By way of explanation, however, it should be said that the missionaries had frequent business meetings, either at Pera or Bebek, and that some members of their families, particularly the younger ones, often accompanied them. On these occasions, refreshments of some kind, alluded to in the following letter as "lunch," were always provided. It may be added that the writer, with all his praise of cakes and pies, very rarely tastes of any such "delectables."

"DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST: I do not find as any one inquires after you, or knows anything about you; but I have too lively a remembrance of the pies, cakes, tarts and other delectables, to say nothing of the cold meat, which is, in fact, best of all, to allow you to slip so quietly out of all existence, while Bebek is only six miles distant. So I beg you will just drop me a line, or request your eldest daughter to do so, just to inform me whether you and your increased family are well and happy during all these weeks and months of incessant rain. Pray how do you contrive to keep any sort of life in yourselves? We resort to *calisthenics*, I believe the word is, for in my boyhood we never had occasion for such words or things. If any human power appointed the weather, I verily believe we should all rebel; but, it being regulated by One who cannot err, it is our duty and privilege to be submissive, contented and happy.

"With the kindest regards of us all to yourself and other self, and Henrietta and Elizabeth and Caroline and 'Keren Happuch' (the tnen unchristened and unnamed baby — Job 42: 14), and with longing desire to take lunch with you, or have you all come here at lunch, I remain

"Most truly yours.

"P. S. — Were the weather not so gloomy, I would try to write in *poetry*."

To this sprightly effusion Mrs. Hamlin replied :

“ We cannot expect much from you, dear summer friends, when winter comes ; but I hope that sunny skies will ere long bring you to Bebek. We shall be most happy to see you all, and to have you take lunch with us. Should I not be so fortunate as to have any of those ‘ pies, cakes, and other delectables,’ of which you retain such a vivid remembrance, still you shall be most welcome to the very best which the house affords.

“ I feel greatly obliged for your kind remembrance of one whom you seem to regard as forgotten by all the rest of the world. I will not, however, beg your sympathy as for a poor sufferer ; for, notwithstanding your neglect, I really cannot find time to feel solitary ; and, besides, I have had many kind notes from other friends during your silence.

“ As to ‘ *poetry*,’ we cannot doubt your capability in that line, notwithstanding the weather. I think I heard, some years since, of your successfully composing *one line* in Malta, but whether Constantinople has added the second I have not been informed. With love to all,

“ Very sincerely yours,

“ H. L. J. HAMLIN.”

To Mrs. Hamlin’s untiring, self-sacrificing efforts for her large family, the late Mrs. Wood bore the most ample testimony. She related that, on her arrival at Constantinople, Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin were in that dilapidated mansion which has been alluded to, and where they were so cramped for room as to be very uncomfortable. Yet, although Mrs. Hamlin’s health was feeble, and she was obliged to strain every nerve to meet the demands upon her, she never heard one word of complaint fall from her lips.

Says the Rev. Dr. Anderson, one of the secretaries of the American Board :

“She is one of two or three favorite illustrations of what a missionary’s wife, of very slender constitution, may do, who is cheerfully devoted to the cause, and has a mind to work and a sound judgment. I remember her as busily occupied with her needle. There was no pretension about her. The rooms were neat, the chairs in place, the linen clean and smooth, and the children properly clad, obedient and happy, while the guest felt himself attended to without being a burden. It is astonishing how much well-balanced and well-regulated and sanctified powers will accomplish in Christ’s service, when the motive-power is resolute and untiring.”

Dr. Pomeroy, another secretary of the Board, who spent some days in their family, gives a similar testimony: “What struck me the most forcibly, while under their hospitable roof, was the very pleasant, quiet and orderly way in which the affairs of the house were conducted.”

It was a great pleasure to Mrs. Hamlin that she was able, in her last residence, to do more than ever before for the comfort of those under her roof. Nor were her kind ministrations limited to those of her own household.

Mrs. Wood often spoke of the constant and delicate attentions shown her while an invalid, both when residing in the family, and afterwards, when boarding at the distance of some miles. Mrs. Hamlin was in the habit of preparing and sending to her, week after week, by the hand of Mr. Hamlin, those dainties so grateful to the sick, and which in that country cannot be procured without great difficulty. Of these and similar kindnesses, continued through years of sickness and suffering, Mrs. Wood spoke with the warmest gratitude. On parting from this beloved missionary sister, she said to her, “I shall be afraid to hear from you, lest I should hear of your death from over-exertion.” On

her dying bed Mrs. Hamlin recalled and repeated these significant words.

This same lamented sister, Mrs. Wood, for a time intimately associated with Mrs. Hamlin on missionary ground, but who was obliged to return to this country on account of her health, has recently joined her, as we trust, in the rest of heaven.

A letter to Mrs. Hamlin, from another missionary sister, bears the same pleasing testimony to her unre-mitted ministering kindness :

“MY VERY DEAR SISTER: I wish I could tell you how deeply your sisterly kindness and great generosity, in sending me so many delicacies by my husband, have affected me. As we unpacked them I could hardly help shedding tears. I was before this under great obligations to you for many favors, which I have never had an opportunity of requiting in any form, nor of showing you that I had not forgotten the many ways in which you and your dear husband made my visit to you delightful. And now you have been doing the same things for my husband, and then preparing a load of delicacies for him to bring me. I must be willing, I see, to let you enjoy the *greater* pleasure of giving, though the receiving, in my feeble state, is not a small one. I do thank you, my dear sister, more than I can express, for everything; nor shall I ever forget your many kindnesses. May the Lord bless you and yours abundantly, for your efforts in adding so much to the comfort and happiness of

“Your at present feeble sister,

“C. M. L.”

The intellectual and moral, no less than the physical development of her children, was to Mrs. Hamlin a matter of unspeakable interest, and occupied her most anxious thoughts.

Three things she often remarked upon as of primary

importance in early training: that children should be made happy; that they should be truthful, cherishing a constant sense of responsibility to God and their parents; and that they should be fed with nothing but truth. She would allow of no implied deception.

Careless and indiscriminate reading she felt to be a great and prevalent evil. And, to prevent this, before putting any book into the hands of her children, she first read it herself, carefully guarding them against any false impressions. She often found books, written for children, so destitute of any prominent and leading object, that she laid them aside as unsuited for their perusal. In looking over the journals of the day, she marked whatever could afford her aid. Every example of self-sacrifice was used in a way to impress the heart. Kindness to the poor and needy, and to everything that has life, was taught as a primal virtue. She was delighted with a passage from *Silliman's Journal*, closing as follows:

“The child who is indulged in mutilating or killing an insect, for his own pleasure, has learnt the first lesson of inhumanity to his own species.”

Never had there been a time when the prospect for Mrs. Hamlin's usefulness and happiness in her work was more promising than at the commencement of the present year. Not only was the temporal condition of the seminary very flourishing, but the students manifested a deep interest in the objects of the mission. In a letter, dated July 25th, says Mr. Hamlin:

“Our students, the past year, earned in our workshops between three and four hundred dollars, and they gave at the monthly concert, and to other benevolent objects, one hundred dollars — a quarter of their income. Our manual-labor department is quite prosperous. At some other time I will give you

an account of our various branches of industry, which are too numerous to mention in a brief space. We have some idea of being represented in the World's Convention of the Arts."

In this same letter was made the first announcement of his wife's sickness. But he little knew what cup his Father's hand was mingling for him; he little dreamed that her sun was to go down at noon!

## SICKNESS, TRIALS AND STRUGGLES.

“ If now thou wilt her soul require,  
O ! sit as a refiner’s fire,  
And purge it first from sin !  
Thy love hath quicker wings than death,—  
The fulness of thy Spirit breathe,  
And bring thy nature in ! ”

ON the 26th of July, 1850, Mrs. Hamlin, with all the children, was attacked by a violent influenza. The dangerous illness of little Caroline awakened deep anxiety on the part of her parents. For twenty hours out of the twenty-four, during three or four successive days, her father drew her in her light carriage around the large hall, as the only way in which she could be soothed.

On the 29th their fifth daughter was born to them. The mother’s cough was relieved, and hopes were entertained of her speedy restoration to health. But this prospect was of short continuance. The cough soon returned, accompanied with ominous night-sweats. Various medical prescriptions were tried, but without effect.

Hoping that a change of air might prove advantageous, on the 29th of August, Mr. Hamlin took his family to the Princes Islands, in the Sea of Marmora, where they had formerly resided for a time, with great benefit to their health. They remained for a few days at a ho’el at Prinkipo, and with apparent advantage

to the invalid. But, as their expenses at that place were great, they removed to Halki, a neighboring island, taking the same house which they had formerly occupied. It was a lovely morning when they left their hotel and entered a boat for a sail of about twenty minutes. Mrs. Hamlin, borne in a sedan contrived by her husband, was greatly refreshed by the sea-breezes. When about half-way across, a sudden squall struck them, blowing the sedan into the water. After a time they recovered it, but the sea had become so rough that it was with great difficulty they could proceed. The children were alarmed, and the servants called upon the Holy Virgin to come quickly to their deliverance. Chilled and wet with the spray, they at length reached the landing.

Notwithstanding this unfavorable passage, Mrs. Hamlin apparently derived great benefit from the sea-air, and so far regained her strength as to be able to resume some of her household cares. Then came on a season of stormy winter weather, which increased her cough, and occasioned a return of sickness to the children. Thus, instead of that health which they had hoped to gain in this recruiting season, disease rushed in upon them like a flood. After a week of intense anxiety, in which they despaired of the life of one of their little ones, the children began to recover. But the mother's strength was prostrated. They remained at Halki a month, and then returned, disappointed in their sanguine expectations. But hope did not yet desert them.

In the blue Mediterranean, off the coast of Asia Minor, lies the beautiful island of Rhodes, whose salubrious climate makes it a delightful resort for invalids. Here, in her last sickness, came Mrs. Sarah L. Smith, when shipwrecked on her passage to Smyrna.

And hither Mr. Hamlin was advised to take his feeble wife, in the faint hope that its balmy breezes might prove beneficial to her declining health.

On the 5th of October they sailed from Bebek, having been first commended by the assembled missionary circle to the loving-kindness of their God. The passage seemed to produce the most favorable effect; indeed, the change in Mrs. Hamlin's appearance was so striking as to arrest the attention of a fellow-passenger, who expressed the opinion that her recovery was already secured.

As they approached the island, the waves were dashing against the gray rocks at the foot of the ancient battlements, or rolling and breaking upon the long, sandy shore. They entered the harbor at half-past six on Tuesday evening, the 8th of October. As Mrs. Hamlin descended the cabin stairs alone, she remarked that she "had never expected to have so much strength again."

Very early the next morning, Mr. Hamlin went on shore, and was so fortunate as to obtain the only desirable situation which the city afforded, and which, half an hour later, he would have lost. One or two showers of rain fell while he was removing their luggage, after which the clouds broke away and the rain ceased. Placing the invalid in her rocking-chair, lashed to two poles, they bore her through the old street of the knights, to the house from which she was no more to go out till the day of her death. A few scattering drops fell on them from the clouds, and she probably took additional cold. During the day, however, she seemed unusually well, but fatigued herself with unpacking while Mr. Hamlin was obtaining supplies.

In many respects Providence now seems to smile upon this family. They have obtained a pleasant sit-

uation. The house next their own is occupied by an attentive and experienced physician, Chevalier Hedenborg, from Sweden, a man of science, having for his attainments been knighted by his king. He and his wife, being victims of consumption, were residing upon this sunny isle as a means of prolonging their life. The near vicinity of so eminent a physician is no small blessing, and the warmest gratitude of Mrs. Hamlin's friends will ever be due to the Chevalier and his lady for their unremitting attentions and kindness to her and her family. The comforts and delicacies so desirable for the sick are easily obtained from the city. The climate is delightful, the temperature of their room not varying more than two or three degrees during the twenty-four hours. And the pure and balmy air is laden with health. A brighter day seems dawning, but it is only to set in darkness.

That night it rained heavily, and, although their own room remained dry, yet some parts of the house were flooded. During the same night Mrs. Hamlin's most discouraging symptoms returned. The next morning she said, "I feel very weak. I fear the effect of the voyage is all over." She then turned her head to weep, but immediately became composed. After a few anxious days of alternation between improvement and relapse, the dear sufferer expressed her conviction that all their efforts were fruitless. A difficult task was it then for the afflicted father to control the grief of those weeping children.

One morning, Henrietta, the eldest, nearly eleven years of age, said to him, "Father, when I pray for mother dear, I never know when to stop." At another time, he overheard Susan, the second daughter, not quite eight, entreating, "O God! spare my dear mother! Make her well again, or my tears will never, never

cease to flow. O, I shall never be happy again another moment of my life!" One day she asked him, "Father, does not God always hear prayer?" "Yes, my child." "Then why does not mother dear get well? I have prayed a great deal, and you and Henrietta have prayed, and yet God does not hear us. Why does he not hear us? O! I fear mother will die!" Poor child! She had not as yet learned God's various methods of answering prayer. She then wept convulsively for a long time, refusing to be comforted. Afterwards, on observing that her mother was sitting up and looking cheerful, her childish heart concluded that all danger was past, and her joy was as unbounded as had been her grief. Thus did they pass from weeping to gladness.

And now let us look at the circumstances of this beloved missionary family, and observe, as we follow their history, how, in all their "hard and difficult ways," God made their "shoes to be iron and brass." They are not only far from their native land and their beloved kindred, but they are exiles from the land of their adoption, and from the cherished missionary circle there. A sick and dying wife is dependent on Mr. Hamlin's care, and five children are hourly looking to him for comfort. Owing to the superstitious dread entertained of Mrs. Hamlin's disease, no permanent assistance can be obtained. A part of the time they were indeed able to hire a woman to come in and cook their dinner, but no consideration could induce her to undertake the washing of the family. And so great was her dread of infection, that a bowl from the sick chamber, which Mr. Hamlin had himself washed, but accidentally left in the kitchen, she instantly broke in pieces. Thus, for a great part of the time, they had no servant but the infant's nurse,— a woman of diabolical

temper. The mother, repelled by her countenance, had at first, with her instinctive judgment, felt unwilling to commit the tender infant to her care. But, yielding to what seemed inevitable, she finally acquiesced in the decision to take her, hoping for the best. Hardly, however, had they arrived at Rhodes, than they discovered that they had intrusted their darling to a monster. She cursed her folly in coming there, she cursed the physician for sending them there, she cursed Mr. Hamlin for bringing her there, she cursed everybody and everything. The poor children often fled in terror from her furious exhibitions of passion and her blasphemous imprecations. It was impossible to exchange her, and thus, during their stay at Rhodes, they were at the mercy of this infuriate woman.

Other difficulties, too, threaten him :

“I was (he says) her only nurse during most of the time at Rhodes. I had milk to bring every day about a mile, in one direction ; then bread and medicine from more than a mile’s distance in other directions, with drinking-water from over half a mile ; and yet I felt that I must always be with her. I went on those errands with the utmost speed, always passing through the Turkish quarter of the city. The Turkish boys began to make my passing post-haste every day a matter of ridicule. I bore it, little heeding, till one day a stone was thrown. I knew at once that it would soon come to mobbing me, and I determined to keep that street open, if it should hazard my life. I dashed at them with a fury which they mistook, I think, for a design to take their lives, though I did not touch, nor intend to touch, a hair of their heads. Any one that has lived among Turks will feel that I did right.”

How is this husband and father to endure these ceaseless labors and vigils and these harrowing anx-

ieties, having for three months no regular sleep, and unrefreshed by Christian intercourse? How shall he be sustained in these trials, and not sink under them, body and soul? In the midst of such scenes he is enabled to write, "It is good to be in the hands of God. I feel that He is dealing with us in faithfulness; and though He seems to crush us, yet, in the end, we shall bless his holy name."

And how did the affectionate wife, the tender and sensitive mother, contemplate the leaving her companion desolate, and her little ones motherless, in that strange land? As was afterwards remarked by a missionary sister, "All would have said that, of all their circle, Mrs. Hamlin and her tender charge could least endure the blow."

It is matter of deep regret that, owing to the peculiar circumstances named above, Mr. Hamlin was unable to keep a journal during the sickness of his wife. Such a record would have been invaluable, preserving many items of deep interest. In the want of it, we must gather our materials from the various letters written by Mr. Hamlin.

It seems that in the early part of her sickness, and some time before she had intimated it to her husband, she had the feeling that it might prove her last sickness. Even before she went to the Princes Islands, thoughts of death at times almost overpowered her; and while there she experienced great mental conflicts. Vivid conceptions of God's infinite holiness pressed upon her. And as in the view of that holiness, and in the dawning light of eternity, she searched her own heart, her sense of sin and her consequent distress for herself were such, that Mr. Hamlin at times feared for the effect upon her exhausted system. In addition to this was her anxiety for her children. The thought of leaving them motherless

brought at times such agony to her soul, that he felt it must speedily terminate her life. Nor is it strange that nature should have failed in this hour of extremity. How could this mother think of a separation from her five little daughters, whose life seemed bound up in her life, and that too when they most needed her forming hand ?

And yet, during this heart-rending conflict, she had seasons of sweet enjoyment. As had been her custom, she still devoted much time to reading the Bible, and to communion with God. As Mr. Hamlin observed her struggles and her progress, it seemed to him that she might be passing through a discipline preparatory for a speedy entrance into her rest,—a thought which, while it gave him joy, yet also filled him with a foreboding sadness. But, notwithstanding the occasional gleams of sunshine, her conflicts still continued. It was not only for her children's sake that she desired recovery. In her view, her greatest earthly usefulness and happiness were about to begin. Both the Greek and the Armenian languages had become pleasant to her, and she had many comforts in their permanent home, no longer removing from place to place. Her children were at a most interesting age to gratify a mother's love and reward her care. She had also new views of the desirableness of living wholly for God and for heaven. She felt that she had been too much occupied with what was merely outward and prospective in the missionary work, and she longed to consecrate herself anew to that work. Thence she earnestly desired recovery, and wished Mr. Hamlin to make it a subject of fervent and unceasing supplication. She referred to instances on holy record where prayer for the continuance of life was answered. And though she often made remarks

which looked forward to her death, yet she clung to prayer as her only hope for the continuance of life.

Her expressions of penitence on account of her sins were frequent and full. She took great delight in the fifty-first Psalm. "It is," she said, "a wonderful production, expressing everything which the Christian needs,—confession, penitence, desire after holiness and communion with God, and joy in the conversion of sinners, and in the general prosperity of the church."

While her distress on her own account gradually passed away, her concern for her children seemed only to increase. When she saw the elder ones at times almost frantic with grief at the thought that she might never recover,—when she saw them spend many hours every day in earnest entreaties for her life,—her yearnings over them were indescribable, and she felt almost like her weeping daughter, as if God *must* hear their prayers. It seemed as if death *could not* sunder such sacred ties. For the younger ones she felt a still more irrepressible anxiety, and her pleadings with Heaven in their behalf were importunate.

Nor did prayer ascend from these aching hearts alone. Many were the supplications made for them by their sympathizing missionary friends. Separated from them as they were, they were yet encircled by an unbroken band of intercessory prayer. And although, to a cold observer, these petitions might seem to fall back as from gates of brass, yet not in vain did they besiege the ear of the Most High. At their importuning cries, the heavens were bowed down to them. Enclosed as they were within a fiery furnace, seven times heated, they were not consumed; for a form, like unto the Son of God, was with them in the midst thereof.

“ O, cheer thee, cheer thee, though the flame  
Consume thy wasting, suffering frame !  
His gold shall suffer harm nor loss,  
He will but purge away the dross,  
And fit it, graced with many a gem,  
To form his glorious diadem.”

SEVERE CONFLICT.—NEW CONSE-  
CRATION AND ASSURANCE OF  
FAITH.

“ Now, bowed in lowliness of mind,  
I make my humble wishes known ;  
I only ask a will resigned,  
O Father, to thine own.” J. G. WHITTIER.

THE thoughts and feelings of Mrs. Hamlin were gradually concentrated into the engrossing desire for entire resignation to the will of God, and for faith, not only to perceive Christ to be her righteousness, but actually to receive and appropriate him as her own. And this was granted. Under the deep conviction of her sinfulness, she had said, with great solemnity, “ How dreadful the thought of going into eternity and meeting a frowning God ! ” Through the grace of the Redeemer she could now at times say, “ How cheering that a poor sinner may look forward to a gracious God and a glorious heaven as his portion ! ”

Notwithstanding the discouraging aspect of her health, there had been still, on the part of all, a clinging to the hope of restoration. Their kind and excellent physician had said, “ Wait, and see what will be the effect of the climate.” Day after day passed by, and they were still suspended between hope and fear. But on the 19th of October the most alarming symptoms appeared. The dear invalid was utterly prostrated, and abandoned the last hope of recovery. She had

before supposed that if she continued to fail it would be gradually, and that she might linger many months; but she now felt death to be very near. That day and the following night she had strong conflicts of spirit. And, as the curtain shrouding the mysteries of the eternal world seemed lifting before her, for a moment she covered her eyes, as if fearing to look within the veil. Unbelief wrestled hard with faith, but the struggle was brief. She was at length enabled to make an entire and unconditional surrender of herself and her family into the hands of God. He blessed her with the sweet assurance that this consecration was accepted, thus bringing her into the only place of repose. She had, through the strength of Christ, made the very highest attainment which it is possible for the human soul to reach,—the entire abnegation of self. Such a holocaust is the most acceptable of all sacrifices, and secures God's richest blessing. Thus did it now prove. Her Saviour placed upon her finger the charmed ring of the promises, to be no more removed till she had passed into a state of full and eternal fruition. Her agitated soul had found its centre, and it was henceforth at rest. She said of herself that formerly her will had been a most rebellious one,—that circumstances occurring through human agency she had been unwilling to regard with submission, not receiving them as the expression of her heavenly Father's will. Now she had ceased to regret anything in the past. The minutest circumstances, and the many disappointments attending her sickness, she was enabled entirely to acquiesce in, as ordered by infinite love.

She expressed great interest in the seminary at Bebek, and hoped that her husband would "always remember how infinitely important were the eternal interests of the scholars,—that the conversion of one soul was

worth more than all possible external prosperity." She earnestly desired that "those engaged in the missionary enterprise might become more and more spiritual, thinking less of what was merely secular and external in their work, and more of the nearness of eternity and the momentous interests of the soul." There had been so much prayer offered for her, that she regarded it as a pledge that God would bless to the survivors the taking away of one of their number.

The bitterness of this last struggle had been the giving up of her children. "Death," she said, "is taking me by surprise, and how much have I yet to say to my dear children! O, that I might be spared to finish my work with them! Their grief and anxiety, so much beyond their years, have too long prevented me from commencing my last work." She had greatly desired, before she should leave the world, to have evidence that the two elder were renewed by the Spirit of God. Thinking she should live but a very few days, she began at once to talk to them of their duties in the family when she should no longer be with them. This brought so vividly to their hearts the idea of a separation from their mother, that, although they had so often wept and prayed over it, it seemed as though it had never before occurred to them as a possibility. And now, when they first realized that the time was very near, a scene of anguish took place to which no language can do justice. In the words of their father :

"They fell at their mother's feet in a perfect agony of grief, — they kissed her, and begged her to forgive them all their unkindness and disobedience. It was in vain she assured them of her entire forgiveness, — that they had always been very good and dear children. They mentioned many ways in which they must have grieved her. And they said that some-

times, even when they had obeyed her, they had wished that they were grown up, so that they could do as they pleased, and have no one to control them. This seemed to them an awful sin, and unpardonable both in the sight of God and in the heart of their mother. They wrung their hands with anguish; they fell again and again upon the floor at her feet, and persisted in making every form of confession that could be thought of, sometimes entreating their mother and sometimes entreating God to forgive them. Such an example of penitential, whole-hearted confession from the lowest depths of the soul, I never before witnessed. They were at length calmed, in some measure, by their mother's repeated assurance of pardon and love, and that death need only separate them a little while. I afterwards heard them praying alone, interceding in a strain of agony and impassioned feeling for the life of their dear mother. Susan was sometimes merely giving expression to her grief, saying, 'My tears shall never cease to flow. I shall never see another happy day! O Lord! let me die and go to heaven with my dear mother!' Through all this scene, with the exception of a few moments, the dear mother was calm and serene as an angel. When their grief had become sufficiently moderated, she told them that in order to obtain forgiveness from God they must go to Him as they had come to her. She forgave them, even before they asked, and could remember nothing against them, because she knew what ardent love they had for her. Even so must they love God, and fear to displease Him, and earnestly desire his love and forgiveness, or they would never be forgiven. And she told them that to have such feelings, if they had them not, they must seek for the aid of the Holy Spirit. Her conversation took a powerful hold of them. Henrietta seemed to obtain peace and hope of pardon and resignation very easily. Her countenance, though distorted by weeping, became so singularly mild and resigned, that I could think of nothing but that storm when Jesus said, 'Peace, be still!' His presence seemed to fill the place."

He afterwards adds :

“Henrietta has ever since appeared cheerful and serene in the family, though often her tears fall fast, and I hear her weeping alone. Little Susan frequently comes to me to help her pray for forgiveness and for the influences of God’s Spirit. Their mother often cautioned me against being satisfied with anything but the clearest evidence of a sincere, humble, obedient life, that they are the children of God. The fourteenth chapter of John she gave them to commit to memory, both because it contained words of comfort which they would afterwards feel, and as expressing her dying counsels, showing most plainly that there is no true piety where there is not love and obedience.”

Her sense of unworthiness was very great. She could only say, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” That faithful saying, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, was her only ground of hope. And “O!” she added, “what a sinner have I been! It seems to me that I have been the very chief of sinners. I have come short in all things. I have sinned against great light, for I knew my Master’s will at an early age, and he called me when very young.” But through these troubled waters she had been borne along to the ocean of infinite love, and her peace was henceforth like a river.

Her views of God’s dealings with her were delightful. During her sickness, they had for most of the time been secluded from the sympathy and intercourse of Christian friends. God had baffled all their purposes, disappointed their hopes, and at every turn had stood in their path, calling upon them to submit to his will. She felt that it was good to be thus dealt with, that it was just what she needed, and her heart yielded its entire and full consent to the Divine sovereignty.

For a few days after this, Mrs. Hamlin, though very weak, was able to converse a great deal in a perfectly clear and sweet voice. During this time she gave many directions to her children in regard to their future duties, assigned mementos to her husband and children and to her friends in America, and conversed much about the future arrangements of the family. "Let home," she said, "be the centre of the dear children's happiness. Let them ever have a father's heart to come to with all their childish griefs and joys." Incidentally she mentioned that in regard to two points she had endeavored to exercise great care. One was, to communicate religious truth free from all cant and stereotyped forms of expression, which often mislead the mind, or leave an indefinite, ill-defined impression. It should be the parents' direct aim, she thought, to have their children feel that all true religion consists in loving, fearing and obeying.

The other point was the inculcation of the sacred observance of the Sabbath. A Sabbath carelessly spent she regarded as directly demoralizing, and she felt that the irreligious conduct of many children of pious parents might properly be traced to this source.

She looked forward to the time when her children would be obliged to go to America to complete their education, and hoped their father would then keep up a regular and frequent correspondence with them. She considered all these things in their relation to eternity, remarking that a happy family, loving and sympathizing with each other, so as to have little need of foreign sources of happiness, was more likely to be a Christian family than if the degree of love and sympathy were less. She seemed to regret that she could not throw the mantle of her love over all their future course, till she met them in heaven above.

Her power of self-control, when thus exhausted by sickness and suffering, was remarkable. On one occasion, when Mr. Hamlin was writing to missionary friends at Constantinople, he said to her, "What message will you send?" She replied, "Give them my love, and say that I shall soon send my farewell," immediately bursting into tears. But she instantly regained her composure, observing, "A sudden thought sometimes affects us unexpectedly."

God's grace was indeed triumphing in her. It was a sublime sight,—that anxious and sensitive and loving woman calmly awaiting her departure, and with her own clear-sighted judgment making arrangements for the temporal and spiritual good of her dear ones.

On the 25th of the month, that fainting, dying mother, with a strange serenity, measured off dresses for her children, to be made after she was gone. It was her last work. Nor was this all. With the most astonishing self-command, she expressed her wishes about her funeral.

She had an impression, on first landing at Rhodes, that the island was to be the place of her burial. The thought of being interred so far away from all she loved had filled her with gloom. But this feeling had long passed away. And now, entering at once into all the peculiar exigences of the case, unwilling that needless trouble should be given to the kind friends God had raised up for them in that strange land, and wishing that, after her death, her husband might be able to devote his whole time to his motherless flock, she requested that when her spirit had departed he would simply wrap the body in a linen sheet which she designated. The arrangements for her burial she wished him to make while he could still leave her,—a most affecting request, with which he at once complied.

With the kind assistance of Mr. Kerr, the English consul, he selected her grave in the Greek church-yard.

At the same time, she expressed the desire that after a suitable time, if it could be done with but little expense, her remains should be removed to the Pera cemetery. She felt that it would be a mournful satisfaction to her bereaved husband and children to visit her grave, and there recall her last words of affection. When Mr. Hamlin, in reply, expressed the determination not to leave her remains in Rhodes, with her usual foresight she perceived the obstacles that he would be obliged to encounter, especially with the care of his five motherless children. Under these circumstances, she begged him not to attempt to take her remains with him, on his return to Constantinople.

After dictating several directions with regard to the children's winter clothing, and sending a special message to the Armenian circle in Portland, she said, "I think of nothing more that I can do for my family. I have now done with earth. The little time that remains I wish to devote to preparing myself and children for heaven." In the evening she found her strength prostrated, but was peaceful and happy in mind. The dear children quietly sat down to their evening meal, expressing their willingness that God should take their beloved mother from this world of sin, and leave them desolate and afflicted, till He should call them to follow her. That night they lay down to rest a happy family, for the peace of God reigned in their hearts.

O ! sweet it is, my soul, to know  
No other will than His !  
This is the life-spring's peaceful flow,  
This is the heaven of bliss.

## THE BAPTISM.

“SAVIOUR, on her young heart sprinkle  
Thine atoning, precious blood ;  
Like her brow, nor spot nor wrinkle  
Be upon her soul, my God !”

G. W. BETHUNE.

ON the morning of the Sabbath, death seemed to have commenced his last attack. A sense of prostration, and an internal failing of all the powers of life, made her feel that she was near her home.

She was placed upon pillows in her rocking-chair near the window. Her person was emaciated to the last degree, and her lips pale and parted in her pantings for breath; yet her eye was bright and beaming, and her countenance sweet and calm. They had desired to have the baptism of their infant in the morning; but the dear sufferer was struggling for breath, and committing her soul to Him who holds the keys of death and the invisible world. Towards noon she was relieved, and about one o'clock the holy rite was performed. A little china bowl had been procured for the baptismal font, and, as they had no table, a white napkin was spread upon a rude stand. Here were gathered the dying mother, the afflicted father and their five little daughters. There was nothing externally imposing in this scene, but to the eye of faith invisible spectators were there,—an innumerable cloud of witnesses, to behold that mother's last offering. Especially was He present,—the Shepherd of Israel,—

in pity and in love. And who could say that the departed grand-parents were not with them in that hour?

The meaning of the sacred ceremony being explained to the two elder children, they solemnly pledge themselves to perform to their little sister the duties of a mother, so far as their childhood and inexperience will allow. The holy Scriptures are read, the blessing of God implored, and then, at the mother's request, the infant for the last time is laid in her arms. Again they kneel to pray. But the fountains of grief are broken up; and, while the little Mary is smiling and happy, and the mother serene and calm, the father weeps aloud with his weeping children. After a time, he can only plead "Jesus wept." But they rise not from their knees till he has earnestly besought the good Shepherd that He would look with an eye of loving mercy upon this lamb of the flock, and take it into his own fold. The soul of the mother meantime had reached a higher sphere. It was far above the human sympathies which pierced and crushed their hearts, and, though dissolved in pleading for the blessings of the everlasting covenant upon her child, not a tear dimmed the serenity of her countenance. The napkin and bowl, thus rendered sacred, she placed together, wishing to have them preserved as mementos of that scene.

Lay the mother's tender blossom  
Gently on her loving bosom ;  
Slowly comes that mother's breath,  
Gathers fast the cloud of death.

Soon her precious one she leaveth,  
Yet her heart unto it cleaveth.  
Who its infancy will bless ?  
Must she leave it motherless ?

But 'tis God her faith is testing,  
 And on God her soul is resting ;  
 He has calmed her anguish wild, —  
 Now to Him she brings her child.

Silent is her earnest pleading,  
 For her darling interceding ;  
 On her placid brow the while  
 Beaming a celestial smile.

Speechless grief his spirit rending,  
 O'er that babe the father's bending ;  
 Holy drops he sprinkles now  
 On its smiling, happy brow.

When the Triune names are blended,  
 And the sacred rite is ended,  
 Low he bends in fervent prayer  
 For the gentle Shepherd's care.

Yet that prayer is all unspoken, —  
 Tears and sobs his words have broken ;  
 Father, now his soul sustain !  
 Let him seek Thee not in vain !

Little ones are by him kneeling, —  
 Mournful is the gush of feeling  
 Bursting thus from childhood's heart,  
 From a mother's love to part.

“ Jesus wept,” the father pleadeth, —  
 Weeping love now intercedeth ;  
 Man of griefs ! our tears behold !  
 In thine arms this lamb enfold !

Angel-forms are hither tending ;  
 The Redeemer o'er them bending,  
 With an eye of pitying love,  
 Bears their pleading cries above.

Child of tears, baptized in sorrow !  
 Shrouded by a dark to-morrow ;

Never more wert thou to rest  
On thy mother's loving breast.

But her God beheld that weeping ;  
He, sweet one, is covenant-keeping ;  
He, — the pure, the undefiled, —  
He will bless thee, darling child !

## LINGERING ON THE BANKS OF JORDAN.

“ Parting soul ! the flood awaits thee,  
And the billows round thee roar :  
Yet look on — the crystal city  
Stands on yon celestial shore.”

MUCH of the afternoon following the baptism was spent in prayer. Trustingly did that little circle pour all their sorrows into the ear of God ; and He heard their cry and gave them peace. The father and children sat calmly together at their evening meal, and while the food remained almost untouched, they talked peacefully of the departure of their dear one, and of their meeting again where “ adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.”

Mrs. Hamlin had tasked her feeble powers to the utmost in conversation with her children, and in the evening she was greatly oppressed for breath. But, feeling that she could breathe more easily in her rocking-chair, she sat up till a late hour, communing with her husband of the heavenly world. “ O, that we could know more of those eternal and unseen things ! But it is enough now to know that we shall see Him as He is, and shall be like Him.” She dwelt upon the Christian attainments of her father and mother on earth, and of their correspondent blessedness in heaven. She spoke of soon meeting them there, and of good Deacon Kent as being near them. “ O, what a consolation,” she exclaimed, “ to look forward to such a gracious God, and such a glorious heaven ! ” She alluded to the

probability of an intimate, affectionate interest of the redeemed in glory in their friends below, and expressed her hope of meeting her little family in heaven. "I am afraid," she said, "that I shall meet *you* there *too soon*. Do take care of yourself, for these dear children's sake. Attempt less, and you will live longer and do more." Her sister, Mrs. Maltby, long in declining health, she felt that she should soon meet. Nor was this expectation vain. That beloved sister, in a short time, followed her to the world of spirits.

She wished Mr. H. to say to her friend M. that she trusted their friendship would be continued in heaven. While she expressed her deep sense of sinfulness, not a cloud dimmed her prospect. She had perfect peace in Christ, wondered that he should be so gracious to such a sinner, and felt that he was all her salvation and all her desire. She conversed in a sweet, clear voice, and her emaciated countenance wore a calm and heavenly beauty, which seemed to come from a purer world.

"I can truly say (says Mr. H.) that this was the happiest evening I ever passed in her society. Yes,—knowing that my children would soon, very soon, be motherless, and I bereaved of an incomparable and most affectionate wife, I still felt an elevated happiness, which seemed to have no alloy. I said to myself, 'The battle is fought, the victory is won; henceforth there remains nothing but the crown of glory.'"

This was the last time that she was able to converse continuously, although she afterwards said much in brief separate sentences.

When they first came to the island, her physician had recommended a swing. By ropes which Mr. Hamlin attached to the ceiling, he was able at any time to suspend the rocking-chair which he had made for her. The view which met her eyes, as she rocked

gently back and forth, was a magnificent one, and she enjoyed it with her own peculiar relish, while she found the exercise pleasant and soothing to her cough. But on Wednesday, the 30th of October, she was lifted into her chair for the last time. It occasioned extreme suffering for breath. The next day the chair was removed from her room, and she herself directed the putting away her dress, and the packing of some articles which would not again be needed. O, those last, last things! — those mute farewells! Who but he that has felt the same can tell how they pierced the heart of that lonely mourner?

“I often wept, and mourned, and prayed, in secret places, and felt as though my bereavement was insupportable, and my burden greater than I could bear. But again I was comforted and cheered, and felt that God would not forsake my afflicted family.”

Unable any longer to be removed from her bed, she was for a few days occasionally raised upon it, for change of position, and that she might still look from her favorite window. Before her were spread out the fair gardens of the island, the Lycian coast, washed by the deep blue sea, and the bold mountains beyond the channel. This view, in her own words, “often aided her in lifting her mind and heart to their glorious Creator, when she was too weak to read his word.” Hardly less did she delight in the heavy gales of wind that swept along the coast, or the majestic thunderstorms that played sublimely around her,—“only these night-storms,” she said, “lull me asleep too soon, cutting short my enjoyment.” She regarded it as a great privation when she could no longer look out upon her Father’s beautiful works, yet she submitted with her usual cheerfulness.

She was now treading the verge of Jordan, but the sweet serenity of heaven was in her heart and upon her brow. To Mr. Hamlin's frequent inquiries, she replied, "Peace, perfect peace!"

"Peace! (he says). What sweeter answer could have been given? You must have a similar experience to know how it thrilled through my soul, and made me feel that we had reached at the same time the happiest and most painful point of our earthly existence."

On Monday, the 28th, she was very weak, and suffered much for breath, often feeling as though suffocation was about to commence. At a late hour, she said that she had enjoyed the evening highly, in praying for her husband and children. God had granted her near access to Him, and she felt that blessings would descend upon them while she should be in heaven.

She had taken great delight in reading the Scriptures, but she was now deprived of this pleasure. One of the last passages which she read was from the seventy-third Psalm, and she repeated aloud the language of David, as suited to her own feelings: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

She still enjoyed hearing the Scriptures read, and passages from "Baxter's Saint's Rest." And that beautiful hymn of Cowper afforded her great comfort:

" O Lord, my best desires fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health and comfort, to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine!"

But she sometimes remarked, "There is nothing like the Bible; there I find everything I want."

She often spoke of the seminary at Bebek, expressing her strong desire that the Spirit of God might be poured out upon it. "What happy days were those!" said she at one time, alluding to their early rising, and the long days, every moment of which was filled up with usefulness. She wished Mr. Hamlin to say to the students that she would gladly have returned to devote herself to their welfare and happiness, but God had chosen otherwise. And now she desired most earnestly that they might all consecrate themselves to the work of Christ in preaching his gospel to their nation.

In describing these scenes, Mr. H. says :

"We had many seasons of penitential acknowledgment of all our sins, and of the faithfulness and goodness of our heavenly Father in giving us this cup to drink. Everything appeared just as it should be, and we felt that we could praise God in our affliction, and rejoice that He condescends to include our best, our eternal interests, in the execution of his plans. I doubt not but we shall remember Rhodes in eternity, and bless God that He lifted it out of the sea, and made it a furnace of affliction, causing us to pass through it."

Mr. H. frequently met with an English traveller, then stopping at Rhodes,—an officer of the navy, of cultivated mind and heart. This gentleman manifested much interest in the little circle of daughters, and was constant in his inquiries for the health of their mother. One morning, when Mr. H. replied to his questions that all hope was given up, the officer was moved to tears. In relating this to Mrs. H., she was so affected at the thought of this deep interest on the part of an entire stranger, that she could not for the moment repress her

emotion. These were the last tears she was ever seen to shed.

On Saturday evening, the 2d of November, although suffering from great debility, she enjoyed a sweet season of prayer, according to her custom on that evening, for each member of her own household, and for her family circle in America. She said her Saturday evenings had always been precious to her, and she expressed the wish that her family should continue to observe that evening as a season of preparation for the Sabbath.

The next morning she was raised by pillows, so that she could look from the window upon the delightful prospect in view. She desired Mr. Hamlin to talk with the children about the sacredness of the Sabbath, and the blessings promised to those who keep it holy, adding, "I hoped I should feel strong enough to do it myself, but I cannot." She, however, requested them to commit to memory all the promises to be found in the Bible on this subject.

She expressed her wish that their father should present each of the children with Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," as a memorial from her; saying that the reading of that book was greatly blessed to her when she was twelve or thirteen years of age, bringing her out of doubt and darkness into peace and joy. She hoped that he would daily and earnestly pursue the cultivation of their mind and heart, and repeated her desire that he might be satisfied with nothing but the clearest evidence of a prayerful and consistent life, that they were the children of God.

It was the first Sabbath of the month, and towards evening the little circle observed the monthly concert, — according to their custom of holding one on the Sabbath evening in Armenian, with the seminary, while

they observed a second on Monday evening in English. Mrs. Hamlin requested that fifty dollars of some property held in her own country might be given to the American Board, as a testimony of her attachment to the cause in death. The elder children expressed their pleasure in this appropriation of what would have been theirs, and, with earnest prayer, the humble offering was consecrated to God.

Thus, understanding the peculiar sacredness and power of the last words and acts of a loved one, did she spend her failing breath in impressing upon the hearts of her children, as her latest lesson, the doctrine of Christian benevolence — the sweet law of a self-denying love.

The earthly tabernacle was fast dissolving, but the spirit waxed stronger and stronger in faith. "I have given up everything to God, and I wish to take nothing back."

“ O Lord, my God, do thou thy will —  
I will lie still —  
I will not stir, lest I forsake thine arm,  
And break the charm  
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast  
In perfect rest !”

## WAITING AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

“Methinks a light as soft and sweet  
Shines on me as the pale moon’s ray ;  
Methinks I hear the angels greet, —  
‘Come hither, spirit, come !’ they say.”

BEFORE leaving the world, Mrs. Hamlin had earnestly desired a period of quiet, of that freedom from pain so often enjoyed in this disease. She had hoped for a season when she could converse without such paroxysms of distress. But, as no such period was granted, she cheerfully acquiesced in the divine decision.

On the 8th of November they received a package of letters from their missionary friends, including two from America. In the course of the day, nearly twenty of these, in whole or in part, were read aloud, giving her the liveliest pleasure.

“Constantinople, Oct. 7, 1850.

“MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: You are constantly in our thoughts, often in our conversation, and not forgotten in our prayers. Had it been left to us, we should have ordered things very differently. But the great Disposer of all has a greater interest in you than we have, yea, greater than you yourselves have ; and it is, therefore, infinitely safe, and ought to be infinitely sweet and pleasant, for us to lie passive in his hands, and to know no will but his. His will is perfect. And may the grace of God enable you always to feel this!

“May it please the great Head of the church soon to restore

our dear sister to health and strength. Especially may her peace be like a river!

Yours truly,

“WILLIAM GOODELL.”

After hearing the letters, Mrs. Hamlin expressed the feeling that the kindness, the prayers, and the sympathy of their missionary circle had surrounded her in all her sickness in overflowing measure. She was particularly gratified in hearing once more from her native land.

During all this time, she had seasons of extreme suffering, and at times a sense of suffocation. Yet Mr. Hamlin frequently knew of these seasons only by her expressions of gratitude when relieved. Her weakness, she said, was such as she had never conceived of; it was “weakness amounting to positive pain.” But her heavenly Father gave her the grace of patience in all her sufferings. She still had some precious seasons of prayer, but generally could only say, “God be merciful to me a sinner!” She was unable to think much, but sometimes enjoyed her thoughts highly, though they seemed to come only of themselves. She continued to notice all the children said and did, and to smile at their childish prattle, once remarking, “Sweet little children, your mother leaves you at the most interesting age.” She still directed them in regard to many things, often making brief suggestions for the future, and exhibiting great meekness of spirit, a clear memory of the past, and an equally clear judgment in regard to the future.

One day, after speaking of the extraordinary grief and wonderful submission of the children, she added, very impressively, “O, what scenes this house has witnessed since we entered it!” “To be remembered

in eternity." "Yes!" she added, an expression of joy flashing across her pale countenance.

Her affectionate and grateful sense of her husband's unremitting attentions she continued to express to the last. At one time she said, "It seems to me that you would give your life for me."

She was aware that the steamer was expected about the middle of November, and that, if her family failed of returning then, they would be detained another month. Although expecting her death from day to day, yet foreseeing the possibility of her living till nearly that time, she herself directed the packing of several articles, desirous of having every arrangement made that would facilitate their departure at a short notice. When she found that she was living up to nearly the time of the steamer's expected arrival, she expressed her regret at thus lingering, feeling that it might subject her flock to a more wintry passage. What a touching instance of self-forgetting love! With her accustomed foresight, she wished her husband to write down directions with regard to additional clothing which the children would probably need during quarantine. This thoughtful solicitude for the future welfare of her family, when earth's scenes were fast fading from her sight, seems a kind of demonstration of the immortality of the social affections.

On the Sabbath, being entirely exhausted, she requested that her husband's prayers might be brief, as she could command her attention but a very short time. In the evening, as he felt that the Sabbath would never dawn on them again an unbroken circle, his prayer was longer than he intended, but she said that she had enjoyed it all, and that it did not fatigue her.

During that night she was restless, and once exclaimed, "O, rest, rest!" Mr. Hamlin replied, "There

remaineth a rest for the people of God." "O yes, yes! I hope soon to reach it. I am almost at the end of my pilgrimage." When Mr. Hamlin inquired what were her feelings, in view of the near approach of death, she replied, "Too weak to speak," but presently added, "The same — peace — I am a great sinner, — I trust wholly in the mercy of God. — It is all a poor sinner can do, — it is everything a poor sinner needs." This was said at intervals, as she found strength to utter it.

Monday and Tuesday it pleased her heavenly Father to grant her relief from her extreme sufferings, for which she wished Mr. Hamlin to express her grateful acknowledgments in prayer. But on Tuesday night she was again called to the most acute distress. She had been too weak to lift a spoon, or to wipe the death-dew from her forehead; but that feeble, exhausted frame now became instinct with life and suffering in every nerve, and she turned and writhed, her whole frame convulsed with agony. When Mr. Hamlin proposed to go to Dr. Hedenborg, with her instinctive judgment, she said that it would be very difficult to arouse any one from the outer gate at that time, and that powerful medicine would probably terminate not only her suffering, but her life, when by a little patient endurance relief would come naturally. After she had thus suffered for two or three hours, until her husband began to fear she would lose her reason, he said to her, "May the Lord Jesus, who bore the agonies of the cross for thee, speedily relieve these pains, or give you strength to bear them!" "O, what sufferings, what sufferings were his!" she replied. "Mine are nothing, and, besides, so much less than I deserve. — I have had great mercies through all this sickness." After she was relieved, she wished him to offer special thanksgiving

to God, saying "How good and gracious He has been in hearing our cry!"

Wednesday morning, for the first time, she declined her breakfast. She repeatedly attempted to express her sense of God's goodness. "He has been very, very merciful to me." Mr. Hamlin inquired, "Are you entirely resigned to His will in all things?" "Yes, *yes*," she replied, with peculiar emphasis. It was with difficulty that she spoke, but she expressed entire resignation at leaving her family with God, saying, "He will supply all your need!" She had no desire to alter anything in the providence of God, feeling that everything had taken place in the best time and manner, both for herself and her family. Her soul had already entered within the veil.

Speaking of this day, Mr. Hamlin says:

"Henrietta had been standing for some time, tearful and silent, at the foot of the bed. As she went out, I said, 'You see how full her heart is, although she seems to have a Christian resignation to the will of God.' 'Yes, dear child!' she replied. 'The Lord bless her and be gracious to her! The Lord comfort her in all her little sorrows, make her very useful and happy in life, and prepare her to live in heaven!' This was said with such peculiar earnestness and sweetness of voice, that I was entirely overcome. The place seemed to me the very gate of heaven."

About three or four o'clock, she became almost speechless. The shadow of death was darkening around her, and the names of familiar objects escaped her mind. With much effort, she at length succeeded in making Mr. H. understand that she wished for a few drops of cologne-water, which immediately revived her, so that she spoke again with her naturally sweet tones, and her mind was as clear as ever. Still her

pulse was very feeble, she was unable to raise her hand, and Mr. H. thought her dying. In the evening she appeared better, but could not sleep. All that night he was at her side, although she often requested him to lie down. At one time, while he was preparing her a new drink, she said, "Day and night you still labor for me."

She continued to enjoy prayer, and, as it were by the opened gates of heaven, for the last time did this dying wife and her sorrowing husband unite in confessing before God their mutual sins, in seeking pardon through the blood of Christ, and in imploring the presence of the Comforter, and a blessed reünion in glory. She afterwards said, "What should I have done had I been less tenderly watched and carried through all this trying sickness? I feel that God will reward you in your last sickness, and not leave you comfortless, for the care you have taken of me."

During these night-vigils, in the solemn presence of death, Mr. Hamlin writes to a missionary brother :

"I have had no regular sleep for the last ten weeks ; but my watchings are nearly done, and I rejoice in the thought that after a few hours more my suffering wife will exchange earth for heaven. She is waiting and desiring to depart and be with Christ, and has for the past three weeks experienced uniform peace and joy in view of her nearness to the end of her pilgrimage. In speaking of the children the other day, she said, 'When I used to feel such distress about leaving them motherless, I did not suppose it possible to feel as I now do. I have no desire that it should be otherwise than it is. I have resigned them into the hands of God, and I trustingly leave them there.' \* \* \* \* \* My dear wife has lingered beyond all human expectation. She cannot move a limb, and she takes almost no nourishment. Her mind is now perfectly clear and active, and her articulation distinct. On

hearing that I should finish my notes to-night, she sent her 'affectionate farewell' to the missionary circle. It was all she had strength to say. Indeed, it was all the message she could send to her brothers and sisters at home, although she made an ineffectual attempt to say more.

"I feel unexpectedly sustained and calm in view of her departure. I wish to give up myself and family to the divine disposal. I never knew so well before how much better the will of God is than mine. He can break and desolate my heart, and yet show me that in doing it he gives me reason to praise and bless him forever. He has made me more happy in seeing my dear wife pale and panting in the embrace of death, than I could possibly be in seeing her radiant with health, and crowned with every earthly blessing. For now I feel that eternity is hers, and I have no fear that sin or Satan will disturb her more."

"God will prove  
The soul, encircled by his love,  
Can meekly, midst her anguish, say,  
'Still will I trust Him, though He slay.'"

LIGHT ON THE DARK RIVER.—THE  
LAST SLEEP.

“Dying, still slowly dying,  
As the hours of night wore by,  
She had lain since the light of sunset  
Was red on the evening sky,  
Until near the middle watches,  
As I softly near her trod,  
When her soul from its prison-fetters  
Was loosed by the hand of God.

“And I felt in lonely midnight,  
As I sat by the silent dead,  
That a light on the path going downward  
The feet of the righteous shed, —  
When I thought how with feet unshrinking  
She came to the Jordan’s tide,  
And, taking the hand of the Saviour,  
Went up on the heavenly side.”

THURSDAY morning came, and the dear sufferer still lingered, but it was the last earthly morning that would ever dawn upon her. Her breath was short and her pulse feeble, yet she seemed so quiet and peaceful that Mr. Hamlin supposed her to be free from suffering, until towards evening, when she remarked that she had been constantly near to suffocation. But these closing scenes are most fitly given in his own words :

“My heart sank within me this morning, as I saw the seal of death so visibly upon her countenance. But we had a sweet and cheering time at family prayers, which she desired to have

in her room. After prayers, I said, 'You will soon see Him as He is, and be like Him.' 'O yes!' 'Have you still perfect peace and readiness to depart and be with Christ?' 'Yes, *yes!*' she replied, with emphasis, repeating the answer. Here is consolation, — a firm, abiding rock to stand upon. She is failing gently, but before to-morrow she will wear her crown. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

"She expressed a strong desire to go and be with Him who had redeemed her.

"As the children came softly in and out, her eye often followed them with intense affection, and, noticing their efforts to be still, she once said, 'What good children!'

"In the afternoon, little Mary was brought in, and she gave the unconscious, happy child its mother's last look of love, — a love which the cold waters of death, rising higher and higher, could not quench.

"At five o'clock the final agonies of death commenced, and continued with intervals till nearly nine. About half-past seven she became easier, and wished to sleep. The night was chilly, damp and windy, with occasional dashes of rain; yet the three windows of her room were open from top to bottom, nor could she bear the thought of having one of them closed, till, recollecting my exposure, she said, earnestly, with her usual self-forgetting spirit, 'Shut them, shut them, — you will take cold.' I sat down by the bed to take some tea, being exhausted by standing over her most of the time for thirty-six hours. She breathed quietly, and I removed out of the chilly current of wind that swept over the bed. Immediately I thought she called me, but I found her engaged in earnest supplication. I had mentioned to her that it was the hour when the brethren and sisters at the different stations assemble for prayer, and that she was undoubtedly remembered by them all. 'Indeed, indeed!' she replied, with apparent delight; and I have no doubt her prayer was in reference to them.

"Soon after, she called me, saying, 'My distress for breath is great — breathless, breathless!' She spoke like one panting from violent exertion. She begged me to place her in one

position, and then another, but in vain. 'Lift me in your arms.' I did so, and her head fell upon my shoulder with a look of intense suffering. She then said, 'Lay me down. O, when shall I sink to rest?' I told her she was very near her rest, and it would be sweet after such sufferings. 'Yes,' she replied, 'I greatly desire to reach it.' I offered frequent petitions for her relief, and for the presence of the Saviour with her through all the dark valley. She sometimes added. 'Yes, this is my prayer.' A little before nine o'clock, she turned her eye towards me and said, 'My sufferings have ceased. I breathe freely. How gracious the Lord has been to me! Do join with me in praising Him!' I knelt by her side, and offered thanksgiving. After a moment's pause, she said, 'Blessed Saviour!' and seemed rapt in contemplation of Him whose glory she was soon to behold. I said to her, 'Can you not offer one petition more for your husband?' A sudden pulsation of life seemed to pass through her frame, and she extended to me her hand, saying, in the sweetest, most affectionate tones, 'You have been an excellent husband, but I never knew how to value you till this sickness.' I knelt, and, kissing her forehead, said, 'Farewell, my dear Henrietta! May the Lord Jesus send his angels to guide you to himself!' 'Delightful thought! how delightful!' she replied, returning the farewell kiss, 'but can we be sure He always sends them, and to one so unworthy?' Then, after a moment's pause, still holding my hand, she added, in a voice singularly sweet and distinct, 'The Lord bless my husband! the Lord bless my children, and my unworthy self!' The tremor of death passed suddenly over her, and all was still. Thinking her spirit had departed, I exclaimed, 'My Henrietta! my Henrietta!' She opened her eyes and said, 'What child is this? Is it little Carrie?' I said, 'No, my dear, there is no child here!' 'Yes!' she replied, 'it is little Carrie, and the room is full of them!'

"I recalled her wandering mind, but in vain. Shortly after these words, she looked upwards, and breathed her last.

“ All was ended now,—the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow ;  
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing ;  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience !  
And, as he pressed once more the lifeless head to his bosom,  
Meekly he bowed his own, and murmured, ‘ Father, I thank thee ! ’ ”

## THE BURIAL.

“ Now she hath her full of rest,  
Sods lie lightly on her breast,  
With no sorrow laden.” J. R. LOWELL.

It was twenty minutes past nine o'clock, on the night of the 14th November, when the angel of silence sealed forever those lips on which had dwelt the law of kindness. And there, in the chamber of death, with his five motherless daughters, all unconscious of their loss, asleep in an adjoining room,— there, by that lifeless form, he knelt down and poured out his heart into the ears of a compassionate Saviour, thanking him for so sweet a release, and imploring his support in that hour of desolation. He afterwards sat for a time, following in thought the departed spirit, as it entered upon the beatific visions of heaven. Then, closing those eyes, which would never more beam upon him, he prepared her body for the burial as she had directed. Her emaciated countenance was calm and sweet; a heavenly smile lingered upon her lips, and her brow seemed touched with the glory of the celestial world. When these last services had been performed by that widowed husband, he sank down prostrate and desolate. But he cried unto the Lord, and found support and consolation.

The elder children, awaking, inquired after their mother. On being told that she was quiet, they again fell asleep. Their father lay down with his smitten

flock, but that parting scene, "that last farewell, so sweet, so tender, so soul-subduing," banished slumber from his eyes. He felt as if "life's last cup of consolation and joy had been received." "I tried," he says, "to follow the spirit to its home of bliss in the wonderful sweetness with which it had commenced the new song, but my unbelieving and selfish heart refused consolation."

What a waking for those stricken children! Their father had endeavored to prepare them for this hour of desolation, but in vain. Nor was this strange. Older hearts than theirs are slow to credit the assurance of a coming sorrow. How could these little ones believe that their ever-watchful mother would no more answer to their call — that her words of love would never again fall upon their listening ear? Poor motherless ones! Early is the chalice of sorrow placed to their rosy lips.

The scene of anguish around that lifeless form can never be described. But their father read to them of the New Jerusalem, the home just reached by their sainted mother, and their hearts were comforted. And as often as the billows of their grief rose high, this weeping circle, amid sobs and groans, fled to prayer, and arose calm and consoled.

On this sad morning the sun rises in mist, and soon passes into clouds. The broad English flag is slowly raised at half-mast, and mournfully spreads out its folds to the sighing breeze. What emotions must fill the heart of that lonely mourner, as he gazes upon that signal, uttering aloud his bereavement, and casting a deep shadow over all nature!

"O, what an expression of gloom and sorrow did it seem to throw over the whole visible universe! I could hardly persuade myself that I and my little family alone were stricken with grief."

During the day, Mr. Kerr, the English consul, called, and kindly offered to take the arrangements for the funeral upon himself, informing Mr. Hamlin that the steamer for Constantinople would probably pass in the morning,—the only one expected for a month. Under these circumstances, the funeral could not be deferred.

“I placed her gently in the coffin, and O, how impossible to break from the last fond gaze! The rough Greeks screwed down the lid; but I made them open it again, and they wept while I looked once more. And then we went and buried her in the sands of Rhodes.”

It was at half-past three that they bore that lovely and beloved form to its lonely grave in the Greek church-yard, attended by Chevalier Hedenborg, the English, Russian and Danish consuls, with some of their friends. The Greek bishop proposed to come out in procession with his clergy, but with many thanks Mr. Hamlin declined the offer, and apparently without giving offence. The English consul read the funeral services, and then the coffin was lowered into the grave. The poor children fell upon their father's neck, and bedewing him with tears exclaimed, “We have nobody to love and nobody to love us now but you!” Not many eyes in that circle of foreign but sympathizing friends beheld without tears this touching scene.

Shall we follow them, as they return to their desolate home? Ah, my brother, my brother! the light of thy dwelling is put out, and thou sittest in darkness and sorrow. Well mayst thou say, “All thy waves and billows are gone over me.” Who but the compassionate Saviour can minister balm to thy wounded spirit?

Breathe a farewell to thy heart's cherished idol!  
 Press on her forehead the seal of thy love!  
 Clasp in thine own the cold hand she extendeth,—  
 Angels are waiting to bear her above.

Woe for thee, mourner! The cup thou art draining—  
 Woe for its dregs that thy pale lips have quaffed!  
 Weep, O my brother! unchannel thy sorrow!  
 Life bringeth never a bitterer draught.

Look on her now, in the death-sleep reposing!  
 Close thou forever those love-beaming eyes;  
 Smooth her dark tresses,—O, tenderly, softly,  
 Culling one lock as thy heart's treasured prize!

Lovely in death! How serenely she sleepeth!  
 Holy the smile is that beams on her brow;  
 Sealed there by Peace, that dear angel celestial,  
 On whose placid bosom she slumbereth now.

Wave, O thou banner, thy mournful death-symbol!  
 Fling thy broad folds to the sorrowing breeze!  
 Utter aloud that lone mourner's bereavement;  
 Tell his sad tale to the tall cypress-trees!

Place her, O gently, within her lone coffin;  
 Look yet again, ere the dark grave enfold;  
 Rough-moulded Greeks in strange sorrow are weeping,  
 Gazing on anguish unfathomed, untold.

Bear her loved form to its place of sepulture;  
 Heap the light sands on her cold, silent breast;  
 On the sea-breaking shore reposes she sweetly,  
 Worn and way-weary there let her rest!

Woe for thee now in thy desolate dwelling!  
 Woe for thy yearnings, so hopeless and vain!  
 Woe for thy clinging, thy motherless children!  
 Fast fall their tears, and bedew thee like rain.

Dearest Redeemer! O, pity their sorrow!  
 Where but to Thee can these weeping ones go?

Bear on thy bosom the soul-stricken father,  
As o'er him are breaking the billows of woe!

Leave her alone on the fair rocky islet!  
There dasheth ever the white-crested surge;  
Balmy the air is, and warm the sweet sunshine,—  
Ocean-waves chanting her low, mournful dirge.

## VICTORY OF FAITH.

“ As my eye grows dim  
And darkens on this fading sphere,  
I see the smiling seraphim  
Wax more and more resplendent there ;  
And as my ear grows deaf and dull  
To the vain sounds of earthly art,  
The music soft and beautiful  
Of heaven absorbs my raptured heart.” J. BOWRING.

HAVING followed the dear departed through conflict to victory, we can but look back with admiring gratitude upon the discipline of her heavenly Father in thus preparing her for himself. As some of the missionaries have since remarked, her struggles and her triumphs seemed peculiarly designed to teach her missionary sisters how to die and leave their children with God.

Endowed by nature with many attractive qualities, it was yet the grace of God early engrafted upon them which awakens our enduring interest, and embalms her memory as blessed in the hearts of all who knew her. It elevated and refined what was before lovely ; it overcame the morbid tendencies of her mind, turning all her impulses and sentiments into a healthful and beneficent channel ; it strengthened her for a self-consecration to the noblest of causes, and gave her calmness and peace when forsaking friends and country for Christ ; it sustained her through all the difficulties and perplexities of her first years of missionary life, as also in the arduous duties and responsibilities of its later

years. All this it did, purifying and perfecting her sweet natural excellences, adorning her with the peculiar gifts and graces of the Spirit, and shedding over her whole character the lustre and beauty of holiness and heaven. Nor was this all.

In a conflict of soul than which few ever experienced a severer, when the streaming light of eternity revealed to her God's ineffable holiness, and, in contrast, the sins of her own heart and life, how signal through grace was her triumph! And in that agonized wrestling of spirit, in those importunate yearnings of nature, which cried unto God day and night for life,—life in behalf of her weeping, clinging children, who, standing upon the shores of Time, would detain her there,—how are those restless pleadings hushed into the calm of sweetest submission! Still there is a region not yet attained. Doubts and fears at times oppress her.

It is here that the merciful Father undertakes for her complete deliverance. She is led to the solemn gates of Death; the King of Terrors confronts her;

“ The cold and pale  
Cloud-curtains of the unseen land ”

are lifting slowly before her. She at first closes her eyes as if to shut out the view of its overpowering realities; she shrinks from the thought of so soon meeting the almighty and adorable Judge, now calling her into the mysterious spirit-world. Who can tell the fearfulness of that strife? But, in this contest between the powers of darkness and the redeeming Spirit, the issue is not doubtful. She makes a new and full surrender of herself to her Saviour, and clasps his cross to her heart. Her tired spirit thus lays itself in the arms of the infinite and unchanging Father, and his promises are now

to her yea and amen. She has no regrets for the past, no fears for the future. Her soul has come into a close and indissoluble union with the great Creator. In this state of perfected love, she enters the land of Beulah. The Dark River is illumined with celestial light. Overlooking the swelling flood, she beholds clearly the promised land, spread out on the bright eternal shore :

“Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green.”

The spicy breezes of the heavenly Canaan are wafted towards her, its crystal waters sparkle in her eye, its celestial melodies fill her ear. Happy spirit! After long toils, and wanderings, and conflicts, she has found her eternal home. No wonder that, though pale and quivering in death, the light of heaven irradiates her countenance, that the serenity of the Holy One beams upon her brow. No wonder that peace rests in her heart and lingers upon her lips. No wonder that her weeping companion, in view of such a triumphant faith, forgets his own present agony and future desolation, and exclaims, “I would rather see her thus, pale and panting in the embrace of death, than to see her radiant in health, and the crowned sovereign of any empire on earth!”

Faith — precious, glorious faith! Ah, my sister! it was thy sweetest gift, thy richest adorning, thy priceless inheritance! That chamber, darkened and gloomy in the shadow of death, it illumines with a serene and glorious light. To that dying bed it bears the angelic symphonies of heaven. That pallid brow it encircles with the crown of glory, the lustre whereof rays visibly around that attenuated form. Grim Death is changed into an angel of mercy. The dark grave is bright as the portals of eternal bliss. The battle is fought, the

victory won! Even while lingering in that decaying tabernacle, faith has well-nigh passed into fruition. And shall we mourn for thee, my sister? Can we shed tears in contemplating such a death,—a death which is but an entrance on the full and eternal life? Let us rather meditate in silent awe in that hallowed room, and learn of thee the sweet lesson of a trusting and triumphant faith. Thy God is our God — blessed be his name! Attaining a like precious faith, so shall we dwell in the serene air of heaven, our garments undefiled by contact with earth. So, when we stand on the Dark River's brink, shall it be all luminous to us, and on the eternal shore shining ones in white will lead us triumphing up to the celestial city.

## PASSAGE FROM RHODES.

“O, soothe us, haunt us, night and day,  
Thou gentle spirit far away,  
With whom we shared the cup of grace,  
Then parted ; thou to Christ’s embrace,  
We to the lonesome world again,  
Yet mindful of the unearthly strain  
Practised with thee at Eden’s door.”      **KEBLE.**

THE greater part of the night following Mrs. Hamlin’s funeral, was spent by her bereaved husband in making arrangements for the departure of himself and his little flock for Constantinople. The steamer, however, did not arrive as expected, and when she did come was prevented from stopping by despatches which she bore for the capital. As no other steamer was due for a month, this mourning family were detained in their lonely habitation until the middle of December.

The very day after their disappointment, four of the children were taken sick, two of them alarmingly so. They had, as mentioned before, no servant but little Mary’s nurse, “a woman of most unreasonable and malignant temper.”

“I surveyed the scene (writes Mr. Hamlin) and said, ‘The Lord reigneth.’ I tried to give them all up, to conceal no wedge of gold in any corner of my heart. It cost me a dreadful struggle ; but I bless God that he did enable me, as I think, to give up the sweet treasures to him. Heaven, instead of being a distant and shadowy realm, seemed a near and blessed reality ; and I could rejoice in the thought of my little family

so soon joining their mother in a safe and sinless world. But God has graciously spared me the trial, and given them back to me for a season."

Not long after, he writes :

"It is a day of sorrow, in which nature itself seems wrapt in gloom. Dark, heavy clouds, and a chilly, motionless atmosphere, seem to press upon my very soul. I am writing in the chamber where my precious wife bade me that tender farewell, and departed in joy to the Saviour whom she loved. During twelve years she has been at my side, my counsellor, companion and friend, the light and joy of my household, — and now I am indeed desolate and afflicted. Here is her rocking-chair, her work-box, her Bible, and a thousand familiar things ; and O, how my heart yearns to behold her once more !

"My children are at Dr. Hedenborg's to-day, and in this sacred chamber I have been endeavoring to realize my loss, and to inquire into the meaning of this bereavement. I see clearly that twelve years of unfaithfulness in the service of God, twelve years of continued blessings and constant ingratitude, twelve years of social happiness, unmindful of the Giver, who should have had the supreme affections of my soul, and the service of every hour and of every faculty, — this has led him to chasten me in a manner that I could not disregard. I have endeavored this day humbly and penitently to confess all my sins, and have besought him to grant me full and free forgiveness, and not to reject me from the work in which I have hitherto been so unfaithful and unfruitful."

It was a merciful providence that in a land of strangers gave to Mr. Hamlin and his family friends whose sympathy and kindness, during their season of peculiar trial, were most grateful and consoling. He thus acknowledges his obligations :

"My warmest gratitude is due to the English consul and

lady, Mr and Mrs. Kerr, and to the Chevalier Hedenborg and lady, for their kind and unremitted attentions to my departed wife and my motherless children. The Russian and Danish consuls have also shown me every kindness. May the Lord reward them all with infinite blessings in his eternal kingdom!"

That long month of solitary meditation in the death-hallowed chamber, and beside the grave of the departed one, at length passed away. For many days previous to the steamer's expected arrival, high gales of wind swept along the coast. The night before their departure, Mr. Hamlin lay awake listening to the angry surge as it beat against the shore. In those silent watches, he lifted up his heart to God in behalf of his tender flock. As they entered the steamer the next morning, the wind was dying away, and during their whole passage the sea was quiet and the weather mild, until they arrived within about thirty miles of the Golden Horn. Had they sailed at the time they attempted, one month before, their passage would have been cold and stormy, while now, in mid-winter, it was delightful. When near their desired haven, the winds were let loose; but they were then in a position to enjoy the exhibition of God's power, as they had before enjoyed the wonders of his love.

We will not attempt to follow this bereaved family as they entered their desolated home. He who had sustained them through such heart-rending scenes did not forsake them now.

"She is still (says Mr. Hamlin) our guiding star. Everything tells of her. Here is her last work, the thread half sewed, the needle as placed by her own dear hand, the scissors, the thimble, all in the work-basket just as she left them."

Among his neighbors, the rich and poor united in

their expressions of grief and condolence for his irreparable loss. Breaking away from the bigotry of their church, they spoke of the departed as the "beloved of God" called home to heaven. The aged Kera Maria, whose benefactress she had been, freely poured out her tears, exclaiming, "What, shall I see her no more in this hall? She always spoke to me more sweetly than my own daughters. Others have been very kind, but your lady was different from them all. There is none like her in this world."

From the beloved missionary circle, from which they had been so long exiled, this mourning family received every possible sympathy and kindness. To the common cause, so dear to all their hearts, Mr. Hamlin, after his baptism of suffering, devoted himself with renewed ardor.

" Then cheerly to your work again,  
With heart new-braced and set,  
To run untired love's blessed race,  
As meet for those who, face to face,  
Over the grave their Lord have met."

"I anticipate (he writes) greater satisfaction in the missionary work than I have ever before experienced. After offering upon this altar a beloved wife, let the remainder of my days be consecrated to it anew."

But those *children*, upon whom, in the morning of life, had fallen such a great sorrow,—who, in that large household, and with only unfaithful servants to care for them,—who is to fill the yearning void in their hearts? who is to be to them a mother, and train them up for heaven? To such trials parents in Christian lands are comparative strangers.

In considering the question whether he should sunder that precious band, and send his cherished little ones

across the wide waters to America, their afflicted father writes :

“The most momentous responsibility, the sharpest trial, and the heaviest cross to which the missionary is called, relate to his children. There is nothing to be thrown off or evaded. He must decide alone, and the results will be eternal to those for whom he would joyfully sacrifice life itself. I never felt parental responsibility before.”

“Father, are you *never* going to take me home again?” asks one of his little girls, about three years old, as she looks earnestly into his face. He had accepted the kind offer of a missionary sister, and placed this child with her for a time. It is not strange, under these various circumstances of trial, that even the younger children should long have mourned for their mother. In a letter nearly four months after her death, Mr. Hamlin writes of the same child above-mentioned :

“A few days since, I heard little Abbie thus interceding with her mother : ‘O, mother dear! if God has made you well, why don’t you come again to our home? Come, mother dear, and I will climb up and put my arms around your neck, and kiss you, and give you flowers and walnuts. O, mother dear, mother dear!’ Her little voice was so earnest and plaintive that the recollection of it brings tears to my eyes.”

Stricken brother, thy way is thorny, but One hath trodden it before thee !

“ It was no path of flowers,  
Through this dark world of ours,  
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread ;  
And shall we in dismay  
Shrink from the narrow way,  
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ? ”

## CLOSING TRIBUTES.

“O thou who mournest on thy way,  
With longings for the close of day,  
He walks with thee, that angel kind,  
And gently whispers, ‘Be resigned!  
Bear up, bear on,—the end shall tell  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well.’”

J. G. WHITTIER.

FROM the numerous letters testifying to the regard in which Mrs. Hamlin was held by those who knew her, and breathing the spirit of consolation, we cannot forbear making a few extracts.

Says the Rev. Dr. Woods, of Andover :

“From the beginning of my acquaintance with Mrs. Hamlin, I was impressed with the amiable simplicity, modesty and affectionateness, of her character. She possessed a very cultivated understanding, and a refined taste. Her manner was peculiarly delicate and unassuming, and her excellence of character was the more lovely because it never sought to display itself. When I was informed of her consent to go to a distant country as the wife of a missionary, I rejoiced in the accession to the cause of one so intelligent and discreet, so attractive in her personal appearance and manners, and so manifestly possessed of mature and active piety. Her life was short. But in her own sphere, as a wife, a mother, and an assistant in the work of teaching the principles of the Christian religion to the ignorant and perishing, the amount of her usefulness was by no means small. By her labors, her example, her life and her prayers, she exerted an influence on multitudes

in her home circle and in a foreign land, which will not soon pass away."

From the Rev. Mr. Powers, at Sivas :

"Mrs. Hamlin in her death has spoken to many who never heard her living voice. The account of her last days reached me on a day observed by the little band of brethren here for fasting and prayer. I communicated to them the substance of that baptismal scene you so touchingly describe, at which every eye was bathed in tears. The people of Sivas till now never heard of such triumphant faith, such meek submission, and such heavenly peace and joy in the chamber of death. And even the Pasha of this place has listened with interest and delight to the account, as presented to him by one of the brethren, a few days after. He has received an impression respecting the Christian's life and the Christian's death such as few Pashas ever had before. How sublime is such a death-bed scene ! How sweet the savor of it that remains to surviving friends ! How rich, how invaluable will the recollection of it be to you and your children, through life !"

From Mrs. Brown, a sister of Commodore Porter, who has long been deeply interested in the missionary cause, and was for many years a warm friend of Mrs. Hamlin :

"There is scarcely an American heart in Constantinople that has not been pierced by the same dart that has wounded yours ; for I well know that our dear departed friend was loved, respected and honored, by all. Her sweetness of character, her highly-cultivated mind, her gentle and graceful deportment, rendered her a model well worthy of imitation ; and I am sure that not one of our circle would be longer lamented than she will be."

Still later, she writes :

"Her image is indelibly impressed upon my memory. And

the recollection of the unbounded kindnesses that I have received from her, both in sickness and in health, can never be effaced. Neither my pen nor my tongue is capable of expressing the admiration, love and gratitude I feel, and have always felt, for her, and for her kindness to me. All who knew her loved her and admired her; but it was only those who have experienced her kind attention, as I have, when laid upon a sick bed, who could fully appreciate her kind and feeling heart, and her amiable and lovely character. She was so thoughtful for others, particularly those who were sick or in any way afflicted, that she would forget her own weakness while ministering to them.

“The poor and the needy, though sometimes unworthy, were never turned empty away. Many a loaf of bread have I seen her cut in two to give one-half to them.”

From Rev. Dr. Perkins, of Oroomiah :

“We retain a most delightful recollection of our dear departed sister, so gentle, so kind, so refined, so accomplished, so active and so efficient as a missionary, so heavenly in her whole temper and character. We well remember the first time we saw you both, across the double railing, when we were in quarantine on the opposite side of the Bosphorus from Bebek. How grateful were your faces to us then, though strangers, in our wearisome confinement! And how did all your own and your dear wife’s subsequent kindness endear you to our hearts! Blessed one! she is now still more perfect and lovely, in her angelic garb in heaven. Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!”

From Rev. Mr. Wood, formerly associated with Mr. Hamlin in the seminary at Bebek, but now assistant secretary of the American Board :

“I cannot express to you with what solemn, painful, and yet delighted interest I have read the accounts of the closing scenes of the life of our dear sister. I mourn, my dear

brother, as partaker with you in this deep affliction. But how much there is in connection with it to console, an even to rejoice your heart!

“I have never read a death-bed scene which seemed to me so beautiful and sublime. The recollection of it will ever remain as a balm in your heart, and in the hearts of all who loved her. I read at the ministers’ meeting the account of the baptismal and of the closing scene. Every eye was bathed in tears. At the close, Dr. Lansing led in prayer, with the tears streaming down his cheeks. He commended you and the children to God, using, among others, this expression, ‘And as we heard it, every heart did say, O Lord, bless the baby!’”

The following is an extract from the Rev. Mr. Goodell’s sermon, delivered in the seminary at Bebek, on the occasion of Mrs. Hamlin’s death :

“My friends, one who but as yesterday lived and moved amongst us, one from our own little circle, the former occupant of this mansion, has, we doubt not, recently gone to the rest of heaven. And, though we may weep tears of sorrow for those she has left behind, yet for her we will weep only tears of joy and thankfulness. The loss to her family is indeed great, and to human view it seems irreparable. But she has not left them comfortless. Her prayers for them were answered; and the blessed Comforter has himself come ‘to abide with them forever.’ ‘The heart of her husband safely trusted in her,’ and ‘her children rise up and call her blessed.’ She was one indeed in whom all her friends could safely confide; for whose confidence did she ever betray? Which one of us did she ever meet without the smile of welcome? Who of us ever heard from her lips any words but those of sisterly kindness and love? What examples did she ever set us but those of meekness, cheerfulness, candor, order, industry, economy, patience, devotedness to her husband and children, and entire consecration to the great work for which she came to this land? In this large establishment, her cares and inconveniences must at

times have been very many, and her self-denials often very great; but who ever heard from her a single murmur, or even a sigh of complaint? If she ever told her griefs, it was not to us, but to Him 'who seeth in secret.'

"The loss to this seminary is a great one, for her influence on it was good, and only good. The loss to the poor of this village is also great, for she was the succorer of many. The loss to our whole circle is one that will be long felt, for she was greatly beloved by us all. But our loss, we doubt not, is her eternal gain.

"In her last illness, though her bodily distress was often very great, and her spiritual conflicts at times very severe, yet 'the grace of God was exceeding abundant,' and she was enabled to triumph over all. Her attachment to her family was one of uncommon tenderness and strength; and it seemed to her at first that a separation from them was among the things that could not be. But, through divine grace, she was enabled to give them all up to the Lord with the greatest cheerfulness, and with the very highest confidence, and to feel that *all was just as it should be*. Death came towards her 'as the king of terrors,' and his onward strides she observed with most fixed attention and with solemn awe; but, on a nearer approach, she found 'the sting of death' was entirely removed by Christ, and this king of terrors she hailed as a friend to bring her where she longed to go.

"Of our beloved sister we could indeed say much, both as to her life of faith and her death of triumph. But most distinctly and most devoutly would we acknowledge that it was 'not by works of righteousness which she had done,' but through grace alone, that she obtained the victory. And we know it would be the wish of her heart that on this occasion we speak not of her, but only of that precious One on whom she believed, by whose strength she triumphed over sin and the grave, and through whose death, we doubt not, she now has life, and has it more abundantly than ever before. Blessed be God that, though our griefs be many, our joys are greater than our griefs! For fresh proof we have now that 'the Son

of God hath indeed come,' and 'hath given unto us eternal life.' Fresh proof have we now that the Prince of Life 'hath abolished death.' Fresh evidence have we now seen that whosoever believeth in the living Saviour 'shall never die.' Yes, my brethren, in the rich experience of our departed friend, we have a new instance, and a very illustrious one, of the power of faith, of the preciousness of the gospel of Christ, and of the truth and stability of all the divine promises."

From the Rev. Mr. Schauffler's sermon, on the same occasion :

"2 Tim. 1 : 10. 'Who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.'

"Our text is a clear and bright stream of light poured upon the darkest of all the subjects connected with human existence — *death*. And so intense is the light which is thus converged upon this black spot of solid darkness, that the darkness itself becomes radiant, and the frowning cloud, fraught with the chill horror of death, is turned into a pearly gate, half revealing and half concealing the 'eternal weight of glory' which Christ has prepared for them that love him.

"What remains of the bitterness of death to the children of God is but the reminiscence of the fall; and even that bitterness is sanctified and turned into a means of grace by the participation of the Son of God in the same, and is either sweetened by his sympathy, or, as it often is, entirely removed by the power of divine grace, and the cheering presence of the Prince of Life. Pain and disease are to them an humbling, instructive, and invaluable illustration of the nature of sin and its deserts, a school of patience, and an exercise of filial submission to the will of God; and thus another bond of inward union and fellowship with the suffering and dying Saviour.

"And with these bodily trials there may be mingled severe inward contests. There may be solemn and awful searchings of heart as to approaching eternity, deeply humbling and melting seasons of self-condemnation. The waters may rise, and sweep in terrible majesty over the soul. God is holy,

— a consuming fire to sin, wherever it is found. What shall we say, when our lives are unfolded before our eyes, and that in the light of eternity, already casting its peering ray across the narrow stream, and in view of the sacredness of the divine law, which cannot be violated without just and eternal condemnation? But Jesus is an all-sufficient and almighty Saviour. Resting on this Rock, the soul is safe against despair. The struggle gradually passes, the clouds are scattered we know not how, hope brightens, sweet assurance flows like a balm over the wounded soul, Jesus draws near, the soul feels the irresistible attraction, and desires to depart, and to see him as he is. At last the heart stops beating, the breath ceases, the brittle thread of life is severed, and an eternal weight of glory bursts upon the sight! Was this severing of soul and body *death*? No such thing. It was the triumph of the soul over death; and the inspired sentiment would have been no hyperbole in the mouth of the departing saint, when it proclaims the triumph of faith, shouting, O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?

\* \* \* \* \*

“The text of this discourse was suggested by the departure of our dear friend, Mrs. Henrietta Hamlin. In adding a few words more particularly relating to her character, I would realize, that in her life she was like the sensitive plant, modestly shrinking even from the gentlest touch; and that the graces with which she was gifted can be appreciated only when observed secretly, as they grow, bud and blossom, in their native shade of deep retirement. Publicity they fear. But I would also realize that those graces were not hers, but lent to her, a talent to ‘occupy,’ in His service, and for His glory, who gave them; and that this great object of the bestowment is certainly promoted, at least in part, by making her speak, though she is dead.

“It was the pleasure of God to call our departed friend into his service at an early period of her life. This might have been expected, as the result of the divine blessing upon the faith, the prayers, and the efforts of pious and intelligent

parents, and as the fruit of that retiring and reflecting cast of mind which it pleased God to give her as a natural endowment. Natural and providential gifts, tending to the solution of the great problem of our existence, are not the less divine gifts, nor the less precious for coming to us in the way of nature, or of providence. Nor are we the less responsible for them to God, on that account.

“But what perhaps few would have expected was her call to the missionary work. Minds so deeply retiring are generally supposed not to be sufficiently aggressive for that work,—and, abstractedly considered, this view is correct. But as in his home, so also in his foreign service, the Lord employs all temperaments and all gifts, provided they are sanctified, and devoted to his service. Our departed sister had grace thus to devote herself unconditionally to the Lord, and, contrary to the expectation of many, and perhaps contrary to her own expectations, He sent her into the foreign field, to the centre of Islamism, into the midst of an idolatrous oriental church, and at a time, too, when persecution was raging with terrible fury, and when the very existence of the mission was extremely precarious. But *He* had sent her, and she went; and as her day was, so was her strength. The promises of God are ‘without repentance.’

“By a kind and striking providence, our departed friend was called to a field of labor so congenial to her temperament and her retiring habits, that the latter interfered in no way with the most faithful discharge of her regular duties. Thus those traits of character which might have prevented her engaging in the missionary work, had she herself taken the responsibility of deciding the case, were most manifestly and wisely overruled by Providence. Surely the maternal supervision of an institution which soon became a school of prophets, together with the care of her family, and with the attention which visitors and inquirers often claimed, was enough for any missionary sister, and more than enough for one of such slender health.

“Of the manner in which she was enabled to discharge her duty, and of her whole life on missionary ground, I need not

speak in particular; nor would our time permit me to draw the picture of a life made up of constant unremitted kindnesses to all around, — kindnesses too modestly performed to attract attention, too constant to be noticed as extraordinary.

“ Would you hear of her benevolence to, and her sympathy for, the suffering? Ask the poor and sick of this village, whom she served in her day. Let *them* tell their tales.

“ The accuracy, I could say the energy, with which she managed the domestic concerns of the institution and of her family, received its daily testimony from the neat and orderly appearance of both. Seldom, if ever, was a kind maternal regard to the real wants and claims of the members of so great a household better combined with that strict economy which Christian principles inspire. Hence it is that she had the affection and the regard of all under her roof. The pupils stepped lightly over head, and often walked in their stockings, when they knew or but suspected that she was incommoded by a heedless gait in heavy shoes. To refuse or evade any wish of hers would have required the most extraordinary rudeness in them, and I doubt whether she ever had a disappointment of this kind to suffer. All her neighbors, as soon as they realized at all her character, treated her with distinguished respect and kindness. The missionary circle of which she was a member, though always blest with harmony of heart and work, will gladly acknowledge her to have been an ornament to them. To none of them has she ever given occasion for an unkind thought or emotion. As far as she was known, so far she was beloved and esteemed. When she was carried down in her rocking-chair hung on poles to the Bosphorus, to go on board of the steamer which conveyed her to Rhodes, I feel most confident in saying that she left no enemy behind her. On the contrary, she carried away with her the respect and the affection of her fellow-laborers, of her countrymen, of all her acquaintances among foreigners, and of all the natives of every nation with whom she had come into contact.

“ Of the *wife* and the *mother*, I will let the husband and the older children speak. I trust they will speak of her while they

live, till they meet with her in glory. But one thing I will venture to say. Much as they loved and esteemed her,—and, as it is apt to go with human affections, they may, in this respect, have gone even too far, at times.—yet they never knew her value till she was gone. Never did her bereaved husband realize the amount and the extent of her cares and her labors of love, till he returned to his desolated house, while her industrious hands were folded in her grave in Rhodes, resting from their well-done work. Never did he fully realize the value of her influence upon the children, till her tongue lay silent in the dust. Never did he adequately feel the value of her society after the heat and burden of his daily work, till the solitary evening hours, and the silent walls of his room, spoke to him of a loss which he learned to appreciate more deeply every day. Never did the children feel the sweetness of her affection, and the charm of her smiles, till that heart had ceased to beat, and those features, transformed to cold marble, had been fixed in their last deep sleep, preparatory to the great resurrection morning.

“Her missionary life was not without some severe trials of feeling, but they were borne silently; she wept sometimes, but she never murmured, nor complained even, so far as I know.

“Thus did the current of her life flow on, in even tenor, quietly, till her last trials approached, followed by the triumph of faith in Christ.

“The Spirit of grace, intending to lead her deeper into Christ than ever before, disclosed before her the glory of the divine character, and the utter unworthiness of our best deeds before him. And the path in which He led her, from the gloomy depths of contrition and self-loathing, to the clear and placid light shining around the cloudless height of Pisgah—that path is indeed radiant with divine wisdom and mercy. From that eminence she had a full view of the merits of Christ, the perfection and the all-sufficiency of the atonement made by the Lamb of God, and of that eternal weight of glory beyond the grave which free grace has procured for every penitent and believing soul.

“The path of our beloved sister, from the time when the cloud was past, shone more and more unto the perfect day. Thus the experience of her last days exhibits all that the Christian can desire to find in his own spiritual state. I the chief of sinners — Christ a perfect Saviour; I nothing — He all; I, such as I am, *His* forever, — He, such as He is, forever *mine*. In such a frame of mind she departed from this world of sin and sorrow, and her end was peace — ‘perfect peace.’”

## SUMMARY OF CHARACTER.

“ To smell this flower, come near it ; such can grow  
In that sole garden where Christ’s brow dropped blood.”

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

THERE is a delightful variety in the world of nature, and each species of every genus, perfect in its kind, commands our admiration. The delicate and fragrant heliotrope is no less lovely than the beautiful and brilliant rose. This variety we find not less in the moral than the material world, and our judgment of many things depends upon the question of their fitness for their own place.

In estimating character, we must take this same general law into the account. As there are various spheres of action, so God fits different individuals for these various spheres. There are noble women like Ann Judson and Mary Lyon,— women endowed by Heaven with rare gifts for the fulfilling of some peculiar mission.

For her heroic daring and martyr-spirit, the name of the former is embalmed in the church as one of the most efficient pioneers in the Burmese mission. By her unparalleled energy, directed to a single object and hallowed by supreme love to God, Mary Lyon has raised for herself a monument that shall last while the mind of man endureth.

There are others fitted by nature, as by culture, for a

more retired though not less beneficent sphere, and who none the less adorn that sphere. And yet the delineation of such a character, and that where there is little incident, is a work of no ordinary difficulty and delicacy.

Mrs. Hamlin's character was from childhood remarkably well balanced, both morally and intellectually. Possessed of great refinement and sensibility, she was yet firm in purpose and persevering in execution. With unusual powers of discrimination, she had great sweetness of temper and benevolence of disposition. Her natural traits were such as we rarely see combined, and her retiring modesty gave a fresh charm to these golden virtues. Lovely and attractive in countenance and manner, ardent, imaginative and highly cultivated, she could not fail to awaken a deep interest in those who knew her.

That same love of the beautiful which marked her earliest childhood continued until her dying hour. It was a spontaneous growth of her being, an instinctive appreciation of every type of beauty and sublimity in every department of nature and of art. But it was refined and spiritualized by her religious character. In holding communion with the visible creation, her heart ascended in silent worship to the unseen and adorable Creator.

“Her mind was a thanksgiving to the Power  
That made her ; it was blessedness and love.”

From the moment of her consecration to the missionary work, a sweeter, a purer light encircles her. We see a woman of a high order of intellect, of peculiar delicacy, and of acute sensibility, calmly bidding a last adieu to her home and friends. We see her, with singleness of spirit and in simplicity of faith, entering

upon her field of labor, and assuming the duties of her great missionary household. We follow her in her course, as with a sustained energy and an all-pervading conscientiousness she faithfully and cheerfully performs its arduous but unostentatious duties.

By nature she was so shrinking and sensitive as to seem unfitted for the trials and hardships of missionary life. This, with her want of experience in domestic cares, from being the youngest in the family, together with her studious habits, rendered it doubtful how she would succeed at the head of such an establishment. But, with all her sensitiveness, there was developed a firmness of resolve and a practical common sense, which, when occasion required, overcame her natural timidity, and gave her an executive ability which supplied to her the place of experience. Her views were clear and discriminating, and in the many questions of life her judgments were accurate and just. And what was unusual in connection with such keen sensibility was her peculiar power of self-control. In great emergencies, however trying, she was calm and self-possessed.

She was economical, industrious and inventive, sometimes playfully boasting of her mechanical skill as hardly inferior to that of her husband. And she was as hospitable as economical, cordially entertaining her numerous guests with an ease and grace peculiar to herself. To the health and comfort of her missionary brothers and sisters she was ever ready to minister. Her kindness to the poor, and her sweetness yet dignity of manner, imperceptibly overcame the prejudices and won the regards of all her neighbors. It may truly be said of her that she delighted in the exercise of those "lesser charities which soothe, and cheer, and bless," and which are the crown of all the adornments of social

life. If her feelings were ever wounded,—and whose are not?—it was in secret places that she wept, and then came forth with an unclouded brow.

Her truthful and conscientious spirit gained her the confidence of those who knew her, and her lovely and noble qualities of mind and heart won their affection. In the arduous labors of her companion, she ever cheered and sustained him, while upon all around she exerted an influence gentle, yet beneficent as the distilling dew.

As the head of a household, she was distinguished for a mild efficiency and perseverance, administering rebuke to her servants when necessary, but so kindly that in some instances her efforts were well rewarded.

As a wife and mother, her tender affection and fidelity were never surpassed. It was in her family that her retiring and attractive virtues shone with their own peculiar lustre. Her devotion to it was quiet, but unremitting. It was her world, and she was its presiding, animating spirit. Here she reigned by the power of taste, refinement and love. Her light step never flagged till all was done. Unfathomed were the depths of that loving nature, leading to a ceaseless self-forgetfulness. Not the cold waters of death rising over her could for one moment abate her self-sacrificing thoughtfulness for those she loved.

Her views of religious truth were clear, distinctive and scriptural. And, superadded to a natural conscientiousness, was her high sense of personal responsibility. This was the controlling motive-power of her life,—a power maintained and strengthened by her daily habit of studying the oracles of divine truth, and of communion with God in prayer. However manifold and arduous might be her duties, and however distracting her cares, she never forgot where to look for guid-

ance and support. Her window looked out upon the beautiful scenery of the Bosphorus. And in the memory of her elder daughters will linger her image, as she sat morning and evening by this window, perusing together the book of nature and the book of God. Priceless is the value of such a habit, clearing away the clouds which passion and earthliness gather around the spirit, and through the purified atmosphere giving the soul sweet visions of the heavenly land. The Christian's brow would be oftener unclouded, did he visit more frequently the mount of prayer. There the wounds received by contact with the world are all healed, and the heart rests in the fulness of infinite love.

It was this perpetual intercourse with the invisible world which brought to our friend strength from above for her daily trials, and wisdom for her various duties; which gave consistency and spirituality to her character, and invested her with a peculiar charm.

“When one that holds communion with the skies  
Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise,  
And once more mingles with us meaner things,  
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;  
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,  
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.”

Such was the mission of Henrietta Hamlin, and, by the grace of God, it was nobly fulfilled; nor can we doubt that she received from her Master's lips the award of “Well Done.”

## THE REINTERMENT.

“Calm on the seas and silver sleep,  
And waves that sway themselves in rest,  
And dead calm in that noble breast  
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.”

*In Memoriam.*

It is not strange that the bereaved husband should often recur to the desire of his departed companion to sleep where her children could stand beside her grave, and recall her last counsels. No wonder that, when at the sweet sunset hour he sat with his motherless flock beneath his trellised vine, and gazed at the hills sprinkled over with white daisies, and at the bright Bosphorus, whose opposite shores, glowing in the sunlight, were reflected to him in all the rich hues of the orient, while the tall palm-trees were budding and blossoming into beauty,—no wonder, when contemplating a scene which the departed loved so well, that he longed for the time when he could meditate beside her remains!

In this feeling he seemed justified, not only by the dying wishes of his wife, but by the laws of memory and association. Sweet and profitable it is to muse by the graves of those we love. In speaking on this subject, Mr. Hamlin says:

“I wish so to impress the remembrance of their mother upon her children, that they shall remember, if possible, her material

form and countenance till the resurrection. With desire I have desired to accomplish this request, and though I may have some difficulties with the authorities, I hope and pray that a favoring Providence may help me through. I trust the 'peace' of the dear invalid will in some degree be given me, and that in going and coming I shall dwell in the secret of His pavilion."

At the commencement of the seminary vacation, in the latter part of August 1851. he made arrangements to leave for Rhodes :

"I made my preparations, and spent the evening and night before I left home in absolute solitude. How did the memory of the past rush upon me, as I took out her trunk to pack in my solitary house, after all my children and scholars had departed !"

The circumstances attending the fulfilling of this sacred mission are so peculiar and affecting, that we cannot refrain from giving the account in his own words :

{ "Ottoman Steamer, Yahari Bahari,  
} in the Gulf at Smyrna, Sept. 9, 1851.

"I wrote you on my way to Rhodes, and now, by a singular providence, I am making my quarantine in the splendid saloon of the Pasha of Aleppo, who passed Rhodes on his way to Constantinople. But let me tell you of my visit, with its trials, sorrows and joys. It has been a period of my life never to be forgotten. I passed Patmos at the same hour in the morning that Henrietta and I passed it eleven months before. I sat down on the deck and read the whole of Revelation, with the island in sight, and thought of the glorified spirit who now understands, as we cannot, that divine book. The sunset, as we drew near to Rhodes, was the most peculiar and impressive that I ever beheld. I have perhaps seen the sun

approach its setting in equal glory and magnificence, and have seen the west as widely illuminated with his splendor; but his light became pure and brilliant, like the purest light of the morning star, and then, a beautiful golden tinge passing over its disk, it suddenly disappeared. Some of the heedless passengers noticed it with exclamations of surprise. I thought of a redeemed soul entering the gates of bliss. It seemed given me as a faint emblem of her whose mortal remains I had come to claim. We did not reach the harbor till seven o'clock, and the gates of the city being shut, we could not land. The new moon was shining peacefully upon us, the evening breeze blew fresh and strong, and the waves broke upon the long sandy shore in one direction, and dashed against the gray stones in another, at the foot of the old battlements and towers; the merry songs of the Greek boatmen filled the harbor; some vessels were passing by, and others beating up against the breeze. But more than all that deep and solemn cadence of the sea against the shore where she was sleeping, brought back those nights of watching, when I used to listen to the same sound, and think of the approaching separation. It would be impossible for me to tell you how solemn, how tender, how enchain- ing were those lines from Tennyson, which seemed written for that place and that evening:

‘*Break, break, break,*

*On thy cold gray stones, O sea!*

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

‘O, well for the fisherman’s boy

That he shouts with his sister at play;

O, well for the sailor lad,

That he sings in his boat on the bay.

‘And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill;

*But O for the touch of a vanished hand,*

*And the sound of a voice that is still!*

‘Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O sea!

*But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Shall never come back to me !*

“With many tender thoughts of that voice which is still, and of the touch of that vanished hand, I went early in the morning, as soon as I could land, to the grave. No idlers were about, and I could stand and meditate over her place of lowly rest. I then returned to the city, and passed up through the Street of the Knights, the street through which I bore her when we landed at Rhodes, and through which I passed every day for her medicines. It brought back her sweet image to my mind more vividly than I had anticipated. Every stone in the street, and the old knightly armorials on the walls, seemed to speak of those days. As I was passing an old Greek woman, she suddenly seized my hand and kissed it most fervently, raising at the same time a loud voice of lamentation, ‘O thy children! O their mother! O thy children! O their mother!’ It was a poor old woman I sometimes employed to bring us things for the house. Her sudden and wild grief, oriental as it was, overcame me for a moment, and I wept for the ‘children’ and ‘their mother.’

“I found the house unoccupied, obtained its keys, and with a trembling heart entered its sacred rooms. I knelt again, my dear friend, on the very spot where I knelt to give and receive the last kiss, and to feel the touch of that hand, which, though it had for hours been motionless, she extended to say farewell. I passed many most solemn and affecting, and I may say some most happy hours, in that room. I was in the house alone day and night, except when occupied about the exhumation of the dear remains. My strength was prostrated. I had superstition, and fear, and prejudice, and bigotry, to contend with, and my best friend there, the English consul, advised me to give up the enterprise as wholly impracticable, till some English national vessel should touch there on its way to Constantinople. I replied that I should begin by overcoming the first obstacles to the exhumation, and that as to the rest, relating to the excitement in the neighborhood, the quarantine laws, and the transportation, I would overcome them, if possible, in suc-

cession; if not possible, I would then submit as to the will of God, and reënter the remains. 'You are on the right principle,' said he, 'and I will help you all I can,' — a promise he nobly redeemed. I will not weary you with the long, long story. I accomplished the exhumation in the night of September 2d, and transferred the remains myself to the metallic case *September 3d*. The decomposition, it is true, was entire, but, covering the face, the beautiful contour of the head and forehead was her own. How memory recalled the bridal morning just thirteen years before! I again kissed that forehead, in unutterable sorrow and bitterness of soul. I sealed up the remains, and kept them with me in our house till I left. I had many solemn and penitential reviews of past life, and time for prayer and communion with God. On Saturday, September 6, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the Austrian steamer was announced, by the raising of the Austrian flag. The agent had forbidden my taking the remains with me, nor could I overcome his objections. No vessel in the harbor would take them. I was compelled, therefore, to bid farewell to that house, and leave the sacred treasure there, hoping the English boat, ten days later, would take it. I hastened down to the Austrian boat to return to my little flock, when lo! it proved a Turkish government war-steamer, with the Pasha of Aleppo on board. The English consul immediately requested Hallit Pasha, now at Rhodes, — brother-in-law to the Sultan, — to intercede for a passage with the remains. The consul requested it, unknown to me, 'as a personal favor to himself,' and assured the pasha that the American minister at Constantinople would acknowledge it as an act of national courtesy and friendship. The quarantine doctor at the same time went to assure the pasha and the commander of the steamer that the case was scientifically prepared, soldered and sealed with every skill and precaution. The pasha very kindly acceded, and in one hour after the request reached him I was on board, thankful and rejoicing with my precious treasure. How wonderful is the providence of God! I had struggled through many difficulties, in great bodily weakness,

but there was one I could not overcome. I prayed that if it was consistent with the Divine will that obstacle also might be removed; and lo! a Turkish pasha comes, and with more humanity, kindness and nobility of soul, than could be found among Austrians and Greeks, my request is most unexpectedly answered. 'Whoso is wise and will observe these things, shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.'

"The pasha and suite make their quarantine on shore, and he has left me in entire possession of the quarter-deck, with a spacious awning, and of his cabin and saloon, besides my own state-room. Here I can read, and write, and think, and pray. The meeting of the American Board commences to-day. Thirteen years ago I was there with my Henrietta. Perhaps *she* is there, surveying with thrilling interest every indication of the progress of her Redeemer's kingdom on earth. She doubtless thinks often of her poor husband, pities the weakness of his faith, wonders at the coldness of his love towards Him who loved us unto death, and at the sadness and desolation of his heart over such a brief separation. Why should he gaze in such sorrow upon that decayed body which shall rise in glory and power, and why should he faint and be weary when the way is so short? And then those dear children, — I know she loves them still. It was her quenchless love to them that caused the request I am now executing. I return to them with an anxious heart, and shall not leave them so long again, if I can possibly keep them near me. I love them with a more anxious love than ever, and one of the solemn resolves which I wrote down in that room where I baptized little Mary in the arms of her dying mother, where I placed her departed mother in the coffin, and with her blest remains brought back to the same habitation, was this, — that I would be more affectionate, unwearied, watchful, inventive and prayerful, in the education of my children, remembering her last counsels, to do all in my power to prepare them for heaven.

"I feel that I love them somewhat as a father should love the children of such a mother. But I need more of a mother's ever-watchful, wakeful and self-denying love, that forgets self

in the anxious cares and guardianship of her treasures. Still I feel that it is impossible to keep them all with me until I leave the seminary to some one to discharge the greater part of my present duties in it. Their dear mother's tomb will never cease to be an object of deep interest to them. However ready reason may be to smile at it, I have *felt* that she is nearer me than she was; and as I stood on the spot where I hung over her in such intense anxiety, I felt as though I could almost speak to her again."

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Just ten months from the day when the widowed husband laid that silent form in its lonely resting-place, on the island of Rhodes, it was reinterred in the Pera cemetery. This cemetery is on a height overlooking on one side the Asiatic shore, and on the other the city of the Sultan, with its minareted mosques, where dwell the beloved people among whom Mrs. Hamlin came to live and die.

Not long was she to rest there alone. The darling of her love, baptized in tears of agony, and early written motherless, soon heard the voice from behind the misty curtain of the spirit-land. A child of exceeding loveliness, she had shone upon the weeping ones around her, a sweet sunbeam in their darkened dwelling. But the black-robed angel came for her, and she too went down the dark river's side. Tearful eyes and aching hearts followed the infant pilgrim well-nigh to the pearly gate of Paradise. Before losing sight of the child, they would fain have placed her little hand within her blessed mother's. But that the ministering angels came to do. So the tender father and the loving sisters gave her up, and for the last time weepingly kissed her pale face. And the marble slab and the green sods are removed, and sweet little Mary is laid

again upon her mother's bosom, there to sleep until the glad morning of the resurrection.

Beneath, the proud Bosphorus rolls majestically by, while towards the south gleam the dark waters of Marmora. Peaceful and lovely are the views from this quiet grave, and there, surrounded by Moslem dead, by the side of Mary Van Lennep, her sweet missionary sister, and with her youngest, fairest blossom upon her bosom, rest the mortal remains of Henrietta Hamlin. Upon the tablet marking the spot,\* are inscribed those words that dwelt upon her lips during her wasting sickness, and that still lingered there when, in the gathering shades of death, the golden city first glowed upon her view,—“PEACE, PERFECT PEACE!”

Sweetly, sister, thou art sleeping where the mournful cypress waves ;  
Peacefully the proud Bosphorus at thy feet the bright shore laves.

Where the orient sunshine falleth, where thy golden crown was won,  
With thy loved Armenian people, rest thee, for thy work is done.

Folded in thy peaceful bosom, sleeps the darling of thy love, —  
Sweetest blossom, early woven in her Saviour's wreath above.

O'er thy quiet mound of slumber never shall I weeping stand ;  
Ne'er sweet garlands, friendship-woven, offer with a trembling hand.

But thy faith so pure and holy shall incite and strengthen mine ;  
And thy words of trust I 'll treasure as my battle-cry divine.

Thus thy memory shall inspire me, till life's conflict-day is o'er ;  
Then may I, a victor, meet thee, where the sea shall part no more !

Past are now earth's flitting shadows, ended this unquiet dream ;  
Thou no more shalt hear the surging of life's hurrying, restless  
stream.

\* This monument to the memory of Mrs. Hamlin was erected through the generous kindness of two friends in Bangor, members of Rev. Mr. Maltby's church.

Past its feverish cares and vigils, yearnings vain, and wild unrest ;  
Stilled the aching, quick pulsations of the painful-throbbing breast.

Past the dark and solemn river, thou hast gained eternal day ;  
On its shores bright ones awaiting led thee up the shining way.

Through those opened gates celestial, weeping eyes would glance  
afar ;

But the golden portals, closing, our imploring gaze debar.

Yet our pleading heart we silence,—sweet to thee thy blest release ;  
Ne'er an angry ripple breaketh o'er the river of thy peace.

This shall soothe our yearning sorrow, when its billows rise and  
swell.

Loved and loving! sister, mother, friend, companion,—fare thee  
well!

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## THE BROKEN BUD: or, Reminiscences of a Bereaved Mother.

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### NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

#### *From the National Era.*

This touching and beautiful tribute of a bereaved mother to the memory of her beloved child owes its origin to the writer's desire to preserve in manuscript for her surviving children a memorial of their departed sister; and it has been published in the hope of affording to other suffering hearts something of the consolation which its preparation gave to her own. Influenced by the earnest desire which, in her grief, she had felt for the sympathy and spiritual communion of those who had tasted with her the bitter cup of bereavement, she has been induced to lift the veil from the sacredness of her sorrows and consolations, and, to use the words of Baxter after the death of his companion, "to become passionate in the view of all."

We have no doubt that the benevolent end of the writer will be fully answered by this graceful and tender tribute of affection. It will commend itself to all who mourn; to the sad sisterhood of sorrow, the unnumbered Rachels weeping for those dear ones who are not.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there;  
There is no fireside, howsoever defended,  
But has one vacant chair."

The book is by no means a gloomy one. The shadow of the great bereavement is, indeed, as it must be, deep and dark; but it is preceded by a sweet and sunny history of happy childhood, and softened and limited by the consolations and hopes of the gospel of Him who laid his hand of blessing on the brows of little children, and proclaimed that "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

J. G. W.

#### *From the Puritan Recorder.*

A mother, wishing to preserve for her surviving children some memorial of their departed sister, drew up this volume. It is published as a solace to other stricken mothers, who mourn for their broken buds. The book is a beautiful thing in all respects. It is said of the last Earl of Roden that there stood in his stately hall a strong box, on which were painted the words, "To be saved first, in case of fire." After the earl's death, it was opened, in expectation of finding some rich treasure; but nothing was found but the toys of an only and departed child. What a token of the strength of that affection which defies the cruelty of the grave! The book before us, replenished with the hopes and consolations of the gospel, is a happier proof of pure, and hallowed, and undying love.

#### *From the Presbyterian of the West.*

This book is an embodiment of a mother's thoughts regarding a child of no ordinary intelligence and beauty. It contains a collection of poetry, original and selected, the latter being culled with much taste from the works of Bethune, Hemans, Howitt, Longfellow, and others. Those who have never had children of their own — we had almost said, those who have never *lost* an infant darling — cannot understand the thousand memories that come back, as if from the spirit-land, upon the mind, when the image of the departed one flits vividly before the soul. Not only the sunny smile and bewitching glance of health and happiness are remembered fondly, but the languid look and pallid cheek of decaying life are treasured in the imagery of the brain.

The power of sympathy in alleviating grief is wonderful. We feel our woes to be more than half removed when we share them with others. The mind that broods in silence over its lost joys is like a neglected sword, rusted and corroded in its own scabbard. This book is an unobtrusive, quiet friend, who comes to visit the mourning mother in her solitude, and express, in the language of condolence, the comforting communion of the heart. The cold critic may say that less than three hundred and twenty-five pages might have sufficed as a memorial of one who died in her fourth year; but such will not be the decision of the bereaved mother who has suffered a calamity similar to the one that gave origin to the book.

#### *From the Christian Register.*

Whoever reads this volume will be certain that it is no fancy sketch; that, on the contrary, it is a most true and life-like account of a mother's brightest and saddest experiences. Though no names are given, it needed not the statement of the preface to reveal the fact that the book is a record of real events. In its tender memories, in its touching descriptions of infant development and childlike affections, in the narrative of the darkening hours of sickness, and in the changes wrought in the aspect of the whole world by the death of a

child, every bereaved mother will seem to be reading a chapter out of her own life. It is not that the child to whose memory the book is consecrated was a remarkable one, or that there was anything peculiar in the experiences of its home. The charm of the volume lies in the fact that it presents a most truthful, vivid and pathetic picture of the common lot of trials which so many have borne, but so few know how so well to describe, and in the spirit of religious gratitude, trust and submission, with which it is throughout imbued. Without apparently any such intention, it brings before the mind of the reader a beautiful and well-ordered Christian home, planted amidst Christian kindred and friends, while the author, in preserving the memory of her own joys and trials, and in describing the sources whence she derived strength and solace, becomes a more impressive religious teacher than she could have been through any formal lessons. A first great affliction never leaves one as it found him. It ploughs open the heart, and in the deep furrow of grief are cast seeds which bear an after harvest of good or evil. This volume will be read because of its descriptions of that which is most beautiful and touching in domestic life; and it will benefit those who read, by showing how religion first hallows the affections, and then, beyond all things else, helps one to bear and profit from affliction.

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## BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD.

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### NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

*From the Christian Parlor Magazine, August, 1852.*

We have just risen from the perusal of a precious little volume of poems, entitled "Blossoms of Childhood," by one of our valued lady contributors. Here are clustered together many choice gems, particularly calculated to mellow the feelings of mothers, and lead them to cherish towards the lovely "olive plants around their table" something of that love that Christ himself felt when he yearned over their perilled condition. We can commend this as one of Carter's most useful issues of the kind, and wish for it a wide circulation, that thus the kind intentions of the benevolent and literary author may be furthered. The scope and design of the book will be better understood if we quote from the preface, &c.

*From the Christian Register.*

This well-printed volume contains a selection of poems relating to childhood — poems written to commemorate the birth of children, to describe the varying aspects and experiences of the earliest years, or to give utterance to the emotions and affections of parents. The selection was made by a mother; and every young mother who holds a living child in her arms will find in these pages thoughts and sentiments and pictures on which she will love to dwell, and be benefited by dwelling. We hold such poems in high value. Most of them were probably written when the heart was deeply moved, and they are the source of comfort and strength to all other hearts in which similar feelings have been awakened. English literature is rich in religious and domestic poetry, and the compiler of this volume has shown great familiarity with the best authors, and excellent taste in her selections. It is an admirable volume for a present, especially to any mother who rejoices in the presence of her child.

*From the Christian Mirror.*

We were but very partially aware how large is the number of sweet poets who have sung of childhood, of its state, its loveliness, beauty, frailty, — the affections it awakens, the hopes and apprehensions with which it is viewed by parental love, — till this new work came into our hands, which contains more than a hundred and fifty pieces from, perhaps, half as many different pens. It is a charming collection, and deserves a place among household books. The old and gray-headed will find their former choicest feelings returning with an exhilarating freshness, as they peruse it; and those who have just become parents will here find their existing emotions beautifully expressed. Children are objects of tender and commanding interest. They were so with our great Exemplar. He loved little children; they were the earliest martyrs for his sake. He invited children to him; he referred his adult disciples to them for some of the most important lessons as to temper and conduct. It helps the affections to mingle with little children. No man can be so high in rank, or old in years, while reason remains, who can be indifferent to little children and be innocent. And he must be hard to please who can look on this wreath of childhood's blossoms without pleasure.

## *Books by the Author of this Memoir.*

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### *From the Salem Register.*

The many testimonials of appreciation, both public and private, which followed the publication of "The Broken Bud," promise much for this second work, compiled by the same talented author. It consists of a choice and tasteful selection of poems, all contributing to one lovely theme—happy and innocent childhood. It seems as though the author had rifled every haunt of poesy in her search for blossoms with which to enrich this beautiful garland, this vase of sweetness. It is only to be regretted that she has graced it with so few flowers from her own blossoming heart. To all, and especially to the many who found in "The Broken Bud" a leaf of healing for their stricken hearts and homes, we cordially commend this sister volume. It is a beautiful testimony to the love and hope and joy and graceful helplessness of childhood, appealing to the hearts of all to whom the sweet sympathies and endearments of home can appeal. There is scarce a fireside in our land that is not gladdened by little children; and wherever they are should this volume be. It has a word for each and all,—a word of sympathy and love for the stricken, motherless one, a word of encouragement and pitying endearment for blighted, pining infancy; words in abundance of happy cheer for laughing, buoyant, innocent childhood. Its whole spirit is one peculiarly calculated to touch and ennoble the heart; and the author has well chosen the guise of poetry in which to dress the lovely sentiments of piety and affection which it contains. It is a volume which we would commend as a well-chosen family gift-book for the coming holidays. Its style of cover is handsome, and its whole getting up tasteful and engaging.

### *From the Puritan Recorder.*

The writer, or, rather, the compiler of this work, has ranged through the whole garden of modern English and American poetry, and has made a selection of flowers that will long bloom with undiminished beauty and fragrance. It is full of maternal tenderness and devotion on the one hand, and of the simplicity and loveliness of childhood on the other. "The Broken Bud" appealed exclusively to our sympathies and sensibilities; *this* is a beautiful commingling of the pathetic and the playful; and there are parts of it which the gravest might be challenged to read without a smile, and other parts which might defy the merest child of vanity to read without a tear.

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### *From Graham's Magazine. By Mr. Whipple.*

THE BROKEN BUD; or, Reminiscences of a Bereaved Mother. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

BLOSSOMS OF CHILDHOOD. Edited by the author of "The Broken Bud." New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

The first of these little volumes is the record of a child who died just as her mind was expanding into affection and intelligence; and it is the most notable book of the kind we have ever seen. As giving the psychology of a mother's feelings, it is well worthy of attention. It is written close to the heart of the matter, and is full of examples of that searching pathos which calls up instinctive tears. Rarely have we read a work of more affectionate intensity, or one in which a mournful experience, tempered by religious faith, is expressed with such genuine simplicity and truth to inward emotion. There are passages whose eloquence is so identical with the things it celebrates, that the reader sees and feels with hardly the consciousness of the agency of words. The other volume is a collection of poetry relating to children, in which the mother's heart, so constantly present in the previous volume, ranges over the whole field of poetry, hoarding the precious lyrics which bring consolation by inspiring religious trust. Both works are of a peculiar character, indicating the presiding influence of one overmastering feeling, and striking at the very sources of emotion.











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